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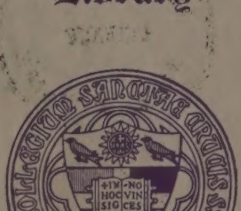

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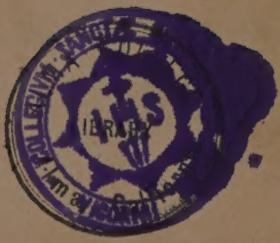

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ON

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ESSAYS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

VOL. II.

LETTERS

TO

JOHN POYNDER, ESQ.,

UPON HIS WORK ENTITLED

"POPERY IN ALLIANCE WITH HEATHENISM."

Εἰδομεν, οὐκ ἐξ ἑτέρων
Μύθων ἐχομεν φράσασδαί.
Euripid. Medea, 661

THE following Letters have been written in haste, amidst the hurry of more important occupation. It would have been easy to prolong them to a much greater extent, and thus meet every page of Mr. Poynder's accusation by a detailed reply. I have, I trust, done quite sufficient to convince any impartial reader how solid he is in his arguments, and how accurate in his facts. If I have brought forward little that is new, my poverty must be ascribed to the old worn-out theme I have been induced to handle; it is not necessary to purchase a new spear, to tear open the rusty mail in which Mr. Poynder has clothed himself.

LONDON, *Dec.* 29, 1835.

LETTER THE FIRST.

Sir,—An article in the *Times* newspaper lately called my attention to a work published by you, purporting to establish "the alliance between Popery and heathenism;" and though, from the copious extracts in that journal, I at once saw that you had but given the repetition of a twice-told tale, I was induced to procure your book, and run over its pages. Although occupied with other matters more congenial to my taste, and, I trust, more beneficial to my fellow-Christians than this effusion of your zeal, I have agreed to devote a few hours to record the impression which it has produced upon me, and appeal to your own good taste and undoubted erudition, on the propriety of the course, and the validity of the arguments, which you have thought proper to pursue.

The first feeling excited in me was one not of admiration, but of wonder, at the rich diversity, and marvellous ways, whereby the spirit of charity manifests itself in this country. I had long heard of you in my foreign residence, as of one who devoted his energies to the abolition of self-immolation in India; whose eloquence and learning, inspired by humanity, had striven to snatch the deluded widow from sharing her husband's pyre. But after this long struggle to abolish the suttee in distant lands, you have resolved

to escape from the censure too often cast upon your friends—of going to the east and to the west for objects of charity, while your fellow-subjects are suffering around you; of subscribing to the relief of any victim to inundation in India, while an entire population at your side was writhing under, what Calderon so nervously calls, "the wooden knife of hunger;" and you have now come forward to pour out among your fellow-Christians of Britain the sweet abundance of fraternal love which had so long felt no sympathy but for the Ganges or the Burrampooter. But how Proteus-like are the changes which the same spirit of charity doubtless undergoes! You appear before the public no longer as one anxious to extinguish the flames which the Indian widow covets; but, on the contrary, with holy zeal, you snatch up a torch, which long has been smouldering, qualified and directed to put in a blaze the bigotry and fanaticism of one party, and with it the bitter indignation and outraged feelings of another, such as may, like the apocalyptic brand, scorch up, or turn to wormwood, the sacred and beautiful fountains of social and friendly intercourse, at which men of all opinions have for a long time drunk together. And yet doubtless, in the estimation of your pious zeal, this is but a prelude and a foreshowing of the lot which idolaters must elsewhere expect.

All this is assuredly, as you tell us in your preface, exceedingly charitable; "for a feeling

Christian will express in his words a character of zeal and love" (p. 9); and becomes doubly interesting from seeing how, after having, through one hundred and fifteen pages, called Catholics in every line idolaters, and us of the priesthood cheats, you feelingly and movingly complain, "with what injustice the Church of Rome charges her younger sister, the Protestant Church, with heresy!" (p. 115). Little was I prepared for such gentle, fondling expostulation as this; little could I have thought that you held the right calling of names to be so exclusive a monopoly; or that you cared about being considered a heretic by idolaters, or claimed any compassion at our hands. But, Sir, allow me to say, that in the publications of Catholics, or in their sermons, you will not find the name of *heretic* applied to Protestants, however we may consider their doctrines heretical,—and observe there is a great difference between the two;* while you in every page of your work call us personally idolaters; and that were any one among us to call down the fire of heaven—as you have done—upon any of our fellow-subjects, we should say to him, as was said to others of old:—"Ye know not of whose spirit ye are."

But, to descend from the spirit to the substance of your work, the next impression produced on me in reading it, was a sense of its excessive deficiencies. I was surprised, how after taking such great

* See St. Chrysostom, Hom. ii. de Inc. Nat.

pains, as obviously you have done, with the resemblances between our religious practices and those of others in the ancient and modern world, you should have added so little that is new, and overlooked so many coincidences which I think very remarkable. For instance, the custom of hanging the exterior of churches with boughs on festivals, as described by Virgil,—

> Nos delubra Deûm, miseri quibus ultimus esset
> Ille dies, festa velamus fronde per urbem ;

the practice of confession, which Volney maintains to have prevailed in Greece ; the form of the sacerdotal vestments, in which the cope or pluviale is manifestly the Roman dress, with the *latus clavus* on its front ; and the amice or *amictus* drawn over the head in some religious orders when proceeding to the altar, manifestly recalls the veiling of the priests' heads in former times, when going to sacrifice,—though, by the bye, copes and hoods are most severely enjoined by the canons of the Church of England to be worn in all cathedral churches and college chapels ;*—these, and many other peculiarities which I omit, would have greatly enriched your cabinet of comparative religious anatomy, and relieved the monotony of reading "Middleton" over again. Indeed, I am at a loss to account for your omission of the many rich gleanings which Mr. Blunt would have supplied, and for his work not being honored by insertion in the edi-

* Constitutions and Canons Ecclesiastical, § 24. Lond 1827.

fying list of fellow-laborers at the end of your work. But one new element you have collected, and for it, a little later, I shall thank you from my heart—a comparison of our rites and practices with those of India: at present I have only to complain that your additions of this character have been so scanty. Why not discover some resemblance between us and the Ghebers, which you might easily have done by a few snatches of some of our service? Why not compare our rosary to that of the dervishes, our reliquaries to the fetiches of Africa, our exorcisms to the shamanisms of Tartary? How did you overlook the Grand Lama and his consistory, and the bells on his churches, and the dresses of his priests, and the splendor of his worship; or the Talapoins of Ava, with their novitiate, and profession, and holy vows of poverty? For I can hardly believe that the researches and discoveries of Abel Remusat or Pitchaurinsky would have deterred you from so happy and detailed a comparison. And having now extended our connection so far towards the East, how did you overlook the new and striking analogies to be found in the western hemisphere, among the original inhabitants of America? If you had looked into old Acosta, though a Jesuit, you would have seen, in the second part of his *Historia natural y moral de las Indias*, a chapter on the confession practised by the Mexicans, and another on their communion; as well as a notice of many other practices most obstinately Catholic. Or if you

would consult the splendid work on Mexican antiquities published by Aglio, under the munificent auspices of Lord Kingsborough, you would find a very long essay upon this subject, showing such resemblances as lead the author to conjecture that Christians must have settled in America long before its discovery by Columbus.

Thus you see, Sir, that I do not shrink from the species of inquiry in which you have indulged, but that I am quite willing to lend my feeble aid towards preventing any other gentleman having to trouble himself with completing what you have begun, and thus to keep our literature unstained by any more names connected with so ungodly a work of zeal! But while I have thus pointed out to you these imperfections in your work, and communicated to you some little additional information upon its subject, I must not conclude this letter without thanking you for the much I have learnt from you, concerning matters on which I had till now considered myself tolerably well informed.

I did not know, till I read your work, that holy water was supposed by us to have the power of washing out murder, as your most pertinent quotation from Ovid teaches me (p. 20). Neither was I aware, till I there learnt it, that it possesses a narcotic power, and is used to send persons to sleep (p. 97). Nay, to own my ignorance to the full, I did not know that it was at all usual to administer it internally; of which points I think the

next edition of the pharmacopœias should have the advantage.

Though I have lived more than half my life in Rome, there are a great many particulars touching its antiquities and customs for which I am indebted exclusively to your book. Thus, I never heard of the "*Maria in triviis*" (p. 32), so common all over the country; and though very familiar with the peasantry, and accustomed to see them pass in crowds every day, when in the country, before the "wooden crosses" or rustic chapels (not altars) at the entrance of their villages, I never saw them indulge in "genuflection and prostration as they passed them," though perhaps they may touch their hats in token of respect; nor did I ever learn that "the poor unenlightened postilions would think that they deserved to be murdered before the end of their journey, if they should omit the accustomed acts of piety prescribed by their priests" (p. 32). Does this mean that the postilions genuflect or prostrate before every cross they meet on the road? I have often seen the church of St. Agnes, and the beautiful statue of the saint to which you allude (p. 41); but I think it would perplex a Phidias to convert a jovial statue of Bacchus, as you say was done by "a little change of drapery," which in ancient Bacchuses is rather scanty, into the modest and touching virgin, standing amid the flames, with eyes and hands lifted up to heaven. But, pray Sir, have you not been puzzling yourself with the statue of St. Sebastian on the opposite altar, which is so

exquisite a work of art, that some have *conjectured* it may once have been an Apollo? The same is to be said of the two Jupiters changed into St. Peters—one by having a new head, and a pair of keys instead of a thunderbolt: the other by being re-cast. This is all new information for the Roman antiquaries, who have never, till now, confirmed this tradition of the *valets de place;* for I suppose only they can have told the tale of the change of heads (p. 41). Your informant, I fear, has mistaken the measurements of St. Leo's altar in St. Peter's, for it is no larger than any of the rest; and in his horror of looking on idols, has transformed SS. Peter and Paul into one angel driving away Attila (p. 55). Perhaps it was the same fear of too narrowly searching into Popish things which led you to place St. Winefred's well in Staffordshire (p. 103). You cannot have read the book which you so severely censure.

I have never met the "prayer in the Romish books of offices, ordered by the rubric to be addressed to the sacred and miraculous picture of St. Veronica" (p. 43); although tolerably conversant with all the rubrics and books of offices. But even if what you say be correct, it is only necessary to understand it rightly to be satisfied. Again, though I have read a good deal on the subject, I never knew, till now, that, to be canonized, a person must have wrought miracles while living (p. 33); or that "the creation of saints has become almost as common as that of cardinals" (p. 35); for I have

seen some scores of cardinals made in my life, but not one saint canonized.*

But the most important accession of knowledge which I have received from your learned work, concerning my religion, is the astounding fact that "confession has a prospective efficacy in reference to sins about to be committed, as well as those which have occurred already." The only open, or, as we call it, scholastic question on the subject, seems to be, according to your information, whether penance has not the same efficacy too (p. 71). Here have I been brought up since a child to the practice of this duty, and not one of my teachers ever had the kindness or the sense to tell me this most useful prerogative of confession. And what has been the necessary consequence of such stupidity?—why, that I have been teaching and directing others for years, and have been always saying exactly the contrary to what you now tell me is the doctrine of my Church. And I fear the evil is now past remedy; for I find that all my fellow-clergymen have been kept in the same ignorance with myself, and teach the same doctrines as I do on the subject.

Do I blame you, Sir, for being ignorant upon such matters as our belief concerning holy water or confession?—Certainly not: but I blame you severely for writing on subjects whereon you are ignorant. If a blind man goes abroad into the streets, and stumbles against me, and injures me as

* [In 1835.]

well as himself, I do not chide him for being blind, but for not getting some one,—at least a child, to guide his steps. Now, Sir, this is precisely your case, and so do I say to you: Why did you not ask for some boy who frequents our charity-schools, or has learnt his catechism, to inform you on these subjects? Even he, Sir, could have taught you better. I am, etc.

LETTER THE SECOND.

Sir,—I contented myself, in my first letter, with simply noting the first impression produced on my mind by the perusal of your work; I will, in this, examine the worth of the argument which it contains; after which I will descend, in my future communications, to the more detailed examination of its principal counts against us.

Your book professes to demonstrate the alliance between the Catholic religion, or, as you term it, Popery, and heathenism, by pointing out an identity between many ceremonies, and, as you say, doctrines, in the ancient and modern religions of Rome. Your mildest conclusion of course is, that Popery is nothing but a human religion, having no claims to a divine original.

I will for a moment grant you the full extent of your assumptions and premises; I will concede that all the facts you have brought forward are true, and all the parallels you have established between our rites and those of paganism correct;

and I will join issue with you on your conclusions, trying them by clearly applicable tests.

You are doubtless aware that Dr. Spencer, a learned divine of the established church, published two folio volumes, replete with extraordinary erudition, entitled *De Legibus Hebræorum Ritualibus, et earum ratione*, which has gone through many editions, both here and on the Continent. Now the entire drift and purport of this work is manifestly twofold. First, to prove that the great design of God, in giving rites and ceremonies to the Jews, was to prevent their falling into idolatry. Secondly, to demonstrate that almost every practice, rite, ceremony, and act, so given, was directly borrowed from the Egyptian heathens. If you wish to satisfy yourself of this latter point, you have only to read over the table of contents to the several books, and you will find, that whether we speak of the more solemn or special injunctions, or of the minutest details of the ceremonial law; of circumcision, and of sacrifice in all its varieties, and with all its distinctive ceremonies; of purification and lustration, and new moons; of the ark of the covenant and the cherubim; of the temple and its oracle; of the Urim and Thummim, and the emissary goat; of them all Spencer has endeavored to prove, and that to the satisfaction of many learned men, that they pre-existed among the Egyptians and other neighboring nations. But I do not mean to force you into any such specific consequence; I wish to leave you a choice of conclusions.

In the first place, do you dissent from this learned divine, and assert that he has not made good his point of establishing the derivation of all or most Jewish rites from those of the heathens? Then, Sir, I conclude that there may be such resemblances between the ceremonies and institutions of two religions—one false and the other true—as to enable a man to write two folios upon them, and yet these resemblances may be purely accidental, and noways show any real connection between them. Your one hundred and twenty octavo pages have not done as much for us as Spencer's two folios have for the Jews; and therefore we may conclude the same of your lucubrations, and of your master's before you.

Secondly, do you, with a great body of learned men, admit that Spencer has made good his point? Then I conclude, that a religion may have borrowed all its ceremonies and rites from its heathen neighbors, and yet not be, on that account, the less divine and sanctioned by God. Nay to take the whole of Spencer's reasoning, the institution of such rites, instead of leading to idolatry, is the best preservative against it.

Now, of these two conclusions, and their application to the value of your work, I leave you the free choice. Either, after all your efforts, you have established no connection between our ceremonies and those of the heathens; or, if you have, you have done nothing towards impugning the worth and correctness of the Catholic religion.

But let me ask, does it follow that every

resemblance is proof that one has borrowed from the other? May not both have come from a common source? May they not, in both, be the spontaneous and natural manifestation of feelings common to men under similar circumstances? The Indian kneels in prayer, or raises up his eyes to heaven; does it follow that all who do so have learnt it from the Indian? Do not nations the most distant express their feelings of respect and affection in the same way? do they not bow, or prostrate, or embrace, or shake hands; and yet no one sees therein any necessary dependence or close alliance between them; but we consider all these outward demonstrations as common and neutral property, which all may enjoy. Now, Sir, here is the great fallacy of your own and your predecessor's reasoning. What you have said of miracles, after Bishop Hall, that they must be judged by the doctrine they confirm, not the doctrines by the miracles,* is much truer of ceremonies; they must be judged by the doctrines they outwardly manifest, not the doctrines by the external rite.

If it be lawful at all to show respect to images or relics, and if, in the mind, the line is clearly drawn between that respect and the adoration reserved to God alone, it matters not by what

* Page 102. Admitting this position to be correct, how comes Paley's, who follows exactly the opposite course, to be the established work on the evidences, in Protestant education? Does he not place the pyramid on its point, proving Christianity from miracles, instead of basing miracles on the truth of Christianity?

conventional act it is exhibited. To genuflect, or to prostrate, or to bow, or to kiss, are but indifferent acts, receiving their value from the mutual understanding of men. In England, the Catholic kneels before any bishop to receive his blessing; in Italy, he is content with kissing his hand. In the West, we manifest our respect by uncovering the head, and consequently we serve bare-headed at the altar; in China, it would be deemed disrespectful to appear so before the great, and consequently the Catholic priest officiates there with his head covered. The different ways, therefore, wherein such feelings are exhibited, are equally harmless; it is the inward application only that can give them a moral determination.

See then how you proceed. You *assume* that our doctrine is incorrect regarding saints and their representations, and then, of course, any outward mark of respect is wrong; and as the marks of respect, if shown, *must*, by human nature, be the same as others have shown in a false worship, you identify the acts, and lay them to the charge of the religion. Again, if our faith in the eucharist is well-grounded, we certainly are fully warranted in bowing down before it, and adoring it. You *take it for granted* that it is false, and then, with a blasphemous levity, which must chill the blood of every Catholic, speak of the worship, which must be justified or condemned according to the dogma it obeys, as idolatrous and profane (pp. 66, 88). Now, Sir, suppose a Socinian or infidel were

to act thus: and, assuming at once that there is no redemption through the cross, and no corruption of original sin, were to censure your practice of baptism as a fond superstition, scoff in derision at the sign of the cross there used, or at the idea that outward ablution could affect the soul, and ridicule your solemn rite in terms of indecent profaneness, and compare it to the washing of the heathens for the forgiveness of sin, as described in your apposite lines from Ovid (p. 20):—

> "Ah! nimium faciles, qui tristia crimina cædis
> Fluminea tolli posse putetis aqua;"

would you not reply, that the whole question turned upon the doctrine involved in these practices, and that to dispute about the outward forms was but discussing the shadow, while the body was neglected; that it did not follow from a similarity of rite, even coupled to some resemblance of doctrine, that the two were identical or equally reprehensible. Your reply would be quite correct, and I beg of you to apply it. So long as you proceed on the supposition that we are wrong in the doctrine, you will have it all your own way. But it is there where the entire question rests, and where we are at issue with you. They are the dogmas of a religion which must decide its value; their outward action depends on their inward worth. Some naturalists, like Virey or Lamarck, have compared the limbs and organization of man to those of the chimpanzee; and finding that they have "organs, dimensions, and senses" very much alike, have con-

cluded that the human race is descended from that respectable animal. But they have judged as you have; they have looked at outward appearance; they have forgotten the soul, the living spark of life and intelligence, the power of directing thought and action to high and immortal destinies. To compare two religions, and judge them identical,—while the one professes to believe in only one God, in undivided Trinity, in the Incarnation of His son, and in redemption through His blood, and the other is a professed system of polytheism, —because the two have the same forms for expressing religious feelings, is assuredly as vain and absurd as the conduct of those philosophers. There are processions, and lights, and incense in the Catholic, and in the ancient Roman *worship;* therefore the two *religions* are identical. Truly "there is a river in Macedon; and there is also a river at Monmouth;" therefore Macedon and Monmouth are both alike.

You have yourself, as I intimated in my first letter, greatly spoiled your cause by introducing into it a comparison between our rites and those of India. For how, in the name of all history, did the Catholics of Italy, or Rome, or Ireland, come by Indian ceremonies? When or how were they ever introduced into the service of the Church? These ceremonies, too, according to your quotations, appear to be of very great antiquity; the holiness imparted by the Ganges, which you compare to the water-idolatry, as you call it, of the

Irish (p. 69), is a fundamental point of the Hindoo religion, and doubtless existed long before the time of Christ; yet had it no parallel in Western heathenism. How then did it get to Ireland, or any other Christian country? Is it not manifest that connection between rites and practices so far apart is more hidden and mysterious than you would have your readers imagine? that, instead of such resemblances giving any necessary proof of derivation, they only show one of these two things: either that in every worship, however corrupt, there are fragments remaining of purer and primeval forms, which are found more or less disfigured in them all; or else that nature directs men, under the most various circumstances, to a similar symbolization of their inward belief, and to similar acts of religious worship? And the more you can point out resemblances between the acts of religious observance prevalent in unconnected countries, the more you establish these positions. And if you would look into Catholic works, you would find, that so far from wishing to pass over or conceal such coincidences, they are even more explicit on them than you have been; and that, instead of fearing them as evidence against themselves, they insist upon them as arguments in favor of their belief. I do not mean merely scientific authors, like Mabillon, Durantus, or Bona, but writers for general edification. Read, for instance, and I am sure it would instruct you on many points, the learned and pious Abbé Gerbet's treatise *Sur le Dogme regénérateur de la Piété Chrétienne*, and you will find how

powerfully he uses the many cravings after the Catholic Eucharist discernible in the rites of almost every heathen worship.

But I must not pass over the way in which your line of argument was met in older and better times; for perhaps you are not aware that your objections are much older than Dr. Middleton, or Hospinian, or Brower de Niedek, both of whom you overlook in your valuable catalogue of writers on comparative idolatry. The first person who argued as you have done was Julian the Apostate, who said that the Christians had borrowed their religion from the heathens.* This proves at once that even then the resemblance existed of which you complain as idolatrous; so that it is not the offspring of modern corruption, but an inheritance of the ancient church. It proves that the alliance between *Christianity* and heathenism existed 300 years after Christ, and that consequently so far Popery and ancient Christianity are identical. The Manichees also are accused by St. Augustine, writing against Faustus, of having made the same charge.

Now to this objection the fathers answered precisely as I have done: "Habemus quædam cum Gentibus communia, sed finem diversum," says St. Augustine.† And again, writing to Deogratias,

* Cyrilli Archiep. Alex. cont. Jul. Juliani Opera, editio Spanheim, tom. ii. p. 238.

† Contra Faustum, lib. xx. cap. 20. "We have some things in common with the Gentiles, but we apply them to different ends."

"Wherefore they who know the Christian books of both Testaments, do not blame the sacrilegious rites of the pagans because they built temples, instituted priesthoods, and offered sacrifices, but because these things were in honor of idols and demons..... From which you may sufficiently understand, that true religion reprehends, in the superstitions of the heathens, not so much that they immolated, for the saints of old immolated to the true God, as that they immolated to false gods."* It matters not how our rites and ceremonies resemble one another, so long as the worship to which we apply them is different.

A similar objection had been made, even in more ancient times; for Tertullian, and other writers of the first ages, go so far as to suppose that it was a policy of the arch-deceiver to preoccupy, or copy, the sacraments and rites of the new and old covenants in heathenish religions, that so he might lead men astray. I am not discussing the correctness of this idea; I only want the fact of their acknowledging such resemblances between true and false religions.†

* Epist. 102, al. 49.

† Ceterum si Numæ Pompilii superstitiones revolvamus, si sacerdotalia officia, insignia et privilegia, si sacrificalia ministeria, et instrumenta, et vasa ipsorum sacrificiorum, ac piaculorum, ac votorum curiositates consideremus, nonne manifeste diabolus morositatem illam Judaicæ legis imitatur?"—De Præscript. cap. xl. "Quo agnito hic quoque studium diaboli cognoscimus, res Dei æmulantis; qui ex ipso baptismo exercet in suis quid simile."—De Bapt. cap. v.

But, Sir, has it never occurred to you how this argument of yours may be turned against doctrines as well as rites? and indeed your reasoning is of this sort: and not only against Catholic doctrines, but against the entire Christian faith? Nay, are you not aware that this very line of argument has been pursued by the enemies of Christianity? Is not the doctrine of the Trinity clearly to be traced in the celebrated letter of Plato to Dionysius, given by Eusebius, and in the works of Plotinus and others of his school, and in the Oupnekhat and the Vedas, and in the philosophical writings of Lao-Tseu? And has not Dupuis, in his *Origine de tous les Cultes*, deduced therefrom, that this dogma could not have been revealed in Christianity, since it was so well known before, and so widely diffused; but that it was borrowed by St. John, and the other apostles, from the heathenish philosophy? Are not the very terms of the doctrine, the *Word*, as well as the Father and Spirit, and their procession one from another, found by him and others in this Eastern school? Has not Volney drawn a parallel between Christ and the Indian Chrishna, in name and character? And are not the parallels between the two much stronger than any you have brought between our ceremonies and those of ancient Rome or India? Has not the idea of a divine incarnation, and of salvation through the interference of God in the flesh, been found again and again in the Indian mythology, and in that of other Eastern

religions? Could we not easily collect in the same quarters many resemblances to the doctrines of justification, of predestination, of grace, and of atonement? And yet who that has an understanding to judge, is driven for a moment from the holdings of faith by such comparisons as these? Doubtless in this country the experiment has not been made as it has abroad. The *Ruines* of Volney and the abridgment of Dupuis' *Origine* have done much towards sapping religion among the weak in France; and a popular work such as you have put forth might be easily got up in English, attacking Christian truths precisely in the same manner. Now perhaps those who have any desire to find the evidences of Christianity wanting in the balance, would be satisfied by such an argument. And so it is with your work; to those who have already made up their minds that popery is idolatry, your arguments will be most convincing, for there will be an interior echo to respond to its invective; but on the Catholic, or on the enlightened Protestant, it can have no more influence than the similar argument of the French infidel.

I have already intimated, that the few rites preserved in the Protestant religion might be just as easily traced to heathen customs. In what does the sermon, which forms the main feature of your service, differ from the *chutbat* or discourse of the Iman in the Mohammedan mosque? and the pulpit from its *mimbar?* Indeed, to tell the truth, I rather suspect it may be still more heathenish;

for if I remember right, in the basilica at Pompeii (from which class of buildings the form of three-aisled churches is taken), there is a sort of elevated pulpit or reading-desk, occupying the most important place. Not to say that in the lately excavated Temple of Concord, wherein Cicero harangued, there seems to be something very much of the same nature. Why, are not your surplice and cassock the exact copy or rather successor of the upper garment over a longer one, which Mr. Blunt tells us was worn by the ancient priests as exhibited in a bronze of the museum at Naples? Nay, he is obliged to own, that "the cassock of the Protestant Church is an imitation of this more ancient article of clerical dress;" that is, I suppose, of the Catholic cassock, which he has just been deriving from the heathen one.* And moreover your one vestment must always be white, the color ever used in ancient heathen worship; whereas we vary ours according to circumstances. Again, he tells us that the custom of boys, such as sing in cathedrals, attending at worship, "is a custom manifestly derived from heathen times." And he quotes a picture from Herculaneum, where a boy attends at sacrifice dressed in a white tunic descending to his knees; and he adds that the boy who ministers at the altar in Italy has the same dress and office, only that he supplies books instead of chaplets.† Now,

* Vestiges of Ancient Customs, p. 112.

† The upper garment worn by the priests is called, according to Mr. Blunt, the *mozzetta*. The mozzetta is only

as the Italian surplice does not reach below the waist, I hold that the parallel of boys in white tunics with books will be more easily found in St. Paul's than in St. Peter's.

What is your marriage ceremony but the counterpart of that of the Roman pagans? for they too used a ring on such occasions,—the *annulum pronubum*, as Tertullian calls it; so that Juvenal says,—

> "Conventum tamen, et pactum et sponsalia nostra
> Tempestate paras, jamque a tonsore magistro
> Pecteris, et digito pignus fortasse dedisti."—Sat. vi.

For which use of ceremony and outward rite, I know not what warrant you find in the New Testament. And in like manner the endowing with all worldly goods corresponds to the formula, "Ubi tu Cajus ego Caja;" though where the worshipping with the body, "and with my body I thee worship," came from I cannot discover; for, as, when Catholics speak of the worship of images, it is insisted, in spite of their declarations, that they adore them, I suppose I must take this bodily worship for idolatry, and that of the very worst kind, being directed towards a living being.

The funeral service may be treated in like manner; the fashion of bearing the body to the grave with great pomp, but without a single symbol about it of Christian hope, or of religious

worn by bishops, and in Rome only by cardinals, and is only a tippet which covers the shoulders. Never yet have I found a Protestant traveller describe anything relating to our service correctly.

feeling, appears to all foreigners marvellously heathenish; and the friends going as mourners, and the escutcheons of the family borne with it, and the hired mutes, are exactly to be found in the ancient Roman funerals, where the bier was followed by relations, and the images of ancestors were borne before it, and many hired mourners swelled the crowd. In Italy, on the contrary, the clergy and charitable confraternities alone accompany the body, singing religious chants. Then, the custom of nearest relations throwing earth on the coffin corresponds, as well as possible, with their lighting the funeral pile in ancient times; and I think too that this practice shows a better connection between ancient and modern rites than your charming conjecture, which you recommend to the notice of the learned, that the "Terra sit tibi levis" (which, for prosody's sake, is on monuments always *sit tibi terra levis*) "was the foundation of prayers for the dead" (p. 80); which conjecture I suppose you mean to confirm in the very following paragraph, by allowing that the Jews at the time of the Maccabees offered sacrifice for the dead.

Of your baptism I need not speak; for assuredly your quotation from Ovid, deriding the absurdity of thinking that sin can be washed away by water, would apply, in the mouth of a free-thinker, quite as well to baptism as to holy water; or rather better, as we do not believe crimes to be forgiven by this.

Thus you see that with very little trouble, we may trace as many resemblances between Protestantism and heathenism, as you can between Catholic and pagan worship. For with a little second-hand quotation and a good deal of original invention, I might have extended each of these heads into so many chapters, and made as long a book as you have. And if my heads would not have been as numerous as yours, my argument would have been better; because I should have touched on *all* the ceremonies which you have preserved.

And then too I could have made another charge. How come you to have retained so many remnants of popish idolatry, saints in your calendar, and saints to whom your churches are dedicated? And if heathenish deification and Catholic canonization are the same thing, what make you of the apotheosis of King Charles, martyr? For what virtue was he taken into the calendar? To what cause did he bear witness? How comes it that as yet, in the Temple church, is preserved the inscription which grants an indulgence to all who visit it annually?* Surely, if popery be

* This curious document, placed over the front door, on the inside, runs as follows :—

ANNO AB INCARNATIONE DOMINI M̄CLXXXV̄ DEDICATA
HÆC ECCLESIA IN HONORE BEATAE MARIAE A DN̄O
ERACLIO DEI GRĀ SCE (SANCTÆ) RESURRECTIONIS ECCLESIAE
PATRIARCHA IIII IDUS FEBRUARI Q̄I EĀ (QUI EAM) ANNATIM
PETĒTIBUS DE IIVNTASI (INJUNCTA SIBI) PENETETIA LX DIES
INDULSIT.

idolatry, you have continued many of its abominations.

But I am willing to take the comparison on the broadest grounds which you propose. You imagine that little or no change has taken place in the Pantheon, by the substitution of all the saints in it for all the gods. I presume you would not quarrel with a heathen temple's being changed into a church; for you have not scrupled to occupy our churches, even without a thorough Knoxian purgation.* But I will suppose, if you please, an ancient Roman revisiting that temple. The first thing which would strike him would be the sign of salvation—the image of Christ crucified, raised upon every altar—and most conspicuously upon the principal and central one. On the right, the picture of one whom men are stoning, while he, with eyes uplifted, prays for their conversion, would rivet his attention; and on the left, the modest statue of a virgin, with an infant in her arms, would invite him to inquiry. Then he would see monuments of men, whose clasped or crossed hands express how they expired in the prayer of hope; the inscription on one side would tell him how the immortal Raphael had willed that no ornament should deck his tomb but that

* At least as to the *first* point of his system; the second was pretty well understood in both countries. "The *first* invasion was upoun the Idolatrie; and thare efter the comoun Pepill began to seik sum Spoyll."—Historie of the Reformation in Scotland, p. 128.

very statue of God's mother which he had given to that church; another informs you, that the illustrious statesman (Consalvi), after bequeathing the fortune he had made in the service of the public, without reserve, to the propagation of Christianity among distant nations, would have no tomb; but that his friends had, as it were by stealth, erected to him that modest memorial. Around him he would see, at whatever hour of the day he might enter, solitary worshippers, who gently come in through the ever unclosed brazen portals, to keep watch, like the lamp which sheds its mild light upon them, before the altar of God. And I fancy it would be no difficult task, with these objects before us, to expound and fully develop to him the Christian faith; the life of our Redeemer, beginning with His birth from a Virgin to His death upon a cross; the testimony to His doctrine, and the power which accompanied it, exhibited in the triumph of the first among His martyrs; the humble and modest virtue which His teaching inspired to His followers, their contempt of worldly praise, and the fixing of their hopes upon a better world; the constant and daily influence His religion exercises among its believers, whom it sweetly invites and draws to breathe a solitary prayer, amidst the turmoils of a busy life. And methinks this ancient heathen would have an idea of a religion immensely different from that which he had professed—the religion of the meek and of the humble, of the persecuted

and the modest, of the devout and the chaste. I believe, too, that by seeing the substitution of symbol for symbol,—of the cross, the badge of ignominy, with its unresisting Victim, for the haughty thunderer,—of the chastest of virgins for the lascivious Venus,—of the forgiving Stephen for the avenging god of war,—he would conceive a livelier idea of the overthrow of his idolatry by the mildest of doctrines, of the substitution of Christianity for heathenism, than if the temple had been merely stripped, and left a naked hall, or a tottering ruin.

For I think that the ark of God, standing in the very temple of Dagon, with the idol at its side, broken and so maimed that it might no longer be able to stand upon its pedestal, would convey a prouder and stronger demonstration of the superiority of the Law to the religion of Syria, than when concealed in silence behind the curtain of the sanctuary. And, in fact, so far were the ancient pagans from considering the substitution of Christian emblems for those of their religion as only a modification of the same worship, that nothing enraged them more, or made them feel more keenly the change which had been introduced. Julian the apostate thus writes to the Christians:—"You, oh hapless men! while you refuse to adore the shield descended from Jove" (the ancile which you somewhere compare to a popish thing), "which the great Jupiter, or our father Mars, sent down, giving a

pledge, not by words but by deeds, of sure protection to our city, adore the wood of the cross, signing its image on your foreheads, and sculpturing it on the front of your houses." You see, therefore, that Julian did not think that the substitution of our symbols for those of heathenism was any continuation of the same religion.

And I might here ask you, what sort of Christians these were who are thus accused of substituting the cross for the ancile, and superstitiously signing it on their foreheads? Were they Protestants, or do not these practices strangely savor of popery? Now mark St. Cyril's answer. He does not deny the facts—he does not enter into any long explanations—he answers as a Catholic child might answer your cavils, from the words of his catechism,—that Christians "are indeed careful, and esteem it a primary duty (*ἐν φροντίδι θεμένους, καὶ ἐν τοῖς ὁτι μάλιστα κατεσπουδασμένοις*), always to mark the cross upon their foreheads and houses, because it brought to their remembrance how One, dying upon the cross, banished the devil from the kingdom he had usurped over all men, and with him his evil powers, whom our calumniator calls tutelary deities; and here too they are reminded of the spiritual blessings purchased for us on the cross."* And again allow me to ask, would you or I, in other words, your religion or mine, have met the objection in these terms? Who then

* Juliani Apostatæ Opera, ut sup. ed. Spanheim, vol. ii. p. 194.

were the Christians whom Julian attacked, and Cyril defended? I will gladly yield you the full benefit of the former's alliance, and contentedly put up with the second's reply, and the faith and practice it supposes. In fact the Theodosian code orders heathen temples to be destroyed, and "expiated by placing thereon the sign of the venerable Christian religion."*

But to return to my parallel. After having thus allowed the heathen to discover, if he could, his ancient worship and morality in the very Roman Church which you have chosen, and explained to him the doctrines there taught, I would bring him to the only splendid temple in this country wherein the Catholic religion has never been exercised, and where alone it has left no vestige of its truths and practices. I would bring him, after duly paying his entrance-fee, into the cathedral of St. Paul's, and desire him to *guess* the religion to which it belonged. Would not his first question be, Does it belong to *any* religion? is it a place of worship at all? No altar, no chapel, no emblem of any holy thought is visible; no point towards which men turn, as strongly concentrating the divine presence; no emblem of a peculiar dedication; not a worshipper or a reverential spectator; not one who, as he crosses the threshold, prepares his soul, as if approaching God, in prayer. There he sees men with their heads covered as if in the public street, walking

* Cod. Theodos. lib. xvi. p. 526. ed. Cujac.

to and fro, looking at the edifice only as an architectural wonder, cut off by a stockade from the great nave, because so little respect is paid to it, that, if open, it would be profaned without scruple; while the gibe and the joke, or the state of the funds, or the scandal of the day, alone divide with their well-taxed curiosity the conversation of the various groups. Would he, so far, see anything to show him that he stood in a place for *Christian* worship? Might not the organ suggest to him that it is a hall for festive meetings? Might not the mouldy banners that wave above him lead him to imagine it was the curia, or the senate-house, of the city? But one circumstance alone might lead him to some accurate judgment; the seeing how here one portion of the building, precisely its *cella*, is parted off and closely screened from the gaze and the tread of the profane; and as he had not seen anything of this sort in the Catholic Church, and it exactly corresponds to the form of his temples, assuredly he might suspect some still closer analogies.*

But while he thus felt himself at a loss to discover what religion claimed the possession of this temple, I would direct his attention another way,

* Mr. Poynder quotes Kennet sometimes; I will therefore quote him too:—"Some curious persons have observed this similitude between the shape of these old temples and *our modern churches;* that they had one apartment more holy than the rest, which they termed *cella, answering to our chancel or choir.*"—Antiquities of Rome, p. 41. In the Roman and Italian churches this does not exist.

and bid him look among the tombs and costly monuments which surround him, for some intimation of what god is here worshipped, and what virtues are taught. There he sees emblems indeed in sufficient number,—not the cross, nor the dove, nor the olive-branch, as on the ancient tomb; but the drum and the trumpet, the boarding-pike and the cannon. Who are they whose attitudes and actions are deemed the fit ornaments for this religious temple? Men rushing forward with sword in hand, to animate their followers to the breach, or falling down while boarding the enemy's deck,—heroes, if you choose, benefactors to their country, but surely not the illustrators of religion. Of one it is said, that he died as a Roman would certainly have wished him, after having grappled with his enemy's ship and rendered the destruction of one or both secure; the epitaph of another is expressed in the words of his commander's despatch; that of a third, in the vote of the House of Commons; not a word of a single Christian virtue, of a thought for God, of a hope of heaven; not a hint that one professed or believed in any religion. And would not the heathen rejoice to have found a temple where the courage of the three hundred Fabii, or the self-devotion of the Decii, or the virtues of the Scipios, were so plainly taught, and held up to the practical admiration and imitation of men?

And how would his delight increase, on more closely inspecting the emblems under which these

virtues or their circumstances are expressed. Sea and river gods, with their oozy crowns, and outpouring vases; the Ganges, with his fish and calabash; the Thames, with the *genii* of his confluent streams; and the Nile, with his idol the *sphinx: Victory*, winged and girt up as of old, placing earthly laurel on the brows of the falling; *Fame*, with its ancient trumpet, blasting forth their worldly merits; *Clio*, the offspring of Apollo, recording their history; and, besides these, new creations of gods and goddesses, *Rebellion* and *Fraud*, *Valor* and *Sensibility; Britannia*, the very copy of his own worshipped *Roma;* and some of these, too, with an unseemly lack of drapery more becoming an ancient than a modern temple. This assemblage of ancient deities, as the only symbols to instruct his eye, would assuredly go far to confirm him, either that his ancient religion, its emblems, and its morality, had never been supplanted, or that they had lately been restored. Little would it boot to explain to him, how behind that screen a sacred book was read to a few people once a week,—to empty benches every day,—which teaches men to abhor his idolatry, and worship God in spirit; and that learned men there preach homilies on the peril of idolatry, and the danger of admitting even symbols into worship. All this would, I think, but perplex him the more. If you are not permitted to make any images, or to have them in your temple, he would ask, why break the law

only in favor of warriors and river-gods? If you are allowed, why are the Christians of Rome to be denounced and anathematized, for erecting those of Christ and his saints? And truly, I have no hesitation in saying, that if he reasoned as you have done, and followed your principles of judgment; if he pronounced upon religion by the shell, and not by the kernel—by the body, not by the soul—by the outward forms, not by the belief which they express; and if he persisted, like you, in giving credit to his own impressions and preconceived judgments, rather than to the protestations and declarations of those with whom he deals, I have no hesitation in saying that he would see a much fainter impress of Christian thought in the Protestant, than in the Catholic, temple—much greater memorials of proscribed idolatry in the English, than in the Roman, cathedral.

Such, however, are not the tests which I should suggest to him. I would send him into a neighboring island to study its history, and the conduct of those who have there taught the two conflicting religions, with a text in his hand, which would decide the point upon higher authority than yours or mine. In which of the two clergies has the following comparison been fulfilled, or which hath shown more propensity to do that which is attributed in it to the heathen? "Be not solicitous, therefore, saying: What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewith shall

we be clothed? FOR AFTER ALL THESE THINGS DO THE HEATHENS SEEK. . . . Seek ye, therefore, first the kingdom of God and his justice."—Matt. vi. 31. I am, etc.

LETTER THE THIRD.

SIR,—I proceed now briefly to touch the particular grounds of your charge against us, and see how far you are borne out in attributing the practices of the present Catholic Church to the rites of heathenism. There are several ways of refuting your supposed parallels; as by proving what you call the corruptions of popery to have existed in the Christian Church, before you, who make the distinction between the two, allow popery to have existed; by showing them to have had a different origin altogether; or by proving you to be entirely mistaken in your facts. I shall use these methods indiscriminately; and will consult brevity above all other things.

1. Your first attack (p. 17) is upon the use of *incense* in the church. It was used among the heathens; granted. Therefore the Catholics derived it from them; certainly not. The Jews used it before the Romans in the worship of the true God: Did the adoption of it by the heathens render it evil? Did not Christianity descend in right line from the Jewish religion; is it not therefore more honest to attribute rites common

both to us and them, rather to those whom we profess to follow than to the others? But fairness is I suppose more than Catholics have a right to expect from you; we must drive you from the very field before you will be just to us. Do I say then that we have taken it from the Jews? No, certainly; we derive it from a higher example, and from a holier temple than theirs. For did not the temple of heaven, which surely we may think it right to copy, show to John, angels offering up incense at the altar as symbolical of holy prayer? (Revel. viii.) And thus alone do we offer it; for if you will look at the prayers used in presenting it at the altar, you will find them simply referring to this symbolic meaning. It is not with us a sacrificial rite as among the heathens; for the priest, and the ministers, and the people are all honored by its use.

Was it just in you to say nothing of the use of incense in the ancient Church? For doubtless one so learned as you are in ecclesiastical antiquities is aware that Dr. Beveridge, Bishop of St. Asaph's, defends the genuineness of the Apostolic canons, from Daillie's objection that in the third of them it is expressly said: "Let it not be lawful to offer anything at the altar, except *oil for the lamps, and incense at the time of the holy oblation.*" The learned bishop contends that this clause no way affects the apostolic origin of these canons, because incense was certainly offered up in the ancient Church. And for this he quotes

a passage from St. Hippolytus, bishop of Porto in the third century, as well as the testimony of St. Ambrose.* To which he might have added the decree of Pope Sergius in the second, preserved in the pontifical book of Damascus, that "no nun should touch the sacred pall, or serve incense in the church;" also the testimony of St. Ephren, the earliest Syriac writer, who thus speaks in his last will: "Do not bury me with incense and spices, for to me it is as useless glory. Burn your *incense in the sanctuary*, but perform my funeral with prayer. *Offer your odors to God*, but follow me with psalms."† How did the Syriac Church get this custom from the Roman heathens? Perhaps they derived it from the Chinese; as you have taken pains to prove that these also practice it.

Is it fair to deduce that offering incense was anciently considered essentially heathenish, from the Christians having refused to offer it expressly *to idols*, in token of apostasy? or because Theodosius confiscates a place where it has been *offered to idols?* For the most determined opposers of the ancient use of incense allow it to have been adopted in his time in the Church.

2. Your second topic presents a similar mixture of suppression of truth and extenuation of falsehood. Holy water is, you say, manifestly of heathen origin,

* Codex Canonum Ecclesiæ primitivæ vindicatus. *Lond.* 1678; p. 190. See the canon itself, p. 434.

† Assemani Bibliotheca Orient. tom. i. p. 143.

simply again because the heathens used lustration as the Jews also did. Because the ancient Christians would not eat meat sprinkled with the apostate Julian's *holy water*, as you call it, they equally abhorred every other sort. "Hence we may see," such is your conclusion, "what opposite opinions the primitive Church and the Romish Church entertained on holy water"(p. 9). Now see the absurdity, I had almost written dishonesty, of this reasoning. You first of all christen with the name which we give to our blessed water, the lustral water of the heathens, and then conclude that, because they abhorred this, they detested the other. Suppose I argue thus: The ancient Christians would not go into a *church* (meaning thereby a heathen temple); how horrible, then, and how much at variance with the practice of antiquity, is the Protestant custom of praying in churches. And in this manner you conclude most self-contentedly that holy water "could not have been introduced so early" as Pope Alexander I., or 113 years after Christ, because St. Justin calls the *heathen* lustrations a device of the devil!—(p. 19).

But did not the ancient Christians use holy water? Indeed they did, and that in a manner to shame us. They did not sprinkle themselves with it, to be sure, or "help themselves from a vessel at the door," as you express it; they did more than either,—they *bathed in it*. Read Paciaudi *De sacris Christianorum Balneis*, Rome, 1758, and you will find much to instruct you on this subject.

You will there see how the ancient Christians used to bathe themselves before going to church, after the commission of any sin. "Why do you run to the bath after sin?" asks St. John Chrysostom; "is it not because you consider yourself dirtier than any filth?"* And Theophylactus writes in a similar strain. An ancient Christian bath was discovered by Ciampini among the ruins of Rome. But, what is more to our purpose, the ancient Christians never went to receive the Eucharist, or even to pray in their churches, without washing their hands. "What propriety is there," says Tertullian, "to go to prayer with washed hands, and yet with an unclean spirit?"† St. Chrysostom is still stronger: "Thou darest not touch the sacred victim with unwashed hands, although pressed by extreme necessity. Approach not, therefore, with an unwashed soul."‡

To supply the necessary convenience for this rite a fountain or basin was provided at the church porch, at which the faithful washed, as St. Paulinus, of Nola, has several times described in the churches which he built. I will quote only one passage:

"Sancta nitens famulis interfluit atria lymphis
Cantharus, intrantumque manus lavat amne ministro."§

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* Homil. 18 in 1 Cor. † De Oratione, cap. xi.
‡ Homil. ad pop. Antioch.
§ "The portal's basin yields a sparkling wave,
Where they who enter in their hands may lave."
Epist. 32 ad Sulpic. Sever.

St. Leo the Great built one at the gate of St. Paul's Church, which was celebrated by Ennodius of Pavia in eight verses, of which I will quote the four first lines:

> "Unda lavat carnis maculas, sed crimina purgat
> Purificatque animas, mundior amne fides.
> Quisquis suis meritis veneranda sacraria Pauli
> Ingrederis, supplex ablue fonte manus."*

The same was the practice of the Greek Church; for Eusebius tells us with commendation, how Paulinus, bishop of Tyre, placed in the porch of a splendid church which he built, "the symbols of sacred purification, that is, fountains, which gave, by their abundant supply, means of washing themselves to those who entered the temple."† In fact we have several of the old lustral vases, with early Christian symbols and inscriptions, belonging to both the churches; as a celebrated Latin one at Pesaro, and a Greek one at Venice; drawings of both which you will find in Pacciaudi's work with an ample description.

Thus, sir, you see how much more plentifully the ancient Christians "helped themselves from a vessel at the door of a church" than we do; for

* "Waters can wash the flesh's stains, but faith,
Purer than they, can cleanse the soul's defects;
Thou, whoso enterest this holy place;
Through the apostle's merits venerable,
Wash, humbly praying, at this font thy hands."
—Ennodii Opera, Carm. 199, tom. 1.
Perhaps the comma should be placed after *supplex*.

† Histor. Eccles. lib. x.

they washed their hands in their holy water. But you will say, This was not *holy* water; for we do not read of any blessing pronounced over it. Does then a blessing, or the prayer of faith over any of God's creatures, spoil it or render it unfit for use? Or does the use of it become superstitious thereby? The early Christians used to wash their hands at the door of their churches in token of purity; this has been modified into dipping the finger into vessels of blessed water, placed in the same situation, and with the same symbolical intent; the rite may be modified, but it is essentially the same.

But, in fact, water was blessed in the ancient Church, and that two ways; more solemnly on the eve of the Epiphany, and less so once every month;—and this is called in the Greek Eucho logium the μικρὸς ἁγιασμὸς,—*the lesser benediction.* The waters of both, although the first was primarily intended for baptism, were carried home by the faithful, and highly valued; so that St. John Chrysostom, whom I daresay you do not consider a papist, tells us that they were miraculously preserved from corruption for many years; which he adduces as a proof of their value, and the holiness of this practice.* Nay, the learned Cave quotes the authority of this father in favor of the miracle, and makes no objection to it.† All

* Homil. 23 de Bapt. Christi. tom i. p. 278.

† Hist. Lit. Script. Eccles. Dissert. 2, de Libris Eccles. Gr voce Agiasmos

which looks very much like popish doctrine on this subject.

But how do you think an ancient father would have answered your reasoning, that this practice is taken from the heathens? Listen to St. Augustine: "Accursed be the Manichee in Faustus, who says we have changed nothing in the customs of the heathens, knowing not what he speaks about. For they who otherwise believe, hope, and love, must necessarily, also, otherwise live. And if the use of some things appear in us similar to that of the heathens, as of food, of drink, *of ablutions*, . . . he uses these things very differently, who directs them to a different end."* This, sir, is strong language, but well deserved by those who write without well knowing what they are treating of.

But I must not leave this subject without noticing the ceremony of blessing horses, at St. Anthony's Church at Rome, on his festival; which I know not why you couple with the use of holy water—(p. 20). In your account there are many inaccuracies, which I beg to point out. *First*, the priest does not sprinkle the animals singly, but often in droves, and placed at such a distance that the holy water cannot reach them; consequently, the contact of holy water is not necessary for the blessing. *Secondly*, there is no payment of *tant par tête*, as you express it; a small voluntary oblation is given by some, but there is no tax; and the greater part of those who choose to bring their horses there give

* Adv. Faustum, lib. xx. c. 23.

nothing. *Thirdly*, it is *quite clear* that the sprinkling of horses at the games was no sacred rite, but only for their refreshment; as the dissertation by my learned colleague, Professor Nibby, on the circus of Romulus, would have taught you.

In what, therefore, consists the ceremony? Why in a prayer pronounced by a priest, that those who use those animals may not receive injury or hurt; after which holy water is sprinkled, as it is at the conclusion of every blessing in the church, for a token of the direction or application of the prayer, and as an emblem of purification. I have known several Protestants go into the sacristy and procure a copy of the prayer and express themselve quite satisfied of its perfect propriety.

But, sir, have you nothing similar to this ceremony? You are, I doubt not, strictly observant of religious forms; and certainly every day *bless your meat*. What greater superstition or heathenish folly is there in blessing a living animal than in blessing a dead one—a horse, which through its wickedness may lame you, or a pheasant or partridge, which can only by your own intemperance prove hurtful? Do you not see that the blessing of an irrational thing is only another form of blessing on those who use it? And as you perceive nothing monstrous in the idea of blessing or praying over meat, or animals deprived of life, there can be no great harm in anticipating that blessing, and giving them the benefit of it while alive.

3. Your next grand division is, Lights and Votive

Offerings. As to the first, you have again a most respectable precursor in antiquity, worthy to keep company with Julian and Faustus. This is the heretic Vigilantius, who, St. Jerome tells us, called it idolatry to have lamps always burning before the tombs of the martyrs.* You have seen the Apostolical Constitutions mention the practice with commendation, in company with incense. St. Paulinus and St. Jerome inform us that tapers were burnt day and night in the church. The former says—

> "Clara coronantur densis altaria lychnis,
> Lumina ceratis adolentur ad ora papyris,
> Noctu dieque micant." †

In the works of St. Optatus we have a list of the plate given up to the persecutors by Paul, bishop of Cirta, among which are "lucernæ argenteæ septem, cereopala duo,"—*seven silver lamps, two candlesticks.*‡ And similar objects of church-plate, are mentioned in the acts of St. Laurence.

But here again, why is the practice of burning lights in the Jewish sanctuary overlooked? Is there any, the slightest, moral impropriety, or essential evil, in the use of lights? And if not, is it desecrated by having been formerly applied by the heathens to a false worship, as well as by the Jews to a true one? The same is to be said of

* Ep. ad Ripar. 53.

† "The glorious altar, thickly crown'd with lights,
Is perfumed by the tapers' odorous flame;
Through day and night they shine."—Natal. 3. S. Felicis.

‡ Acta purgat. Cæciliani, p. 266.

votive offerings. You erect a statue or a bust to a man whom you honor and admire; this is a natural manifestation of good feeling and gratitude; does it become wicked and abominable because as much was done by heathens to their fellows of old? Even so, if a Catholic believes that he has received a favor from God, through the intercession of His saints, is he to be debarred from the public attestation of his conviction, and the open declaration of his gratitude, because heathens, who pre-existed, naturally were the first to seize on the most obvious way of expressing these sentiments? Once more, sir, it is the doctrine, and not its outward expression, that should have been attacked.

4. You quarrel greatly with our sacred vestments, which you say, "for a Romish priest, are sufficiently numerous and puzzling" (p. 27); and in another place you manifest a particular abhorrence for the clerical tonsure. Puzzling and numerous they doubtless are to you, who do not know their names or understand them; but not so to Catholics. Why, sir, to me the dresses of a doctor of divinity at Cambridge—three, I believe, in number, with their scarlet cloth, and rose-colored silk, and sashes, and scarfs, and cassocks, and rich ermine capes, and full round sleeves—are perfectly unintelligible. Surely we are not to quarrel about the "fashion of our doublets," or raise controversy upon one another's dress. Nay, your clergy would look strange enough if they observed their canons; and that, too, not merely

when in their churches, but in public places. For in the Constitutions and Canons Ecclesiastical, not long ago reprinted, and therefore, I suppose, in force, it is ordained, "that no ecclesiastical persons shall wear any wrought nightcap, but only plain nightcaps of black silk, satin, or velvet;" also that, "in their journeys they shall wear cloaks without sleeves, commonly called priests' cloaks, without guards, welts, long buttons, or cuts:" moreover, that, in private houses, they may "use any comely and scholar-like apparel, provided that it be not cut or pinkt; and that in public they go not in their doublet and hose, without coats or cassocks, and that they wear not any light-colored stockings."* But, seriously speaking, if you would look into the meaning and antiquity of our sacred vestments, perhaps you would be a little surprised at the ignorance you have betrayed; and for this purpose, as well as others connected with the points I have briefly touched upon, allow me to recommend to your perusal the excellent work of my very esteemed friend Dr. Rock, entitled *Hierurgia*, where you will find much that will be quite new to you. As to the tonsure, how there is more superstition in uncovering the head, by removing the hair, than in covering it by a wig, as the bishops of the Establishment have heretofore been used to do—a laudable practice I believe, of late rather neglected—I am at a loss to see. St. Jerome tells us

* Page 47.

somewhere that much hair on the head is only the fashion of dandies, barbarians, and military men—"*luxuriosorum*, *barbarorum*, *et militantium*;" so that I think he would have preferred the diminution of real, to the superaddition of factitious, hair. In fact our practice, which, after all, is but a matter of discipline, is based upon very ancient canons, regarding the growth of hair in ecclesiastics. As to your comparison of the tonsure with the shaving of *all* the hair, practised by those employed in the rites of Isis, be so good as to consult their meaning, as explained by Synesius, and then you will see the difference.

I find I am getting involved in too detailed a controversy for my time and occupations, so that I will content myself with one or two more points, leaving the case in my reader's hands. For I believe that in a court of law, when you have disproved the accuser's testimony on several points, you prove him unworthy of credit in the rest.

You are greatly offended with the inscriptions over Catholic churches, which, after Middleton, you compare with those of heathens; and your eulogist in the *Times* decorated his columns with your comparative list (p. 33). The grounds of your dislike amount to this: that we, choosing to write in Latin, go to pure models, and prefer good words and forms to barbarous or corrupt ones. Truly this is a monstrous delinquency, worse than the clerk of Chatham's whom Jack Cade hung for "setting of boys' copies, and having a book in his

pocket with red letters in it." If you choose to consider it as a matter of taste, I am with you. I would go farther to copy a pair of good old leonine verses with rhyme in the middle and end, than to take down the chastest inscription by Morcelli or Schiassi; and gladly would I, that the reformers had not, by their derision of the simple style used in the Church, introduced that overweening taste for classical Latinity, of which you justly complain. Though I fear we do not agree even here; for you call the beautiful and moving hymn, *Dies Iræ*, an abomination!—(p. 94.) But to make it a crime to use the same words as the Romans did in the dedication of a temple, while we write in the same language, is placing us in a sad dilemma between heathenism and barbarity. Yet I find that in the dedication of your churches to saints, which is, after all, a more serious matter than the forms in which it is done, the words used by the pagans are to be read; the church is styled *ædis*, or *templum*; God is *Opt. Max.*, as Jupiter was; the saints are called *Divus;* the building is said to be *sacred* to them; and I find all your Latin writers who affect elegance, making use of these and similar words without scruple. Yet no one has called them heathens.

But, sir, it would have been well for you to have verified your master's quotations before you repeated them; for you would not have found one of them correct. The first, though I see no harm in it, I do not believe exists in Boldonius or elsewhere; the second happens only to be like a

phrase in Cicero, which surely is no sin, and contains, besides, in the original, a clear distinction between God and the saint; the third is garbled and dismembered; the fourth, composed by Polo, is quoted by Boldonius only to be criticised in the severest terms, as a most unjustifiable imitation of a pagan form! Beware, sir, how you receive too implicitly the gifts of such men as Middleton,—

*κακοῦ γὰρ ἀνδρὸς δῶρ' ὀνησιν οὐκ ἔχει.**

But I fear that, however we may change our phrase, it will be difficult to escape the censure of *learned* travellers. For you will doubtless remember the fact of one among that class, who dedicated his travels to a very zealous Protestant baronet,† proving us to be idolaters from our calling the Blessed Virgin, on our churches, *Deipara*, which he translated, *equal to God*. However, to make some amends to you for having thus destroyed the interest of your inscriptions, I will give you a new one in their place, exceedingly popish, but at the same time very ancient. It was found two or three years ago in the ruins of Ostia, and is, I believe, as yet inedited:

ANICIVS AVCHENIVS BASSVS V C ET TVRRENIA HONO
RATA C E EIVS CVM FILIIS DEO SANCTISQVE DEVOTI P

This Anicius Bassus, who puts up a public inscription to tell us that he, his wife, and children

* Euripid. Med. 625. † Sir R. Inglis.

were *devout to God and the saints*, lived about three hundred and eighty years after Christ, and was no mean personage, having held the office of proconsul of Campania, as appears from his numerous inscriptions in Gruter, Muratori, Fabretti, and others;* neither was he very much under the influence of papal rule, for he is mentioned in ecclesiastical history as having, with Marinianus, the patrician, most calumniously accused Pope Sixtus; upon whose full justification his goods were confiscated by Valentinian. So that this union of the saints with God in a common inscription must have been the effect neither of ignorance nor of papal tyranny, but of universal belief and practice.

But what shall we say to the chapels and oratories, and still more, the crucifixes and images, seen on the wayside in Italy, and more frequently in the land of the heroic Tyrolese? Your wrath is greatly inflamed against these high places of Popery, as you call them (p. 32); for my part, I hold them to be among the most beautiful and touching characteristics of the country. I well remember one evening, toiling along the sides of Ætna, over a black field of lava, without a single object around that could cheer a wearied traveller; not a tree nor shrub, not a hut nor other sign of human habitation; not a star in the heavens, nor a reflection of twilight smiled upon our dreary road. But before us, at a distance, was one bright gleam,

* Gruter, 1090, 20 (ANOYIIAT. KAMIIAN.) Murat. 467, 7; Fabretti, p. 100, n. 225; p. 261, 120.

a brilliant point of steady light, which seemed the fairer for the gloomy desolation which surrounded us; and long we journeyed, conjecturing what that beacon could denote, whether the hovel of a peasant, or the watch-fire of the shepherd,—till we stood before it, and found it to be the lamp which some poor, but pious, neighbor had lighted before a Madonna in a niche on the wayside, on whose countenance it shed, amidst the solitude and silence of the place and time, a mild and cheering brightness. My companion, whose religion differed from mine, could not help observing how exquisitely beautiful and benevolent this simple act of rustic religion then appeared to him, and how cheerless the rest of the way would seem, after we had turnéd our back upon the Madonna's lamp. And in every part of the country, to see the little rustic altars, with their tribute of flowers, exhaling a cloudless incense before them, and their fading garlands hung around, cannot but make one feel how completely, in the mind of the simplest peasant, the ideas of the holy and the beautiful are essentially united; and how their duty to God and His saints seeks to manifest itself with them, precisely as the affections of a child would be shown to the memorials of a departed parent.

In England, too, sir, there is no lack of images and representations of men upon the wayside; there are the King's head, and the Queen's, the Turk's and the Saracen's, set up at convenient distances beside the road, to invite the poor peasant to rites

more unholy than a prayer to saints; which, as they pass, they do not merely, what you think so wrong, "pull off their hats," but they draw from their purse their wife's and children's food and maintenance; whereby they are invited, not to such abominations as "crossing themselves or genuflecting," but to go in and join Bacchanalian orgies, where their time, and morals, and health, are all wasted away. But woe to this happy land if ever, instead of these pictures and images by the wayside, shall be seen those of Christ crucified, or of the angel announcing His incarnation to His Virgin Mother; such a change would be frightfully superstitious! Woe to its people, if ever they shall be seen reminded of good and holy thoughts by their emblems on the road, and heard to whisper a prayer as they pass an oratory by the way, rather than pay homage to the symbols of immorality and debauch! But, sir, if we are all to have some images or pictures on the roads, give me the Tyrol, with its crucifixes and its brave peasantry, with their beads in their hands when they go to work, and I will leave you those English representations, in which, doubtless, your zeal sees nought superstitious and unholy; and those who worship there, in whose conversation, as they pass along the road, you will surely find nothing to blame as a prayer to saints, or a thought about their existence. I am, etc.

LETTER THE FOURTH.

Sir,—The specimens of your inaccuracies given in my last letter will be sufficient, I flatter myself, to put you and your readers on their guard against too implicitly believing often-repeated tales. I will trouble you only with a few more reflections, and they shall be, moreover, very brief.

Throughout your work, you assume it for granted that there is a system of premeditated deceit carried on by the priesthood to which I belong; that there is among us a desire and a constant effort to keep the people under subjection by the invention of miracles or of dogmas, of ceremonies or of commandments, just as our ends or our circumstances may best appear to require. Were this true, we should, of course, deserve that society and mankind should scout us from the face of the earth. To me, further information on this important point would be highly interesting; for, if any one has a right to claim initiation into all the mysteries of his caste, I think I have every reason to suppose that I ought to have been made a craft-master in mine. Having received most of my education in the very heart and citadel of its influence; having been deemed sufficiently qualified to prepare others for this dark ministration, and to instruct them in all the arts they must exercise; having been honored, however unworthily, with several commissions implying a confidence in

my stanchness and fidelity, I should imagine I am intrusted with the whole secret of our power, and all the happy resources which you attribute to us for preserving and extending our spiritual dominion. I cannot, therefore, but think it strange that you should know so much more about our principles and doing than has ever been intrusted to me, or than I have been desired to teach to others of the same profession. For the way, and the only way, in which I, or those who have learnt with me, were taught by our good and learned masters to gain and keep our influence over men, was by outstripping them in good works, and endeavoring to show forth, in practice, the doctrines which we inculcate by ever living up to the obligations we have taken upon ourselves, and by never being slack in the duties of our ministry.

As to miracles, it is true we were taught to believe in them; and if we therein resemble heathens, you might have made your parallel still more complete, for we believe them precisely for the same reason which they assign:

> Θεῶν τελεσάντων
> οὐδὲν ποτε φάνεται ἔμμεν ἄπιστον.*

We believe, like them, in the omnipotence of God, and see no authority for supposing that His arm is shortened. I know not whether your admiration of Middleton carries you to the extent of admitting the principles of his *Free Enquiry*; if so, you of

* Pindar, Pyth. x. 77.

course maintain that the only way to get rid of Catholic miracles is to consign all the fathers of the Church to the same doom of being considered impostors and forgers of wonders to deceive the people. If so, I once more thank you for the good company in which your reasoning compels you to place us. If you excuse them at the expense of your master, you overthrow the whole foundation of your argument, by allowing miracles to have continued in the Church after the apostles' times; and I should be glad to know whence came, and where is to be found, the decree which put an end to the interference of God's power in His own works.

But while we are thus taught to believe in miracles generally, somehow or other we have been always told to be very much upon our guard against admitting any case without the minutest examination; and I have ever observed the extremest caution used by persons in high office about such as were reported; and I have known instances of spurious or imaginary ones being most severely exposed, and condemned in the most public manner. You know as well as I do that no Catholic is bound to believe any of the miracles you record, and I dare say you will find many who disbelieve them all. In fact, I think Catholics are quite as hard to convince of the truth of any miracle as Protestants; and yet they remain good Catholics. For my part, all my reflection and study have led me to doubt the truth of that principle which Vol-

taire adopted from a heathen philosopher, that incredulity is the beginning of wisdom. I have never observed in those persons, who, so soon as they hear of any extraordinary manifestations of God's power, take their untruth for granted till they be fully proved, any other demonstrations of a strong mind, or nervous reason. On the contrary, I have generally noted that those who scoff at such things, and make a boast that they are not easily convinced, are, in fact, only endeavoring to shroud ignorance and weakness behind this small display of unbelief, and desirous to gain the character of an *esprit fort* with the slightest possible risk. I am not ashamed to own, that, believing as I do in the promises to faith and prayer not having been withdrawn or weakened, and in God's exercise of His power, when required, in favor or in honor of His Church; when I hear from persons whose characters I fully know, and who, I am satisfied, could have no motive or desire to deceive me, of some such work of power, whereby the goodness of God has been displayed in favor of those who trusted in Him, and where the worst consequences of a mistake could only be my having blessed Him for His care of those who love Him, and having felt a passing glow of virtuous emotion through my soul, my first impulse is to believe and to receive such a recital; and, neither building faith nor resting proofs upon it, I preserve it as a seed of hope till something more occurs, either to give it further life, or to wither it where it hath been cast. And

as when we throw into the garden's soil many seeds together, we are contented if but a few spring up and yield us fruit; so am I, if, of many such facts, some are more fully verified, and ripen into proof; whereas, if I rejected all, I probably should have the joy of none. And if you would read the beautiful preface of the philosophical Görres to the exquisite Life of Klaus von der Flüe, written by his good and amiable son, you would see how rational and how reasonable is the course which I pursue.

But among all your declamations against the Catholic priesthood, there is one, the wickedness of which recoils, in my idea, so signally upon yourself,—one which I can with such difficulty believe could have been uttered by any one whose mind habitually loved to dwell on the holy and the good,—that I cannot believe any sincere friend of your religion will help abhorring any defence of it, which could require such blasphemous expressions. I allude to the indecent way in which you speak of the adoration paid by us to the Blessed Eucharist, where we believe the true Body and Blood of our Redeemer to be present (p. 66). You may differ from us in belief, but only infidels have, in general, ventured to scoff and rail at any worship which is intended for the true God and His adorable Son. If a Socinian, disbelieving in the Incarnation, were to speak as you do of our Lord, when a helpless infant in the flesh, or were he to say, in parallel language, that no

people ever thought of their God being put to death before the Christians, you would not think his difference of belief would justify him in such unseemly levity. The same is your case; for the belief of Christ's presence in the Eucharist is that not only of Catholics, among whom have assuredly been in our times, and are, men of the soundest philosophical minds, but of the Lutherans, and of the most learned divines of the Anglican Church.

You do not believe yourself, nor the sect, whatever it may be, to which you belong, possessed of infallibility; and therefore you may be wrong in what you now hold, even according to your own principles. You should not, consequently, rail at what you one day may discover to be true. And even if this grace never should be granted you, if you should feel yourself immovable in every article of your present creed, I would exhort you to remember that even the archangel Michael, when contending with the evil one, "Durst not bring against him a railing accusation," as your version renders it, or as the Vulgate more strongly and literally words it, "a judgment of blasphemy." (Jude 9.) There is a taint and a leprous defilement left on the soul of him who uses words of blasphemy, however right the hypothesis on which he grounds them; there is an unchasteness of mind in the indulging of thoughts even regarding error, which, if spoken of the truth, would be insulting to God's awful majesty; and, therefore, would not an archangel

defile himself by the use of such rebuke, even to the accursed fiend. But to his conduct, the apostle opposes those who "speak evil;" or, as the Vulgate renders it once more, "who blaspheme those things which they know not" (v. 10). Take heed which of these courses you follow; and learn, first, to make yourself acquainted with the subjects that you handle, before indulging in unchristian language;—nay, even then refrain from using it.

I must now draw these letters to a conclusion, not from want of matter, nor from a desire to pass over several other topics of your book: but because, I trust, I have done sufficient in the two first to overthrow the entire groundwork of your theory; and in the two last, to prove what credit is due to your specific assertions. Things which appear strange, or even wrong, to the uninitiated, are beautiful when their true origin and meaning are understood; or, as the divine poet beautifully expresses it,—

> "Veramente più volte appajon cose
> Che danno a dubitar falsa matera,
> Per la vere cagion che son nascose."—Purgat. xxii.

And I shall be satisfied if this correspondence shall lead any of its readers to further inquiries regarding the character of our ceremonies, as well as of our dogmas. I am, etc.

AUTHORITY

OF THE

HOLY SEE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

(From the Dublin Review of July, 1838.)

[This essay may appear to have outlived any interest that it originally possessed; for it refers chiefly to a contest carried on beyond the Atlantic, now many years ago. But it may not be without its moral. The conflict between the Brazilian Ministry of 1834 and the Holy See, wherein the latter was menaced with the separation from its communion of a vast empire, if it did not relinquish its rights in the institution of bishops, and yet remained unmoved, may serve to prove how absurd is the idea that the successors of St. Peter will flinch from the performance of their duty, at the threatful bidding of any temporal power.]

1. *Ensayo sobre la Supremacia del Papa, etc. Essay on the Supremacy of the Pope, especially with regard to the Institution of Bishops.* By the Rev. Dr. Joseph Ignatius Moreno, Archdeacon of the Metropolitan Church of Lima, Author of the "Peruvian Letters." Lima, 1836.
2. *Panegírico de la esclarecida Virgen Santa Catalina de Seña, etc. Panegyric of the glorious Virgin Saint Catherine of Sienna.* By Dr. D. Miguel Calixto del Corro, *published . . . . . principally for the purpose of inspiring a mortal hatred of the monster Schism, and of convincing all men of the necessity of obedience to the Sovereign Pontiff, for the maintenance of true Catholicism, and the obtaining of life eternal.* Buenos Ayres, 1837.

3. *Reflexoes imparciaes sobre a Falla do Trono ê as respostas das Camaras Legislativas de* 1836. *Impartial Reflections upon the Speech from the Throne, and on the Addresses in reply from the Legislative Chambers of* 1836. Rio de Janeiro, 1837.
4. *Resposta do Provincial dos Franciscanos do Rio de Janeiro, etc. Answer of the Provincial of the Franciscans of Rio de Janeiro to the Questions treated in the Memoir sent with a Message from the Government, for his Opinion.* Rio de Janeiro, 1837.
5. *Memoria sobre o Direito da Primazia do Soberano Pontefice Romano, etc. Memoir upon the Right of Primacy of the Sovereign Roman Pontiff, in the Confirmation and Canonical Institutions of all Bishops.* Translated from the French. Rio, 1837.
6. *Selecta Catholica.* No. 8. Rio, 1837.

The learned author of the first work on this list remarks, that among those who take up his book, there will be some "who, valuing only what comes from Paris or London, will throw it aside for no other reason but that it is a work written at Lima, and containing no curious narratives, no flaming theories, and no capricious novelties in matters of religion, philosophy, politics, or finance"—(p. xiv). To us these are the very circumstances that particularly create an interest in his writings, and in the others now lying before us. To find, in works published beyond the wide Atlantic, the very faith that is taught not only in London or in Paris, but in Rome itself, free from the slightest trace of that novelty which is impressed upon every institution in the new states of South America, defended and illustrated with a learning, a zeal, and a generosity

which would do honor to any country in Europe, is to us really refreshing, and a source of sincere gratification. Gladly as we should hail such works if published in Paris or London, they come to us with a special charm from the distance they have travelled.

Authority is not generally supposed to act in a ratio inverse of distance from its centre; especially that which has no fleets or armies to support it, but only the influence of moral arguments and feelings. That Great Britain, mistress of the ocean, and the Tyre of modern nations, should keep in subjection countries remote as the antipodes, can scarcely be matter of astonishment; her thousand prows not only bear, but can enforce, her commands. And yet the more distant parts of her transmarine possessions have more than once given proof that, when consciousness of strength has reached its proper pitch, there will be a tendency in them to break the connecting link,—the cord, so to speak, which supplied the vital energy from the circulation of the mother country, and to assert an independent individuality of existence. But the Sovereign Pontiff—*His* vicar, whose kingdom is not of this world,—unarmed with temporal power, beyond the narrow limits of his states, without recourse to spiritual weapons,—for with one grand exception, the thunderbolts of the church's anathemas have been laid up for many days in her arsenals,—he maintains undisturbed his sacred dominion from east to west, and need not fear its

overthrow, either from the caprice of rulers, or from the growing independence of spirit in distant nations. We believe we are correct in asserting that the separation of the Spanish dependencies from their mother country was hailed by biblicals, missionary societies, and other brokers in religious stock, as producing a new and favorable market for their wares. Bales of Bibles and chests of tracts were poured in with every fresh supply of Birmingham hardware or Manchester print; and every commercial envoy had a *vis-à-vis* on his voyage in the shape of a religious agent. Toleration—that is, the free importation of all the brawling sects that tear one another to pieces in England—was confidently anticipated; and a country just cleared of monasteries could not but be considered in prime condition for a crop of Presbyterianism or Bible reading.* But, seriously

* At a meeting of the Bible Society in September, 1824, the Protestant Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry (Ryder) is reported to have "congratulated the meeting upon the prospect now opening to their view in Columbia; and contrasted the *progress which the society was now making in that newly-formed government*, with the spirit of bigotry and persecution that disgraced the first introduction of Christianity among that people. The consequence was, that despotism, civil and religious, had covered that land, and impaired her moral energies—had made it the seat of superstition—the very fastness of Papal power (cheers); but the storm had at length subsided, and they were now permitted, under the guidance of Him 'who guided the whirlwind and directed the storm,' to spread through that country the glorious tidings of 'peace on earth and good-will towards men'" (cheers).

speaking, appearances foreboded not well for religion. The Holy See, with every other European power, hesitated to break its harmony with Spain, for the recognition of the embryo republics, which disputed more among themselves than with the parent land. The succession of bishops was almost, if not entirely, interrupted, and Spain claimed the right to name to the vacant sees, while the revolted provinces refused to accept of its nominees. The hatred towards Spain caused the banishment of many clergy and *religieux*, who were natives of that country, and thus the supply of ecclesiastics was become very scanty.

It was natural to expect that, while affairs were in this condition, some would be found to recho, in the western hemisphere, those doctrines of religious independence which, in some parts of the eastern, had been considered a part of the code of political liberalism. And no doubt to many who understand not the spirit of the Catholic religion, an ardor for civil freedom, with an equal zeal for subjection to a foreign pontiff, may appear an anomaly. The objections made by the See of Rome to the repeated applications for bishops, so long as the struggle continued between the parent country and its dependencies, was naturally displeasing to the latter; and a party arose

In a part of the report read at this meeting it is said that the fields of South America are "already white for the harvest." See report of the meeting, quoted from the *Morning Chronicle*, in *Cobbet's Weekly Register*, September 18, 1824.

that desired to see the Churches of South America established on the model of the schismatical one at Utrecht, paying merely a nominal submission to the successor of St. Peter. These dangerous principles were fanned from without. The restless politician, M. de Pradt, addressed the Mexican government, while it was treating with Rome for the appointment of bishops, exhorting it to make such a concordat with the Holy See as should leave it for the future independent in the election and institution of bishops, and in the government of the churches; and should the Holy See refuse, as was naturally to be expected, then to make every protestation of fidelity and union, and proceed to nomination without its concurrence. In this wicked proposal another unfortunate member of the same school, the Canon Villanueva, went farther still. For, in a work of which thousands of copies were disseminated over all the new states, he denied even the necessity of the preliminary step recommended by De Pradt; and amidst a torrent of abuse against the popes, and futile attempt to show that they have never held themselves bound by their concordats when made, advised the infant republics to assert their ecclesiastical, together with their political, freedom.

Fortunately, good sense, as well as sound religious principles, ruled in the councils of the states; not one swerved from its duty. They preferred waiting with patience till time and circumstances should allow the Vicar of Christ to give bishops

to their widowed churches; nor were they long disappointed. So soon as the hold which Spain had on her colonies was reduced to protests and protocols, in spite of all opposition and resistance on the part of the former, the Holy See proceeded to treat with the latter for the filling up of vacant sees. By degrees, Chili, Peru, Mexico, the Argentine Republic, and the other states, have been supplied with pastors; the Jesuits and other religious orders have been reinstated, and the entire Continent, essentially Catholic, is firmly knitted in sympathies, as in belief, with the rest of the Church.

It is chiefly to answer the calumnies of Villanueva and Pereira that the first work on the list at the head of our article was written. The ponderous and inaccurate quarto of the latter author* had been translated from the Portuguese into Spanish, at Lima, in 1833, but was received with little or no encouragement by the public. Don José Ignacio Moreno has done the work of refutation solidly and efficaciously. His volume is only a second part, though complete in itself, to a first Essay published six years earlier, treating on the great question of the supremacy, which we regret we have not been fortunate enough to procure. We own that we have been so agreeably surprised by the portion now before us, as anxiously to desire

* Demonstraçao Theologica, Canonica, e Historica do Direito dos Metropolitanos de Portugal, para confirmarem e mandarem sagrar os bispos suffraganeos. *Lisbon*, 1769.

a perusal of the preceding. In the difficulty under which we necessarily labor of procuring accurate information on the ecclesiastical affairs of those distant countries, our views have been very limited, respecting the state of theological science there. The perusal of this work has completely set us at ease on this subject. We are quite sure that our brethren, the clergy of the New World, will not need assistance from Europe to fight their battles against infidelity, heresy, or any system of error, however artful. Whatever crisis, moral or political, may arise in those states—however the safety, the unity, or the rights of the Church may seem threatened,—we feel confident that its interests are in good and able hands, which will support it as zealously and as efficaciously as they have done during the past. Whatever learning or ingenuity on the part of corruption and error may be imported from Europe, whether in the shape of Protestant tracts or of Jansenistical treatises, there will be no need of sending them the antidote after the poison; the soil will produce it powerfully and abundantly on the spot. The author of the work before us has manifestly the command of a good library of theological literature, and knows how to use it. To a close and sound, but still a clear and simple reasoning, he unites an accurate and extensive knowledge of all that ecclesiastical history can furnish, towards solving the important question of which he treats. We must, however, content ourselves with presenting to our readers

only a very summary and imperfect outline of his work.

After having briefly explained the state of the question, he proceeds to lay down what he calls his fundamental proposition, in these words:— "The right of instituting or confirming bishops, according to the constitution of the Church, belongs exclusively to the Pope; and from his supreme authority flowed, as from its proper source, that which was at one time exercised, with his consent, by patriarchs, primates, archbishops, and metropolitans, in and out of councils" (p. 7). This proposition is proved in two chapters, in the first of which the Pope's right of giving canonical institution is shown to be a necessary prerogative of his primacy; and in the second, the derivation of that right to inferior authorities is demonstrated. Here arises an important inquiry into the meaning and intention of the fourth and sixth canons of the Council of Nicea, which our author treats in three long chapters, full of learning, and excellently arranged. The third chapter, in particular, in which the right claimed and exercised by the popes to confirm the bishops of different countries is fully proved, is at once well ordered, and abounds with interesting and convincing materials.

The next question is, Were the popes justified in resuming, or reserving to themselves, the right of instituting bishops, when the necessities or good of the Church required it; and do they de-

serve, for having done so, the charge of spoliation or usurpation made against them by Pereira or Villanueva? (p. 172.) This point is treated by our author with great ability and an accurate knowledge of canon law. He next examines the motives which not only justified the Holy See in resuming the exercise of its original rights, but compelled it again to reserve to itself the confirmation of bishops. He insists principally, and we think justly, upon the necessity of this practice, to secure the liberty of the Church. For, without it, the most unfit characters might have been thrust into sees; nor were chapters often sufficiently strong to cope with the temporal power, which not unfrequently supported usurpation.

The next question is of a more delicate and complicated character: Do the concordats entered into by the See of Rome with sovereign princes, deprive them of their right of institution; or is the former so bound by them as to be allowed, under no circumstances, to suspend or revoke them without the imputation of breach of faith? (p. 208.) This we regard as one of the best portions of our author's work, whether we consider the question of right, or the historical examinations to which it gives rise. In the first chapter upon it, he fully confutes the specious theories of Van Espen, on this question: "On whom does the right of nomination devolve, in case the sovereign, who, by concordat, exercised it, is incapacitated from using it?" In the second, he shows

that the concordat is essentially in the form, not of an equal pact between the two parties, but of a concession from one to the other. For the right in them, secured to temporal princes, of naming to vacant sees, is, in truth, granted and committed to them by the sovereign pontiff, while that of confirming or instituting, which is reserved to the latter, is already his own inherent prerogative. The calumnious accusations against various popes, in which Villanueva indulges, are completely confuted.

The remaining portion of the work applies more particularly to the circumstances in which the new states of South America are, or were, placed. For the fourth question is, How far a want of communication between the Holy See, or a refusal on its part to appoint bishops, can authorize metropolitans to proceed to nomination? (p. 256.) The fifth discusses whether bishops, so appointed, would exercise valid acts of jurisdiction or not?—(p. 306.) The last examines what would have to be done in an extreme case of impossibility of recurrence to the See of Peter (p. 318). On all these points the same soundness of views is displayed, with the same abundant application of historical precedents. The work concludes with copious biographical notes upon the different authors confuted in its course.

The composition of the work, without being in the least shackled with scholastic forms, partakes of that distinctness, method, and closeness,

which the old school education was so admirably calculated to give, and the absence of which is so plainly felt in modern works on controversy and philosophy. We close it with sincere respect for its author, and a hope that it has received the encouragement, in his own country, which it deserves. The first section, or volume, published, like the second, at Lima, was soon reprinted at Buenos Ayres, and was highly applauded by the Valparaiso and Santiago papers, as well as by bishops and clergy.* The sentiments of the learned archdeacon are thus proved to be in accordance with those of his fellow-countrymen, applying the term to the inhabitants of different states, but of one continent. When a publication entitled "An exact Memorial" (*Memorial ajustado*), suggesting similar views to those confuted by him, appeared at Buenos Ayres, it was most ably confuted by a layman, Dr. Tomas Manuel de Anchorena, in an opinion dated March 22, 1834. And even before this, the Chamber of Justice of the Republic of Chili, in giving the *exequatur* to the bulls for the consecration of the bishop of Penco, Snr. Cienfuegos, had rejected and confuted its opinions.

While the republican states of South America had shown themselves wisely ruled in what regarded ecclesiastical affairs, at a very dangerous period of their history, the Empire of Brazil had not shown a similar discretion. What was impiously

*See their testimonials, given p. 458 of the second volume.

suggested to the former has been actually attempted in the latter, but only to give opportunity for a noble triumph to the Church, and for a splendid demonstration of public opinion in favor of its rights. All the other pamphlets in our list refer to this state, at least indirectly; and we shall endeavor to present our readers with an account of their matter, assisted by other original sources of information, which are at our command.

Brazil, which is governed by a minor,* has a stronger right than any constitutional state, under ordinary circumstances, to exonerate itself on its ministers, for the foolish—not to say irreligious—course which it exposed itself to the danger of running. Indeed, we cannot but observe how, in modern times, every attempt to quarrel with the Holy See on the subject of its rights, especially in episcopal appointments, has been the work of favorite ministers who have grown all-powerful, rather than the sovereigns whom they served; more the effects of private spites and grudges than of princely ambition. The infamous Carvalho, marquis of Pombal, in Portugal, Tanucci at Naples, Campomanes and Urquijo in Spain, Kaunitz at Vienna, are lamentable examples, in the course of half a century, of the mischiefs which the corrupt principles or base passions of a minister may bring down upon the Church of his country, under the shelter of

* [In 1838. It is by no means intended to apply expressions of censure used in this article to the present government of that empire.]

weak and easily deluded minds. We are willing to believe that the conduct of the Brazilian ministry arose rather from an unwise hope of intimidating the Holy See, than from any serious intention of proceeding to the extremities which threatened, in the affair whereof we are going to treat. Our materials will be drawn from the third tract quoted above,—the "Impartial Reflections on the Speech from the Throne," which we shall afterwards see has received the approbation of the Brazilian public.

The Regency of that empire, upon a vacancy of the see of Rio Janeiro, we believe in 1833, proposed to the court of Rome, as a fit person to fill it, Dr. Antonio Maria de Moura. The Sovereign Pontiff refused to ratify the choice, or give the bulls of canonical institution to the elect. With respect to the personal character of the individual named and refused, we pretend to no knowledge. There were sufficient grounds in his avowed opinions to justify the conduct of the Holy See. The annual report of the Minister of Justice, May 10th, 1836, acknowledges that there was "some canonical impediment in the nominee, (and who among us," adds the author of the pamphlet, "is ignorant of this fact?) but of the sort which it is customary to dispense with." Further on he owns that the candidate held some points of doctrine "at variance with the Holy Father." The Minister of Justice, two days later, attributed the objections to opinions given by Dr. Moura, contrary to the discipline of

the Church. Any Catholic will consider these reasons sufficient in all conscience to justify a demur on the Pope's part; and whoever understands the jealousy with which the supreme executive power of the Church watches over the integrity of its faith in the most distant provinces, will not be surprised at the noble and unyielding conduct displayed by its present chief ruler.

The Regency seemed determined from the beginning to make this a trial of strength between the civil and ecclesiastical powers, and to see how far it would be possible to make the latter sacrifice its scruples, and even principles, to the desire of preserving good understanding with the former. In the annual report of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Coutinho, to the Chambers, in 1834, he thus explains the state of the contest:—"Dr. A. M. De Moura, having been named bishop of the diocese of Rio Janeiro, on sufficient grounds, a delay has occurred in expediting the bulls in the usual style. But the Imperial Government hopes that in virtue of new instructions sent to its agent at Rome, they will shortly be expedited; *as becomes the dignity of the empire and the individual interests of the court of Rome.*" Here is no intention or desire manifested to remove the canonical grounds of objection to the individual chosen, or to satisfy the Holy See that its scruples concerning his orthodoxy were unfounded. The dignity of the empire required that the ecclesiastical authorities should implicitly yield to its dic-

tates, however opposed to justice and religion; otherwise the interest of the Holy See should so suffer as to subdue its resolution, and force it to submission.

They little knew the See of Hildebrand, who reasoned thus. Negotiations upon such principles necessarily failed, and the Ministry had recourse to stronger measures. In the report for 1835 the matter is again reported in the following terms: "As yet the Holy Father has not ordered the expedition of the bulls giving institution to Dr. Moura, named bishop of Rio by the Regency, in the name of his Majesty the Emperor. The Imperial Government, having shown its sincerest and liveliest desire to treat with becoming politeness and respect the Holy See, is firmly persuaded that his Holiness, *considering the serious consequences which the refusal of these bulls will bring after them*, will not fail to yield to the *energetic representations* made to him by our minister, and to the *ultimatum of our government*." Before proceeding to explain what these measures were, which could not fail to produce the desired effects, we must not omit a clear proof now given, that so far from wishing to smooth away difficulties and remove the conscientious scruples of the Holy Father, it was the intention of the Regency to force his consent in spite of them. His Holiness, anxious on his part to make every becoming step towards conciliation, had, in the meantime, sent instructions to his internuncio at Rio, to ask for such explanations from Dr. Moura

himself as might allow him to accede to the wishes of the Ministry. The report just quoted was made in May; and on the 10th of June, before the Papal minister had addressed himself to Dr. Moura, the latter received an official note from Sr. Alves Branco, foreign minister, to the effect that "the Imperial Government, having learnt that the *chargé d'affaires* of the Holy See had received orders to ask an answer or explanation from him (Dr. Moura), the Regency, in the name of the emperor, declared to him that it would be very displeasing (*muito desagradavel*) to it if he agreed to such a demand." To which the episcopal candidate answered in a manner which proves how worthy he was of being the nominee of such a ministry; he said "that no such application had been made to him by the internuncio; but that, if it had, it would have been useless, as he would never have taken so indiscreet a step as to answer it, covering himself thereby with ridicule in the eyes of his fellow-citizens." This conduct proves how far conciliation was remote from the views of the party; for, from the earliest ages, the right of the Roman pontiff has been acknowledged to ask explanations of an elected bishop on points of faith. Thus, early in the sixth century, Pope Agapitus refused to confirm Anthimus of Trebizond, elected to the see of Constantinople, because he refused to sign the formulary of faith enjoined by Pope Hormisdas on the bishops of the East, and even deposed him from the see he held.

But let us see what were the energetic representations made by the Brazilian government to the Holy See. They consisted of one of the most ridiculous, and at the same time one of the most indecent, productions of modern diplomacy. For, as to the latter characteristic, it is described by the able author of the *Impartial Reflections*, as launching forth a quantity of words, phrases, and sentiments, gross, unbecoming, injurious, schismatical, heretical, and irreligious; thus not only offending the venerable gray hairs of the illustrious aged chief of the outraged Roman court . . . . not only the supreme ruler of the universal Church, the shepherd of the Catholic flock, the head of the religion and Church of Brazil, but likewise offending sometimes the dignity and honor of all the Brazilian nation and its government which thus appears to degrade itself by employing the vilest and most miserable means, in its most delicate and important transaction" (p. 24). This may appear a severe censure, but it is fully borne out by comparison with the ridiculousness of this piece of diplomatic intercourse. The deputy, Sr. Vasconcellos, asserted in the Chamber, that the note presented by the Brazilian minister to the papal cabinet was a copy and parody of Lord Strangford's note to the Sublime Porte, of August 11, 1823. This assertion appeared too absurd to be believed; the very idea that a Catholic power, in addressing the Holy See, should have chosen as its model the strong remonstrance of a Protes-

tant to a Mohammedan state, and yet talked of having used *becoming reverence* in its intercourse, was monstrous; while the poverty of invention in the government that could condescend to so paltry an imitation, was absolutely ridiculous. Hence, even the author of the *Reflections* declares that the answer of Sr. Limpo de Abrèu, given two days after, that he could not consider such a misapplication possible, appeared to him quite sufficient. Afterwards, however, he procured Meisel's *Cours de Style Diplomatique*, Paris, 1826, in the second volume of which he found Lord Strangford's note, "and with utter dismay, astonishment, and pain, found how true the charge of plagiarism was." The two notes were written in French, so that the comparison may be more easily made. The following are extracts from the two:

Note from the Brazilian Minister to the Holy See, dated 23d September, 1835.

"Il semble donc que se soit la volonté du Saint-Siège qui a fait naître la crise où il se trouve à l'égard du Brésil, et cette volonté ne peut avoir d'autre base que l'erreur.

"Le Saint-Siège est dans l'erreur s'il croit pouvoir, en gagnant du temps, exercer à la longue la faculté négative dans la nomination des Evêques du Brésil. Dans la crise actuelle, vouloir gagner du temps par des moyens dilatoires, c'est perdre sans espoir

Note from Lord Strangford to the Ottoman Porte, dated 11th of August, 1823.

"Il semble donc que ce soit la volonté de la Porte qui s'oppose au rétablissement des relations de bienveillance réciproque, et cette volonté ne peut avoir d'autre base que l'erreur.

"La Porte est dans l'erreur si elle croit améliorer sa position en gagnant du temps. Dans la crise où se trouve l'Empire Ottoman, vouloir gagner du temps, c'est perdre sans espoir de retour des chances que d'heureuses combinaisons ont fait naître,

de retour, des chances que d'autres combinaisons ont fait naître, mais qu'elles ne sauraient reproduire.

"Le Saint-Siège est dans l'erreur s'il doute de l'unité des vues, d'intentions, et de vœux, qui préside aux déterminations du Gouvernement du Brésil; s'il doute de l'Assemblée Législative, la Chambre des Députés, la première à reconnaître en principes et en termes formels la justice des réclamations faites en vain depuis plus de deux ans auprès du Saint-Siège, pour éviter une rupture qui d'ailleurs devient inévitable.

"Le Saint-Siège est dans l'erreur s'il croit inépuisable la patience de la Régence au nom de S. M. l'Empereur D. Pedro II.

"Le Saint-Siège est dans l'erreur lorsqu'il s'imagine que son intéret à faire valoir des prétensions exagérés n'a pas des bornes. C'est en insistant avec raideur et hors de saison sur des prèrogatives consenties dans les temps obscurs par l'ignorance et l'intéret des princes, que le Saint-Siège court le risque de voir annuller celles meme sur lesquelles se reposent aujourd'hui ses relations avec le Brésil."

mais qu'elles ne sauraient reproduire.

"La Sublime Porte est dans l'erreur si elle doute de l'unité des vues, d'intentions, et de vœux, qui préside aux déterminations des cours alliées; si elle doute de l'unanimité de toutes les puissances, l'Angleterre, la première à reconnaître en principes et termes formels la justice des réclamations de la Russie contre les innovations, les vexations, et infractions, auxquelles le commerce et la navigation sont exposés.

"La Sublime Porte est dans l'erreur si elle croit inépuisable la patience de l'Empereur de Russie.

"La Sublime Porte est dans l'erreur lorsqu'elle s'imagine que son intéret à faire valoir ses pretensions á la charge de la Russie, lui commande de différer le rétablissement de ses relations amicales avec cette puissance. C'est en insistant avec raideur et hors de saison que la Porte court le risque de voir annuller celles meme sur lesquelles se reposent aujourd'hui ses relations avec la Russie."—p. 23.

The stupidity of this burlesque, particularly in paragraph the third, is beyond measure, where, for "the unanimity of the allied powers," we have substituted, "the unanimity of the Brazilian Government;" as if the Pope had ever founded his delay

in making out the bulls upon any divisions in the government. Such were the energetic representations of the Brazilian cabinet; its ultimatum was worthy of them. It was, that, if his Holiness did not yield to its demands within the term of two months, the Brazilian Empire would separate itself from the communion of the Church of Rome. The result was what might have been anticipated by any but the framers of the "energetic representations." Before the expiration of the appointed term, the Pope replied that it was out of his power to accede to the nomination made for the diocese of Rio.

This declaration of the Sovereign Pontiff was communicated to the Brazilian public in the speech from the Throne in 1836, which forms the theme of the *Impartial Reflections*. The portion of it which relates to this matter is couched in the following terms:

"1. I cannot conceal from you, that his Holiness, after two years spent in reciprocal explanations, resolved not to accept the presentation of the bishop elect of this diocese.

"2. The government has on its side law and justice; but his Holiness obeys his conscience. After this decision, the government considered itself exonerated from using farther condescension with the Holy See; without, however, being wanting in the respect and obedience due to the Head of the Universal Church.

"3. In your hands it is" (addressing the Chambers) "to free the Brazilian Catholic from the difficulty, and in many instances the impossibility, of begging (*mendiar*) at such a distance, relief which ought not to be refused within the empire itself.

"4. So holy is our religion, so well calculated the system of ecclesiastical government, that being reconcilable with every system of civil government, its discipline may be modified for the interests of the State without ever compromising the essentials of religion itself. Notwithstanding this collision with the Holy Father, our amicable relations continue with the court of Rome."

The object of these paragraphs is sufficiently apparent, and the fallacies of which they are composed are but slightly disguised. The ministry had made a vain, boastful threat against the head of the Church. To use the expression of the primate of Brazil, in the senate, they had inscribed the circle of Popilius round the apostolic chair, and declared, that either he must confirm their nomination in the space of two months, or see that empire separated from the Holy See. So far as threatening, or, to use a plainer and more expressive word, so far as bullying went, they were perfectly competent; but the successor of St. Peter, having refused the first alternative, the ministers had recourse to the legislature for assistance in carrying into effect their menace, and severing the country from the papal communion. They suggest the necessity of making such provisions as will enable the subjects of Brazil to dispense with recourse to Rome (par. 3). This refers to matrimonial dispensations, as we shall have occasion to show. They desire, moreover, that the discipline of the Church should be so modified as to meet the awkward position into which their blundering conduct has cast the government; that is, that

bishops named by them should be consecrated and instituted without farther confirmation (par. 4).

The two objects of these two paragraphs are clearly explained by the light they receive from the fourth pamphlet on our list, containing the excellent answer of the Franciscan provincial, Frei Antonio de Sancta Mafalda, to a request presented to him, September 1, 1836, that he would give his opinion on a memoir forwarded to him at the same time. The substance of this document he writes may be reduced to three articles:

"1. Can bishops, named by the government, be legitimately invested with possession of the bishopric, and with episcopal jurisdiction, solely in virtue of such nomination?

"2. Are matrimonial impediments dispensable by the authority which, on the bishop's demise, exercises his jurisdiction, such as the vicar capitular, or administrator of the see?

"3. Can a bishop, so named, have right to any part of the episcopal revenues, under either of these titles?"

To each of these queries, which evidently embody the more covert suggestions of the speech from the throne, the reverend provincial answers clearly, solidly, and, withal, most prudently. Throughout his reply there is not the remotest allusion to passing events, but the cases are treated abstractedly, as though no application of them could be intended. He candidly states the opinion of canonists who differ from him, and solidly confutes them. He learnedly discusses the canons of councils and constitutions of sovereign Pontiffs, on the necessity of confirmation, and concludes against Osorius, that in no case, without the

guilt of usurpation and the danger of schism, could a bishop named by a government, empowered to this act by concordat or usage, presume to exercise any act of jurisdiction, without having first received approbation and institution from the Holy See. On the subject of dispensation he is more reserved, in consequence of the conflict of respectable divines, and the variety of provisions made by the popes for different emergencies. Still his opinion is not such as to favor the desires or intentions of the government. The reply to the third query results from the answers to the preceding. No bishop elect can have a claim to more emoluments than he whose place he occupies, that is the vicar capitular, not the bishop.

On this side the ministry were manifestly foiled. But our object in quoting this document here was not so much to demonstrate this point as to unmask the desires and views of the government in the speech from the throne. As to the fallacies which it contains, the author of the *Impartial Reflections* has admirably laid them open. Many of his remarks we have already incorporated in our narrative. For instance, to prove that ministers did not, and could not, believe that law and justice were on their side, as they assert in par 2, he quotes the declaration of ministers given above, that canonical objections existed against the approbation of the individual elected, and their having never proposed other motives for pressing their point beyond the honor of the em-

pire and the interests of the Holy See. But the best proof of the conscious falsehood of the assertion, that law and justice were on the side of the government results from the conferences held between ministers and the papal resident, in which the former declared, "that in truth the nomination had not been a good one; that the government would not make such a one again; but that being made, it must be maintained!"–*Impart. Reflect.* p. 10.

The most important and interesting part of the subject yet remains. How was this appeal to the Legislature received by the Chambers and by the public? As if to prepare for themselves a greater disgrace, the ministers, as we have seen, boasted to the Pope of the unanimity of the legislative assembly, in supporting their views of the contest between him and them. The result sadly belied their pretensions.

The Chamber of Deputies replied as follows:

"The Chamber laments the state of collision with the Holy See in which the Imperial Government is placed; and hopes, that without injury to the royalties of the crown, or compromise of national interests, the government will provide that our relations with the Head of the Universal Church shall not be altered; and therefore considers that for the present, it is not competent to take any other measures."

The Senate answered in these terms:

"It is painful to the Senate to learn, that the delicate conscience of his Holiness does not allow him to approve the presentation of a bishop of this diocese. Still, the assurance which your Imperial Majesty gives of the continuance

of amicable relations with the court of Rome, the respect and obedience which Y. I. M. protests (as was to be expected) to the Holy Father, as visible head of the Universal Church, give the Senate well-grounded hopes that the prudence and wisdom of Y. I. M. will employ such mild measures as, without impairing the dignity of the nation, will reconcile these differences. The Senate thus does not consider itself called upon to propose at present efficacious measures to maintain the dignity and rights of your Imperial Majesty's throne."

To understand better the sense of these answers, it must be noticed that the real state of the question had never been laid before the Chambers. Excepting the annual reports above quoted, in 1834 and 1835, most of the members could know little or nothing about it. It was the publication before us which fully opened their eyes and those of the public. Ministers had made the emperor declare that *law and justice* were on one side, and only private scruples of conscience on the other. On this *ex parte* statement alone, they had to form a judgment. And yet the violent, extreme views of the ministry were so transparent through the measured phrases of the speech, that both houses declined acceding to its wishes. They naturally desired that the dignity of the Crown and the interest of the nation should be preserved, in a case where they were unhesitatingly assured that law and justice supported them. But even then they manifestly disapproved of the past conduct of the ministers, and refused to support them in their future projects. They regret that any discord should have taken

place, and reject the idea proposed in the speech (par. 4), of modifying the relations between the empire and the court of Rome. They decline taking into consideration the matter placed in their hands by the Regency, declaring themselves incompetent to take cognizance of it at present. This was all virtually disapproving the course proposed by the executive, especially when joined with the express desire that *mild measures* should be employed,—that is, measures of an exactly opposite character from those hitherto pursued. The debates in both chambers confirm this view. In the Deputies, a motion was negatived for going into a more detailed and specific examination of the measures suggested in the speech; and the speeches of many senators and deputies were eminently Catholic. The rights of the Holy See were ably protected, without an accurate acquaintance with the facts of the present case.

Two expressions in the addresses to the throne gave rise to considerable discussion. The first was the epithet *delicate* applied to the Pope's conscience, because the Portuguese word *melindroso* was equivocal, and might appear to bear the signification of *nice* or *precise*. But the Marquis de Maricá, of whose character we have formed a high estimate from the perusal of his *Maximas e Pensamentos, etc.* (Rio de Janeiro, 1837), well remarked, that no one would for a moment imagine that a grave assembly like the Senate, treating of so delicate a matter, could apply the word in an

offensive sense to the Pope. The other expression was, "*for the present*," inserted in the addresses by the committees which prepared them in both chambers. Some thought that it might seem to hold out a threat against the Holy See, as though, on some future occasion, the Chambers might proceed to farther extremities. This interpretation, however, was overruled, and the phrase was understood to imply nothing more than that, *as matters stood then*, they saw no ground for interference to defend the honor of the state.

The voice of the legislative body manifestly condemned, from the outset, the precipitate and indecent conduct of ministers, and admitted the rights of the Holy See to use its liberty, of approving or not, the nomination made; and this before the entire case had been made public. But the appearance of our pamphlet, and especially the publication in it of the Strangford-Brazilian note, produced a louder peal of that popular opinion, which all along had warmly espoused the side of ecclesiastical independence against ministerial tyranny, and had approved the Pope's objections to the imperial nominee. In the *Jornal do Commercio*, of Saturday, May 20, 1837, we have a full report of a debate in the Chamber of Deputies, which turned upon the foreign policy of ministers. Sr. Carneiro Leaõ censured its conduct in exchanging the residents at Rome and Lisbon, because, he said, "after the publication of a note from the former minister to the Holy See, of a na-

ture to discredit Brazil with every court of Europe, it did not seem a proper moment for promoting him to the rank of envoy-extraordinary or minister-plenipotentiary, to a court at which there were delicate interests to maintain." Sr. Limpo de Abrēu, the champion of ministers on a former occasion, again rose in their defence. With respect to the note, he said he did not pretend to defend it, though he did not consider it a sufficient motive for striking the writer off the diplomatic list. Again, he repeated, he would not attempt to justify it, but still he thought there was a mistake. The occasions of Lord Strangford's and of the Brazilian government's negotiations were too dissimilar to allow the supposition that one copied the other's note. The only resemblance consisted in the expressions, "the Ottoman Porte is mistaken," and "the Holy See is mistaken" (laughter). Sr. Calmon then rose, and commenced with these words:—"Sir, Heaven grant me on this occasion the marvellous *sang-froid*, the inimitable disembarrassment, with which the noble ex-minister of Foreign Affairs has just defended the note to the Grand Turk, which one of our diplomatic agents has addressed to the Holy Father. I will speak of this affair presently." In fact, after other matters, he reverts to this.

"The noble deputy (Carneiro de Leaō) speaking of one of our envoys who adressed to the Holy See a note nearly copied from that which Lord Strangford presented to the Ottoman Porte, asks why he has been removed to Lisbon. I will venture to give the explanation he desires. He was re

moved—I beg pardon, he was promoted—for this very reason, that he had treated the Holy Father as the Grand Turk had been treated. I cannot persuade myself that that diplomatist, an able man, would have been guilty of so wretched a plagiarism, and have insulted the head of the Church, without being put up to it by government.....I characterize the plagiarism as wretched, because if the style of the English ambassador suited the representative of the civilization and power of Europe in addressing the Sultan of Constantinople, certainly the same style (and even more exasperating and more insulting in some sentences) could not become the representative of a Christian nation addressing the Supreme Pontiff. Gentlemen, the history of this note is disgraceful to Brazil. I know that when the court of Rome received it, the Holy Father, justly hurt, ordered it to be communicated to the diplomatic body resident in Rome, which, if not the most influential, is at least the best-mannered court in Europe, and exacted from Voltaire himself the praise of high breeding. The diplomatic body expressed to his Holiness the feelings of disgust which the unbecoming character of that note had produced in its members; and I know, likewise, that the Hanoverian minister, who indirectly represents his Britannic Majesty, was peculiarly emphatic in expressing his condolence at the proceedings of our envoy. This individual was placed in a false position at Rome, and found himself acting alone."

The honorable deputy continued some time longer commenting most severely upon the insult to the Holy See; but we have given sufficient of his speech, which received no answer, to show how far the ministers could carry out their boastful threat, of pushing the war against the Holy See with an undivided Chamber of Deputies.

But the people were, in fact, against them. The liberal paper, *O sete d'Abril* (the 7th of April), in its number for May 27, 1837, republishes, in Portuguese, the two celebrated notes,

heading them with the direction, "For Sr. Limpo d'Abrēu, the member who denied the identity or close resemblance of the two notes." But in an extraordinary number, dated July 10, we have a bolder and stronger expression of the horror which the projected schism produced in the public mind. It consists in a correspondence, which, in addition to its own observations, has been the means of communicating to us a long extract of the *Echo*, a Lisbon paper, deprecating, in the strongest terms, the schismatical conduct of the Portuguese government. The correspondent writes as follows:—

"The object [of the Lisbon question] is almost the same as is discussed here by the Catholics on one hand, and by the partisans of schism on the other; but as the latter will not yield to the authority of the Holy Church, but, on the contrary, contumaciously persist in enslaving the Spouse of Christ, contemning her most sacred disciplinary laws, etc., it is necessary to persist in the glorious endeavor to beat back schism. Much should I wish to apply the deplorable state in which Portugal is placed, to that into which Brazil is in danger of falling through the determined obstinacy and notes of our Strangfords, who respect the Vicar of Jesus Christ as they do the Grand Turk;—but I must leave this Turk to the prudent and enlightened reader."

We beg the reader's attention to the expressions in this extract which treat the conduct of the Brazilian ministers as an attack on the independence of the Church; because, while at variance with some vulgar ideas, they place the dispute in its proper light. It is not uncommon to consider the subjection of the Catholic Church, as

established in different nations, to the Supreme Pontiff, as a certain degree of restraint and slavery. It is, in fact, the only true security for its independence. It has seldom been in free governments that so much jealousy has been felt of the close connection of the hierarchy with Rome. Perhaps the countries which allow this to the greatest extent are the United States, the British Empire, Belgium, and South America. On the other hand, Austria, Spain, and some petty states of Italy, not to speak of Protestant, or other absolute monarchies, have for years exhibited great jealousy of Roman interference; and if the Church in France, in spite of the free institutions of the country, finds itself hampered and trammelled by the civil power, she has to thank the Bourbons, who so generously asserted the privileges of the Gallican Church, that she might be more completely under the sway and pressure of the civil power.* But, by having the supreme control in ecclesiastical affairs in the hands of a foreign spir-

* [In revising this essay for republication in August, 1851, the writer feels how strangely some expressions in this paragraph will sound. England has just returned to the re-enactment of penal laws, especially coercive of intercourse between the Holy See and its spiritual subjects; while Austria has not unfastened, but broken in pieces, all fetters put upon the Church; and Spain has, by a noble concordat, restored free action to the episcopate, and to the Holy See. France, too, has changed its form of government, and the Church has gained in liberty and lawful influence. Great Britain has thus shown itself the only country that retrogrades in religious freedom.]

itual authority, that can wield it without fear of those who look more to political than to religious interests in their appointments, the Church can never completely become the slave or tool of any temporal rulers. The Brazilian public, and its organ the press, have taken this view of the matter; and their attachment to liberty has made them just and impartial in its distribution. They wish the Church to be independent of the political party that happens to govern the state; and they feel that only the independence of the papal voice, in approving or rejecting its nominees, can effect this great object. On the other hand, we have constant complaints from the High Church Protestants of improper promotions to the bench, and of Socinianism itself having been enthroned upon it. The crown names, and issues its commands to the primate to consecrate, who, being himself but a subject, has no power to resist. He gives institution, therefore, to a person whom he considers disqualified for the high office of a bishop. Were he co-ordinate with the nominating power, he might refuse.* The case of Rio Janeiro is not a

* The reader will find grievous complaints against the dangers and mischiefs of the present system of nomination to bishopries in the Anglican Church, by looking at the Church of England Quarterly Review for January of this year, No. v. pp. 116, *seqq.*, where the Church is energetically summoned to assert its rights and *clamor* (p. 118, note) for the repeal of the præmunire which impends over the head of any bishop refusing to consecrate the nominee of the crown, *i. e.* of its minister. The writer, however,

solitary one even in this pontificate.* The present pope refused canonical institution in France to the Abbé Guillon for having held communion *in divinis* with Grégoire, though named by the king of the French to the see of Beauvais, in 1831. The king was consequently obliged to name another; and M. Guillon, having given satisfaction to the Holy See, was created bishop *in partibus*. The same pontiff has refused to confirm the nomination of some Polish bishop, made by the Russian autocrat. His predecessor, Leo XII., denied institution to a nobleman named by the grand duke of Tuscany to the see of Massa and Populonia, he having been found at his examination deficient in requisite learning.† He likewise refused to sanction the nomination of Don Fr. Nicolao de Almeida to a Portuguese bishopric, in consequence of errors contained in a work which he had published. In every instance, and in many more during the pontificates of Pius VI. and Pius VII., the civil power gave way, and named unobjectionable candidates. In the case of Brazil,

throws himself into one needless alarm, —to wit, that the ministry might choose a Catholic, and, of course, oblige the archbishop to consecrate him under pain of imprisonment and loss of chattels. We should like to know what Catholic would consent to receive consecration at his Grace's hands.

* [Of Gregory XVI.]

† All the bishops appointed in Italy and the adjacent islands are examined at Rome in theology and canon law, by a board of cardinals and divines appointed for that purpose.

where the rulers were not disposed to yield, the popular voice interfered, and insisted upon the preservation of ecclesiastical liberty. Further extracts from papers now before us will satisfactorily prove this.

The *Diario do Rio de Janeiro* for May 31, 1837, writes as follows:—"In this paper we have several times treated of the question regarding the Bulls of the bishop appointed for Rio de Janeiro, and always so as to show that his Holiness was in the right. This truth, which we once maintained in spite of many prejudices to the contrary, has now convinced every intelligent mind,—the parliamentary tribune, the periodical press, and powerful writings of an apologetic character, have happily combined to proclaim it, being in unison with the voice of the people, so ennobled in the old adage, '*Vox populi vox Dei.*' What remains is, that the illustrious patriot now at the head of judicial and foreign affairs, of whom we have always held the highest opinion, will at once put an end to this unfortunate question, in such manner as to merit the blessings of all good men in his country, whose consciences have for a long time been kept in a state of distress and agitation." The paper then recommends the *Impartial Reflections*, giving a very full analysis of the work.

The *Jornal dos Debates* of May 20, 1837, writes as follows:—"The reappearance of Sr. Manoel Alves Branco in the ministry, while yet are pending the negotiations with the court of

Rome, wherein he most grievously compromised the dignity of the Brazilian name, appears to us a fact as impolitic as it is contrary to the interests of the nation. The note of September 23, 1835, addressed to the Holy See by Sr. Alves Branco, while secretary of foreign affairs, is a subject of eternal disgrace to the Brazilian government .... This note, in addition to being a wretched and ridiculous plagiarism, wounds, in an indecent and brutal manner, the dignity of the head of the universal Church, the venerable pastor of the Catholic flock." It then gives the two notes. In its number of May 31, it gives a long extract from the *Impartial Reflections*, approving its sentiments.

The *Semanario do Cincinnato*, a Rio weekly paper, devotes its leading article of June 3 to the same subject, under the head of "The Government and the Holy See." After some preliminary observations relative to the *Impartial Reflections*, the writer proceeds as follows:—"We agree with the author of this work, that the government has displayed little prudence in treating this delicate affair.* It either recognizes the existence of a right in the Holy See to confirm bishops, or not. If the first, why does it persist in requiring the Pope to act unfaithfully with his own con-

* We may note that the expression here used is precisely the same as gave rise to a debate in the Senate,—"este *melindroso* negocio;" here, certainly, it is not used contemptuously.

science; and, through fear of menaces, give a forced consent? If the second, why was the business at all submitted to the consideration of the Holy See?" The writer then states the arguments of the ministerial party. "No doubt," he continues, "Brazil likewise has the power to separate itself, as some desire, from the foundation-stone of the Church established by Christ; but this is not the question: the point is, whether that power be based upon justice, or only upon arbitrariness and violence. On justice, no,—most certainly; for the Church of Peter is the mother of all Christianity, as has been satisfactorily proved by great writers." The article proceeds to vindicate the absolute right of the Holy See to approve or reject all nominations to bishoprics, and then closes as follows:—"We conclude by entreating the government to look at this business in its proper light, through its duty towards the Holy See, and the advantage to the nation, which desires to continue Roman Catholic. Let no one be so mistaken as to say that nothing will be gained by this. Putting aside the compliance with duty,—the peace of men's minds will be secured.* By a contrary

* Many readers will perhaps be surprised to learn that the writer sends ministers to this country to learn the mischiefs of a separation from Rome. We, on our parts, were glad to see this bold disclaimer of an opposite theory, and to find a newspaper acknowledging, or supposing, a higher standard of national happiness than industrial or financial prosperity.

course, most sensible evils will come. If the experiment would not be so fatal, we should tell them to try it, that they might be undeceived. But no. We desire to be always Roman Catholics."

To conclude these testimonials of the public press, the *Jornal do Commercio*, which we before quoted only as reporting the debates on the matter, in its paper of May 30, 1837, adds its suffrage to the general voice, and pronounces a warm and merited encomium upon the little work before us. It approves of all its views, and of the tone in which it is written, and concludes in these words: —"Would to God that the business to which it relates may at last be concluded, to the mutual satisfaction of the Holy See and of Brazil. This is what all good men must certainly desire!"

The decided Catholic tone of so many organs of public opinion has, we acknowledge, delighted us. There is something generous in this vindication of an authority situated several thousand miles distant, and having itself no means to repel on the spot the assaults made against it. And it is very encouraging to find strong religious convictions thus impressed upon that class of publications which generally study to catch the light topics of ephemeral gossip, or to amuse subscribers by trifling anecdote, rather than to engage their attention and interest for such grave and truly important matters.

Our readers will perhaps wish to know whether the public sense of right and justice has triumphed

so far, as effectually to bar the nomination made. To Dr. Moura's credit, it must be said, that when the quarrel was pushed so much beyond discretion by the ministry, he desired, and proceeded, to tender his resignation; and so endeavored to cease being an object of strife and discord between his country and the Holy See. But the government would not consent to accept this sensible offer, determined as it was to push the contest to extremities. A change of ministry having occurred, this offer was, we believe, acceded to. The objectionable nomination has, therefore, been withdrawn; although as yet the see of Rio de Janeiro remains vacant and under administration.

There are yet three works cited at the head of our article, which have not been referred to; and as we did not mean to place them there merely for display, we proceed very briefly to notice them. The title of No. 2, which we have given at length, will sufficiently explain our motive for joining it to the others. It is an echo of the sentiments of the Brazilian public from beyond the boundaries of its empire, and the reach of political jealousies or interests. To those acquainted with the biography of St. Catherine of Sieña, the occasion of publishing an encomium of her virtues will not appear unsuitable to the object proposed in the title. That most extraordinary saint, whose writings enter into the rank of classics in Italian literature, devoted herself at a tender age to the extirpation of schism, with wonderful success; and

convinced Pope Gregory XI. that it was the divine will he should return from Avignon to Rome. The writer has, therefore, added to his sermon an appendix of twenty-eight pages, in which he warmly insists upon the necessity of preserving ecclesiastical unity, through an unbroken communication with the Apostolic See. In § 4, he proceeds to treat of the conduct of the Brazilian Government; expresses his astonishment at the blindness of those that conducted it, and gives unqualified praise to the archbishop of Bahia (the Primate), to the dean and chapter of Rio, and to the apostolic delegate, all of whom have acted the part which the Church expected from them, in their respective capacities. The remaining portion of the appendix contains, in a similar strain, an earnest and learned vindication of ecclesiastical independence. We applaud the zeal, the learning, and the sound principles of the author.

The "Memoir upon the Right of Primacy" is a translation from the French of Monsig. Hirn, bishop of Tournay, who distinguished himself on occasion of the memorable Council of Paris, convoked by Napoleon in 1811. This translation was most seasonably made and published: it was read with avidity, and produced a change in the sentiments of many, who before had weighed the matter less seriously. It is an additional proof of the interest which the public took in this religious discussion.

The last work which we have placed at the be-

ginning of our article, is the eighth number of a religious journal carried on at Rio; and, though bearing a Latin title, written in Portuguese. We should have been glad to possess more numbers of the series, as it is impossible for one to form a correct judgment of its views or principles. However, when we see the greater portion of this taken up with the Encyclical of the present pope to the bishops of Switzerland, in 1835, directed against the usurpations of the ecclesiastical rights by the civil legislature of several cantons, we cannot for a moment doubt that the spirit which presides over the compilation of the journal is soundly Catholic. The rest of the number is taken up with an account of the missions of Paraguay, and religious selections in prose and verse—some of the former from Challoner.

We have derived no small satisfaction from the perusal of these various works, and from the examination of the great practical questions to which they refer. They have led us to feel more than ever that the true basis of religion is in the hearts of the people, rather than in the heads of their rulers; and that, however useful and satisfactory it may be to see these respecting and publicly honoring the hierarchy, or lending it the moral weight of their avowed convictions and religious zeal, its holiest interests become endangered in proportion to the degree of actual interference which is allowed them in its affairs. Spain and Portugal are lamentable instances of this truth.

The people remain unalterably fixed in their attachment to the ancient faith, while their rulers have conducted the one country into the gulf of schism, and the other to its verge. In spite of every prohibition, daily recourse is had to Rome from the clergy of Portugal, for faculties, where, their own superiors being intruders, are not empowered to grant them; and from the laity, for dispensations and privileges beyond the jurisdiction of local ecclesiastical authorities. In Spain it is the same, though there, in fact, no breach has taken place with the Holy See. Within these few weeks, we have read with pleasure, that the municipal authorities of one of the principal Christino cities (Valentia) have put a stop to the labors of the Bible-and-tract men, who were taking advantage of the confusion to sow tares in the field of Christ. And the papers of that party applauded this decisive conduct of the magistracy, observing that, in the present disturbed state of Spain, religious dissension and warfare would indeed be the finishing stroke to their country's misery. We have it from undoubted authority, that during the last month one commercial house alone paid into the Roman Dataria, in the course of ten days, 30,000 dollars, as fees in ecclesiastical affairs. The money and the business connected with it came from Madrid, with the full knowledge and consent of persons high in the Christino interest. And we have no doubt that, sooner or later, when the political troubles of the two countries cease,

the Catholic religion and its holy Church will recover their proper influence, and the hearts of the people will rejoice to see peace of conscience and quietness of government once more restored.

There is something singular in reading the sincere lamentations uttered by almost all the writers we have reviewed, over the blindness of these their parent countries, and their sincere remonstrances with them at having allowed the bane of schismatical feeling to poison their political struggles. It is a solemn but a pleasing thing to hear a voice from across the ocean teaching the duty of spiritual obedience to nations that stand almost under the shadow of Peter's throne; the voice of republics and of free constitutional monarchy (but lately considered outlaws and rebels), boldly reproving the Most Catholic and Most Faithful Monarchies for swerving from fidelity to the Catholic Church. We hail its sound with joy, as one note in that grand accord which the unity of faith and the communion of love, throughout the universal Church, raise on earth; the only meet symbol, as it is the echo, of the harmony of a sublime sphere.

A PAPER

ON

ECCLESIASTICAL ORGANIZATION.

(From the *Dublin Review* for August, 1842.)

[This essay would scarcely have been thought worthy of republication, but for the recent establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy in England. It will show the writer's views on the subject, nearly ten years ago; and how little idea there was of interfering with the laws of the country by ecclesiastical enactments. Nor has he found it necessary to modify a single sentiment then expressed. This paper was written during a journey to Rome, and was, therefore, less full than the subject required.]

ART. VII.—*Concilia Provincialia, Baltimori habita, ab Anno* 1829 *usque ad Annum* 1840. *Provincial Councils, held at Baltimore, from* 1829 *to* 1840. Baltimore, 1842: pp. 208.

THE volume before us comes like a voice across the ocean, from "the far west;" a voice in which are mingled sounds of reproach and of encouragement,—something that makes us look on the past and present with humiliation, and on the future with hope. In 1791, Dr. Carroll, bishop of Baltimore, was the only Catholic prelate in North

America. In that year he held a diocesan synod: about twenty priests attended it; and in its five sessions, held in due form, many wise and edifying decrees were made, the utility of which the American hierarchy acknowledge in their provincial synod of 1829. At the close of the council, the bishop announced his intention of requesting from the Holy See the erection of an additional diocese, or the nomination of a coadjutor. In 1810, being now archbishop, he held a species of provincial convention, rather than synod, with his three suffragans. In 1829 the first formal provincial council of Baltimore was held; the fourth met in 1840. At it twelve prelates of the United States assisted: several bishops were wanting, from vacancies of sees, or other causes. These synods are conducted with all the formalities prescribed by the Pontifical;—begun by their proper prayers, carried on in sessions, and divided into public and private congregations, and terminated by the usual acclamations, by the issue of synodical statutes, and by application to the Holy See for favors, enactments, or instructions, such as the assembled prelates think expedient for the general good. The acts of the synod, here briefly described, including the diocesan synod of 1791, form the contents of the work before us,—one of those local contributions to the great repertory of Catholic discipline and Catholic piety, the *Acta Conciliorum*, which do so much honor to the Church dispersed; form splendid proofs of its thorough

unity; are glorious demonstrations of its vigor and energy, in its most distant and most infant portions; and are the great pledges and security of the wisdom, the prudence, the zeal, and the holiness, as well as the unanimity, which would reign in a general council, should the Universal Church be again convoked. Bishops thus trained in their provinces could not fail to do their duty effectively on the wide arena of an œcumenical synod. The provincial synods of Baltimore will in time take their place with those of Orleans or Toledo in ancient times, or of Milan, under the sainted Charles, in more modern days, and be a monument of the immense progress made, in the course of a few years, by the Catholic Church in that country. These considerations naturally reflect themselves back upon ourselves. Whatever difference there may have existed between Catholic North America and England a few years ago, on the score of ecclesiastical liberty, may be said to be now fully removed, and we may therefore ask ourselves the question: Are we approximating to a similar state of Ecclesiastical Organization? If not, whence comes it? The expression which we have just used may easily be misinterpreted. The thoughts of many readers will probably at once turn to the long and warmly-debated question of the re-establishment of a regular hierarchy in England. It may be thought that we intend to discuss this important matter; it will in fact be considered the principal point in an article

designated as this is. Now, it is better to prevent all disappointment at the outset, by a clear and explicit declaration of our sentiments and intentions. We leave, therefore, to every one his own opinion on the subject of ecclesiastical government; assuring all, that what we intend to urge on our Catholic readers will not be much affected by their either desiring a hierarchy, or not. But our own views are as follows:—first, we consider the form of ecclesiastical government under which we are, as necessarily a temporary and transitory one, preparatory to a settled and normal state; secondly, we are not, on that account, anxious for changes, or desirous of hurrying matters; but, possessing the greatest confidence, not merely in the personal character of those who, by God's appointment, govern the Church, but still more in the guidance of that Holy Spirit who rules her destinies, we are willing to leave, with affectionate reliance, to their judgment to whom the decision belongs, every question of time, and mode, and extent, which such organic changes involve; thirdly, we are disposed rather to inquire what is *our* duty at present, and how its discharge may influence the future. Such, therefore, is our purpose now. Every one has his own ideas on the benefits that would result from such arrangements as he would prefer. But when such arrangements cannot be obtained, few occupy themselves with thinking how far the same benefits might be secured without them. We easily imagine that certain results would be

consequences of a given plan, and take no pains to procure them independently of it: nay, we will say more; what seem consequences may be antecedents, and the best ones too for securing what we so much desire. Let us come, therefore, to the point. Let us suppose that the Holy See thought the time come to bestow upon England the advantages of an ecclesiastical hierarchy. It is of course believed that important benefits would flow from the institution. We trust this would be the case. But would the benefits result from the mere name? from the translation of our bishops from sees *in partibus infidelium* to titles within our island? from the change of designation which our clergy would receive? Would there be a spell in the term *diocese* which *district* has not? in the name of *parish*, beyond that of *mission*?

> "Write them together,—this is as fair a name;
> Sound them,—it doth become the mouth as well;
> Weigh them,—it is as heavy."

But our hopes are built, and justly, not on mere changes of titles and names, but on the new organization which our ecclesiastical state would receive, the greater regularity which would be given to its operation, the greater definitiveness communicated to its laws, the more perfect uniformity stamped on its operations. Now, we may fairly ask, could not many of these advantages, for such they undoubtedly are, be attained without waiting for any great change? Do they not depend in great measure upon ourselves? Further, would

they not, in a future contingency, depend mainly upon our own efforts to secure them? Would not that new organization, those new combinations, have to be the fruit of great energy, great application, great patience, and, what is still more important, great sacrifices on our parts? They would not spring up like flowers under our feet, beneath the magic of a new ecclesiastical nomenclature. They would have to be weighed, studied, discussed, arranged,—almost, in some instances, created. They would have to occupy the time and thoughts of more than one person; and no small share of intellect and learning would be necessary for the purpose. Now, what pledge or assurance have we, that at any future period we shall be more fit, or more ready, to take all that trouble, than we are now? If the advantages which must result from a more perfect ecclesiastical organization than we possess, do not animate us to be at the pains of procuring it, so far as may be compatible with our actual state, who can tell us, that, upon a modification of that state, we shall set vigorously to work to institute such a new, complete, but withal more complicated, system?

Again, we will ask of such as anxiously long for the time for maturing our ecclesiastical constitution into the ordinary form of Church government, how we are most likely to hasten the period? Is it not by showing all things, as well as ourselves, prepared for the change? by exhibiting the machinery already at work, which will then

be immediately necessary? by proving ourselves equal to the new demands that will then be made upon us, not by promises, but by acts; not in the future, but through the past? We trust, then, to be pardoned all seeming presumption, if we enter more in detail into this interesting topic, so naturally suggested to us by the American volume before us. The Catholic public has kindly granted us hitherto its confidence; and has not disdained to listen when we have boldly spoken of its wants and duties. We have come forward courageously in defence of truth; we have devoted ourselves sincerely, fearlessly, and perseveringly to the controversies of the age; have endeavored, however imperfectly, to unravel their intricacies, and to open their novel features to the notice of our brethren. In fine, we have conscientiously striven to discharge our public duty in all that regards the external relations of our Church; and we will fearlessly rely upon credit being given us for the sincerity of our motives and the disinterestedness of our zeal, if we now venture to address ourselves to the more delicate topic of our own internal organization. We may individually be unworthy of notice as of name; we might, if we followed our own inclinations, leave to better hands,—to hands that we would kiss with veneration,—the handling of such a theme; but we feel that, as intrusted by the Catholic public with a certain commission to record the feelings, the exigencies, and the great movements of the times,

and to make our publication the repertory of the important religious questions of our stirring day, we should be wanting in our duty were we to shrink from respectfully, but plainly, stating what we believe no time should be lost in performing. And we will add, that in whatever we may write that shall seem to savor of censure, we sincerely include ourselves; and that if we use the conventional form of the first person plural, it is not here that we may escape individuality under the shelter of a vague generality, but because likewise we wish to be included in whatever of blame, as well as of hopefulness, the subject before us may suggest. With this proviso, we proceed to illustrate in detail the general observations already made.

It is clear, that in Catholic countries the laws whereby ecclesiastical administration and ecclesiastical usages are regulated, are of a fixed, stable, and uniform character.* In other words, there exists in those countries a *code* of laws, recognized by all parties. This code is known as the Canon Law. It is generally understood, that were a change to take place in our hierarchical constitution in England, we should become subject to this ecclesiastical legislature; and this no doubt would be a decided advantage. And at first sight it may appear a simple matter at once to enter into possession of it. They,

*[It must, however, be observed, that in almost every Catholic country the action or application of this code is modified, restrained, or defined, by concordat. But these limitations, or variations, are themselves definite, and give the rules by which ecclesiastical matters are to be regulated.]

however, who have only taken a little pains to examine the form of that code, will pronounce very differently. The canon law, consisting of various collections of ecclesiastical laws; as the Decree of Gratian, the Decretals, the Extravagantes, etc., is an indigested mass of decisions of various ages, of unequal authority, on every possible religious subject, and not unfrequently of an apparently contradictory tenor. It is true that digests are not wanting, in which the various decrees are classified under proper titles, and collected together from the different parts of the code; but even these collections occupy, with such brief annotations as are quite indispensable, several folio volumes. It is no trifling study to go through these, and become master of their contents. Nor will the reading of "courses" or text-books, intended for schools, supply their place. These may be very useful; but canon law will never be known without attention to the *corpus juris* itself. One might as well talk of being a lawyer after having read Blackstone, without knowing anything of the statutes at large. Now let us suppose ourselves placed in such circumstances as would require the decisions of the canon law to be our guide,—can we say that we are ready to apply them? that we should not be taken by surprise, and have them to begin a very complicated, and very irksome, duty?

But let us come more home to our purpose. If ever the canon law did come into force (according to the common supposition), by a modification of

our Church government, a serious difficulty, unconnected with any actual ignorance on our parts at present, would present itself. The whole body of that legislature has been framed under, and in contemplation of, circumstances totally different from those in which we should have to apply it. It supposes the Roman law to be in activity (not to say that it consequently supposes an acquaintance with its decisions); it supposes a co-operation on the part of the state, the recognition of independent ecclesiastical tribunals, the free exercise of religion and of ecclesiastical functions, the proper and legalized existence of provision for all clerical offices; in one word, it supposes the enforcers and the subjects of the code to be living under a Catholic government, and, alas! such a government as hardly a single Catholic state now presents. To reduce, therefore, the canon law to practice in this country, a most important discrimination and separation would have to be made in its provisions; that is, a division into what would, and what would not, be compatible with our then actual position, as subjects of a Protestant state, which will not recognize a single ecclesiastical act, save through the process of secular forms, and the sanction of temporal enactments. Now in all this it is manifest that we could have but little assistance from others; that the study necessary to make such a division must be domestic, and peculiarly our own.* For it would

* [The "Statutes of the Diocese of Digne," by its late bishop, Mgr. Sibour, now archbishop of Paris, were com-

soon be discovered that the points on which Catholic governments chiefly prevent the free execution of canonical decrees, would be those in which we might most completely observe them. For instance, the election and confirmation of bishops is, in almost every Catholic country, now regulated by a concordat, which takes the nomination out of the hands of chapters, and vests it in the crown. We should not, we trust, ever have to submit to such fetters; but the very indifference of our government to our interests would leave us unshackled in regard to this most important matter. Yet, how numerous, complicated, and most delicate are the various provisions for the cases which may arise in this part of Church discipline! The questions lately discussed in reference to the archbishopric of Cologne may well satisfy us of this. Now here we should derive but little benefit for our guidance from the practice of other countries, but must study for ourselves.

This is one example out of many which we purposely pass over; the more so as others will arise in the course of our discussion. The conclusions to which we must come are obvious. First, how do we expect to get at once at the practical knowledge which may one day be required from us, of such grave and difficult matters? Will any

piled by him for the express purpose of bringing into harmonious action the ecclesiastical and civil laws. It was a work of a character similar to this (not then published) that was suggested in the text.]

new light be vouchsafed us? or shall we then begin to study, digest, and prepare, when we shall have to conclude, to know, and to apply? Is it not better to have all that prepared beforehand? or shall there be found no authoritative exposition, applicable to our country, of the code which will have to govern us? Will private judgment have to decide the interpretation and applicability, and application of the various decrees? If so, what shall we have gained towards a definite, clear, and uniform system of government? But, secondly, will that study and labor be more urgent and proper then than it is now? We answer, scarcely; for it must be want of acquaintance with the body of law contained in the canon law that suggests the idea that it would come into force for the first time upon the establishment of a hierarchy. We have seen that it would be applied even then only in part. Now the same consideration is as true now. It *is*, even now, in part applicable. And what security have we that we shall, in a future contingency, take more pains to see how it is to apply, than we do now? For we are certainly overlooking the advantages which an ecclesiastical organization on the principles of canon law, so far as it is possible, would confer on us. This code may be considered under two aspects. It contains decisions and principles supposing a hierarchical constitution; but it likewise contains many more that are independent of it. It has much that applies to chapters, prebends, parishes, metropolitans,

and suffragans; much that refers to judicial examinations; witnesses, testaments, etc., the former of which is not now, and the latter perhaps never will be, applicable to us. But it likewise has much that relates to the episcopal and priestly duties, in matters belonging to their primary and sacerdotal functions, and much that appertains to their relation with their flocks, which it would be most useful, most religiously beneficial, to have even now brought out, well known, and established as practical principles. And if this be neglected by us at present, will not future calls for precision be as likely to be overlooked?

By way of illustration, let us take the subject of benefices and presentations. Supposing a hierarchy to exist, it is highly improbable that, for many years at least, its appointment would lead our faithful to alter their plan with regard to ecclesiastical endowments. Very few more of these would, in consequence of such a measure, be invested with the conditions required by the canon law, to constitute a benefice properly so called, or conferring the rights secured to such a provision. In fact, we see insuperable difficulties to it; especially in our present arrangements for clerical education. Whatever application, therefore, of canon law may be at some future time requisite or expedient on this subject, may be, nay *is*, as requisite at present. What is the consequence of our want of this? Why, that during the last twenty years and more, we have been agitated

by the repetition of the same disputes regarding the *jus patronatus*, and right of presentation; harassed by the same discussion of the same texts, the same assertions, and the same denials; and scandalized, too often, by the same unseemly conduct towards ecclesiastical dignity and authority, such as has been lately exhibited towards one of our prelates, the model of every ecclesiastical virtue,* in a pamphlet wholly unfit to be further alluded to, on a question now pending of presentation. How much should we not have gained—for the very prevention of evil is gain—had we known, upon authority to which all would submit, what was the extent to which the definitions of the canon law would be considered applicable to our state, and what were the practical rules whereby the rights of the bishop and the patron could be respectively determined. We should not then have seen the most contradictory expositions of the same matter of ecclesiastical discipline, still less the offensive and degrading legal arguments employed, whereby the functions of a successor of the apostles are brought down to the level of a mere conventicle preacher, and the rule over God's altar treated on equality with the rights of a speculator in meeting-house buildings. Now, if we have already felt the serious inconvenience of such a state of uncertain legislation, and are likely to feel it again long before we have a hierarchy, nay, if we shall be no better off in regard to this matter,

* [The late saintly Bp. Mostyn.]

even when a hierarchy exists, why wait for a future indefinite period, and not at once proceed to secure to ourselves that complete organization in this regard, which need not be delayed?

What, then, our readers will perhaps ask us, is our practical remedy? For it would be mere superciliousness on our part to blame, and make no suggestions for an improvement. We answer, then, let a small but active commission be appointed, by proper authority, approved even, if necessary, by the Apostolic See, composed of persons of acknowledged prudence, sagacity learning and application; so situated as to have access not only to the best works, but still more to living and experienced authorities, well versed in the condition of our country, its laws and customs. Let them, with unwearied diligence, go through the whole body of canon law, sifting every decree, and culling thence whatever is now, or may hereafter be, applicable to us; consulting actual practice, especially in countries situated similarly to our own, and exemplifying with proper cases whatever might give rise to doubt or perplexity. We do not see much difficulty in executing such a plan; very few years would suffice for maturing it, and giving us its fruits.

Hitherto we have spoken entirely of the canon law; the same may be said of every other element of Church government. The American collection before us naturally suggests one. We must wait, it is true, for a hierarchy, before we can hope to

hold a provincial council; but there is no need of waiting till then for diocesan synods. Benedict XIV., in his classical work on this subject, has clearly laid down and proved, that vicars apostolic are as fully entitled to hold them as bishops in ordinary. Now, though far greater would be the benefits of a provincial or national convention of bishops, there can be no doubt that those resulting from local councils (which moreover would be the best preparation for more general ones), would be immense, far beyond what can be supplied by any other substitution. There the clergy, with their bishop at their head, would be parties to all the statutes passed, would subscribe to them at the foot of the altar, after the solemn sacrifice had there been offered up to implore the light of the Spirit of Truth on their deliberations and decisions: these would have a serious weight upon their minds, in consequence of the sublime and venerable prayers which would have sanctioned them, and the sacred character of the entire assembly. The statutes thus framed would secure to each district at least decision, uniformity, and clearness of proceeding, upon points now left vague, doubtful, or of private judgment; in other words, there would be a compact ecclesiastical organization in each district, and it would not be difficult afterwards to bring all these well-ordered parts into a homogeneous and harmonious unity.

The same may be said of other ecclesiastical forms, not as yet adopted, but as practicable with

us as in Catholic countries; nay, almost of every form of ecclesiastical proceeding which the Church in her wisdom has thought proper to define and to insert either in her Ritual or her Pontifical. We can hardly conceive, for instance, the form of visitation prescribed in the latter to be observed without its proving a perfect guarantee for the decency of God's holy place, and the perfect order of all that remotely or immediately appertains to His worship. It would relieve the local pastor of the often painful and invidious duty of reproving his flock for their neglect on this score, and of appealing to their charity and generosity; and it would soon be a matter of ambition to deserve the commendation, rather than the blame, of the superior authority. In like manner, why should not all the formalities required by the laws of the Church respecting the erection of confraternities, nay, even of religious houses, be observed, proper petitions made, deeds and charters granted, and the privileges and rules be sanctioned by the proper authorities of the Church? Surely in all these and many other matters, there exists no obstacle to a proper ecclesiastical organization now; and whatever advantages we might later hope for, may be at once possessed.

If we descend to matters of more current use, the same reasoning will apply. Any one who goes into the chancery of a bishop ruling over a small diocese in a Catholic country, and sees for how many individuals it furnishes unceasing occu-

portion,—some of them obliged to have taken the highest degree in theology or law,—will conclude that the system of ecclesiastical business there followed must go very much into detail; and so in fact it does. Though much that is there done would not be wanted with us, yet there is much to be advantageously copied. We may instance the exact manner in which all that relates to matrimonial dispensations is transacted and recorded; not to speak of ordinations, faculties, etc. Of course we presume that all such matters, belonging as they do to a department of offices beyond our sphere of observation, are accurately attended to; but we believe it is in a more private and less official form than abroad. The same attention paid to the forms prescribed in the Ritual (so far as our unhappy circumstances will permit), in the discharge of even secondary duties, would soon complete a system of ecclesiastical organization, such as would secure to us at once many blessings and advantages now contemplated as with a prophet's eye, and sighed for as though yet shut up in the womb of futurity.

But there yet remains a great difficulty to meet. We surely are not so blind as to imagine that great advantages can ever be purchased without corresponding sacrifices. Are we ready on all hands to make them? If not, *shall* we be, when the time comes for which many look? Is not this a case in which we may fairly argue prospectively from the present? The more perfect system of

ecclesiastical organization which we contemplate will require, come when it may, a surrender of conveniences, privileges, and cherished advantages. The transaction of business will involve trouble, more attention to minute forms, more reading and writing and consulting, than we have perhaps been accustomed to. Some delays, too, may occur; and what before could be done, so to speak, off-hand, will have to go through a prescribed routine. All this may be irksome; but no good will ever be done without such provisions. Again, can it be the serious idea of the Catholic body, that a hierarchy can be granted while those who constitute it are left in their present condition? We have no hesitation in saying that it would be almost unbecoming in the Holy See to appoint bishops who, through the apathy or poverty of their flocks, are constrained to have committees to appeal on their behalf to public charity. Without a proper, at least a decent, provision for the necessary exigencies of a hierarchy, it is folly, we think, to expect it. Even Australia has run before us in the race, we have no doubt in no small part, on this very account. And surely such a provision should be made at once, and not have to be thought of when it is urgent. Nay, the want of it will be a main obstacle to the idea of a change of system being ever entertained. That preliminary organization which we have most imperfectly and hurriedly described in this article, requires, moreover, that whatever may at a

future period be necessary, should be set about at once.

Our proposal is simple. Let us set to work, clergy and laity, to secure to ourselves as many of the advantages of a hierarchical organization as our present state will admit of. Let us make our selves "a Church" as nearly as our past sufferings and present destitution will allow. Let us eagerly seize on all present blessings, as the best means of deserving and of qualifying ourselves for greater and future ones. No doubt much has been done for the material renovation of our state. We have gathered together the scattered stones of our profaned sanctuary, and have builded them up into a second temple, inferior to the first, but still not without its glories. The fire has been rekindled upon the altar; the priests have sounded again their trumpets, and proselytes have crowded to the solemnity. But the rule of the Holy City is not yet restored; the republic of God is under temporary provision of government; its priests and rulers have not yet been fully ordered, classified, or made able, with full efficacy, to display the beauties of their ministry. This is what we now want. Let us show our separated neighbors that within our Church remains at all times an indestructible energy, a sap of life, which can make a withered trunk put forth branches, a chance-scattered seed grow up into a mighty tree; that we can not only erect beautiful temples to the God of our fathers, but soon construct, in compact unity of design, a living, holy, and powerful Church.

THE

FATE OF SACRILEGE.

(From the *Dublin Review*, for Sept. 1846.)

ART. IX.—*The History and Fate of Sacrilege.* By SIR HENRY SPELMAN. *Edited in part from two MSS., revised and corrected, with a continuation, large additions, and an Introductory Essay.* By two Priests of the Church of England. London: Masters, 1846.

WE have long been looking out for this republication of Sir H. Spelman's posthumous work, and it appears at a moment which seems to us most propitious. It is not indeed likely that the holders of old Catholic Church property will become alarmed, and restore their ill-gotten possession to us again; for, as we shall see, but few descendants of the original grantees of Church property now hold it; and it would be difficult to expect such a sacrifice from those who have gained it through purchase, or other indirect modes.* It is

* We have, however, known several instances lately, where property has come into Catholic hands by purchase or inheritance, where a portion of it, consisting of impropriations of tithes, has been settled, or spent, upon religious objects. The *former* is, however, the only true way of dealing with it with security.

not, therefore, from any idea that Sir Henry Spelman's fearful tale of judgments upon Church despoilers will awaken slumbering consciences to restitution that we are glad to see his work printed in a popular form, and with such valuable additions. If we calculate upon any gain from it, it is rather from the hope that sensible and religious minds will reason thus: If God, by such visible judgments, punishes those who destroy, plunder, or profane places, things, or persons once consecrated to Him and His poor, is it not reasonable to hope that He will bless those who redress such sacrilegious violence, and repair, restore, or newly give what is needful for religious and charitable purposes?

But independently of such considerations, we think that the republication of this work will necessarily prove useful. It will disgust people more and more with that terrible event in English history, the horrors of which have been gilded by the name of Reformation; and some will ask themselves, Can that have been God's work which was conducted by the wholesale commission of a crime, which till then had been rare in Christendom? Can that have been His work, which throughout was a systematic plundering of whatever had been dedicated to Him? Can that have been His work which brought down vengeance from Heaven upon all who shared it? In truth, the more the public mind is informed on the real history and character of that revolution and rebel-

lion against God and His Church, the more will it be led to abhorrence of the ungodly event, and sympathy for all that it overthrew. For our parts, we sometimes ask ourselves with no small amazement, *what* is there now left for men to cling to in that event, or to justify to them the name which they give it? The antiquarian, like Mr. Paley or Mr. Neale, loathes its profane and sacrilegious destruction of sacred edifices and holy things; the liturgist, like Mr. Maskell, deplores the abolition of ancient offices, and the presumption of abrogating the "apostolic canon of the Mass;" the ascetic sees nothing but loss in the overthrow of all mystical devotion and feeling worship; the friend of charity regrets the ruin of those institutions by which the poor were succored and instructed, and a refuge was opened to repentant or afflicted spirits; and the theologian laments over the imperfection and deficiency of the new formularies of faith then sanctioned, over the indefiniteness of belief which they have introduced, the heretical doctrines which they tolerate, and the removal of the safeguards of truth which they have affected. In fact, what *did* the Reformation change which sensible and devout men would not give much to get back? Truly, it is hard to say; but we believe that the *gains*, which any but very violent Protestants would reckon, would be mostly negatives. We would defy any one to state the smallest amount of positive good which it brought into the English Church.

But to pursue this subject would lead us far astray; we will resume, therefore, our present matter, by repeating, that Sir H. Spelman's "History of Sacrilege" will do good to the truth, by giving additional evidence of the frightful amount of execrable crime which formed an essential part, instrument, and development of the Reformation.

The editors have enlarged the original work by much additional matter, and they have also illustrated the text by careful collations; but their most valuable improvement on the old editions consists in their preliminary essay, which occupies nearly one hundred and thirty pages. The object of this is to prove in a more systematic form what Spelman's work aims at doing at once by evidence. It is as the counsel's speech premised to the calling of witnesses. Without some such introductory dissertation, the full force of Spelman's reasoning would not have been felt by many readers; and in this age of little faith, objections might, and would probably, have been raised against it, which it was prudent and wise to anticipate and solve. Yet for us, such a course must be unnecessary. Were any one to write "The History and Fate of Murder," there is not a single reader, we are convinced, who, on taking it up, would not be prepared to find it contain a series of facts, all demonstrative of the wonderful pursuit of the murderer by divine justice, and of the strange and unexpected ways in which it has

often overtaken him. The most astute lawyer, and the most obtuse peasant, would equally agree, how much there is clearly providential in the detection and punishment of this crime; so that the proverb, "Murder will out," is almost as much a legal aphorism as a homely saying. Now, they who hold sacrilege to be an enormous crime (and no one who has read Scripture or learnt his Catechism can believe otherwise), will be equally prepared to find it punished by God in some signal way; at least will easily yield to the evidence of facts that the case is so. Again, whoever believes in Providence, and in its punishment of crime, will as naturally expect that the chastisement will be of a peculiar character for this offence; because experience, and the common consent of men, concur in admitting such an allotment of peculiar judgments for peculiar transgressions. Some of these are inherent in the sin; but others present no necessary connection with it, yet still are clearly analogous and appropriate.

Thus a sinful addiction to mere sensual enjoyment and the gratifying of animal appetites will lead to the destruction of the power of indulging them—will consume the frame, destroy vigor, form, complexion, bring an early decrepitude and disease into the limbs and the vitals, and, in quaint phrase, soon make "a wreck of the rake," as a warning to others not to run upon the same rock. What demonstration do we require that "pride will have a fall," or, in more sacred phrase,

that "pride goeth before destruction, and the spirit is lifted up before a fall?" (Prov. xvi. 18.) Who would ever be surprised at being told that one who had been hard-hearted to the poor, a harsh and oppressive landlord, and an extortioner, was come himself to want, and was brought down to humble himself to obtain his bread? or who thinks it other than a most probable story, that the pirate who cut away the bell from the Inchcape rock should himself be shipwrecked on it? or that a man who had amassed wealth by cheating his clients, or by plundering his wards, or by usurious contracts, should see it clean melt in his hands like snow, and flow away like water in a sieve, approving the sayings of all ages, "Male parta, male dilabuntur;" and "ill-gotten, ill-spent."

Now, if the fate of sacrilegious men be shown, through history, to be such as by natural analogy, as well as by religious principles, seems to present an appropriate and well-proportioned punishment of their crime, we cannot see how any one can refuse to consider it as a punishment from God, unless he either deny at once that there is such a crime, or that Providence ever interferes to inflict chastisement.

And first, as to the appropriateness of the punishment. Let it be observed, that a punishment will be the more appropriate in proportion as it better defeats the objects of the crime; and that, not merely on the principle of retributive

justice, but as a warning to others, who will be deterred from committing the sin, if they see that it hinders, instead of promoting, what they desire by it. Thus, as we have seen, unjust acquisition will have its righteous retribution in poverty and want. Sacrilege may be divided into two classes, according to the principle which suggests and directs its commission. It may be an act of sudden violence, the momentary work of passion; sacred places may be profaned, and holy things broken, destroyed, or carried off by a licentious soldiery in war, whether through rage, or through covetousness; and persons consecrated to God may be ill-treated in anger, or through revenge. To this class of sacrilege, resulting from an evil passion, committed under its passing influence, belong most of the sacrileges of ancient times—such, in fact, as preceded the Reformation. But well may Spelman, on coming to this period in his history, exclaim:—"I am now come out of the rivers into the ocean of iniquity and sacrilege" (p. 131). For then, for the first time, was witnessed systematic sacrilege, sacrilege by law, by principle, coolly calculated, unflinchingly executed, not cloaked over with excuses, but plainly avowed, justified, boasted of as a good work; sacrilege universal in its character, not allowing any one possible branch or form of the crime to be overlooked; embracing saints, cardinals, bishops, priests, clerks, monks, friars, nuns, the sick and the poor, the aged and the child; cathedrals,

abbeys, monasteries, convents, chantries, hospitals, schools; taking hold of manors, glebes, farms, buildings, rights, rents, and every possible species of property; seizing and appropriating, and turning to profane use, everything sacred,—iron-work, and stone-work, and wood-work, roofs and bells, altars and church furniture, shrines, tabernacles, holy vessels, and plate of every kind; plundering and confiscating, breaking, burning, razing, wresting, murdering by violence or by course of law. No person, no place, no thing, no mode was overlooked, through which sacrilege could be committed. But this fully-planned and fully-executed villainy clearly was not the fruit of an outburst of passion: it had a purpose and an end. The king and his counsellors wished and intended to enrich themselves, and to leave to their children and their families for ever the broad lands and rich treasures accumulated through ages in the Church. They fully designed to "build up their own houses," with the stones of the sanctuary; to make their descendants rich with the spoils of the temple. Now, whatever additional punishment, in body or mind, in goods or reputation, it may have pleased God to inflict on the authors of such sacrilegious rapine, this we ought not to be surprised at finding a general consequence,—the total frustration of the hopes and purposes of the crime. We may expect, as a natural chastisement of such calculating, covetous spoliation as here took place, the overthrow and ruin of such fam-

ilies, or the loss to them of their ill-gotten wealth, or hereditary disturbance in their succession.

A priori, such is the punishment of the Reformation sacrilege, which we might reasonably expect; and at any rate, if facts lead to the observation of such results, we shall at once see their fitness. Again, looking at the positive law, as the popular and universal conviction respecting the almost inevitable punishment of murder (which, being a social crime, is generally effected by providential delivery of the perpetrator to human justice), accords exactly with the divine award, "Whosoever shall shed man's blood, his blood shall be shed" (Gen. ix. 6), so will the experience of past ages and of the present time, that sacrilege is a plague-spot on the family of the original criminal, and a canker to his inheritance, be easily pronounced in harmony with the awful declaration of God, who adds to the first of His commandments, that He is "mighty and jealous, visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." (Exod. xx. 4.) Now, it is against this commandment so guarded, that the crime of sacrilege, whether considered as an act of grievous covetousness ("which is a serving of idols") or as a direct offence against God's honor and worship, and a rebellious attempt to rob Him of what has once been given Him, is committed.

Nor will it suffice to show, that in some particular instances this punishment has not occurred, any more than a few, or even many, cases of un-

avenged murder will weaken the conviction derived from daily experience. And yet the very small number of exceptions in the case of sacrilege ought rather to confirm our argument. The active researches of the editors of Spelman's work have led them to the conclusion that only *fourteen* families yet hold abbey lands in direct succession to *six hundred and thirty* original grantees! And, even in some of those, the curse of strange misfortunes has accompanied the line to our days.

It was a consideration of this sort which, in fact, led Spelman to write his work. He lived within eighty years of the guilty epoch, and could thus more easily trace the history of the original acquirers of Church property. Having himself experienced nothing but misfortune from the possession of a sacrilegious estate, of which he was at last glad to be rid,* he commenced an examination on a limited scale. He drew a circle from a house near his own, with a radius of twelve miles. This contained twenty-five abbey sites, and twenty-seven gentlemen's parks. He found that, while not one of the latter had changed families, every one of the former, except two, had changed them, "thrice at least, and some five or six times" (p. lxxxix).

Here is another example given by Reynerus,

* Giving the history of sacrilege in Blackborough and Wrongey Abbeys, he thus mentions himself among the losers by it:—"Sir H. Spelman, a great loser, and not beholden to fortune, yet happy in this, that he is out of the briars; but especially that thereby he first discerned the infelicity of meddling with consecrated places."—P. 193.

in his *Apostolatus Benedictinus*. He took, in one part of England, 260 families which had received part of the Church spoils; and, on the other side, twenty gentlemen, to whom Thomas, duke of Norfolk, left legacies of £40 a year out of his own estate. Every one of the latter had a son "flourishing in his father's inheritance," while not sixty of the king's grantees had transmitted their estates to their children (p. xcii).

The editors of the work before us have taken great pains to collect what we may call the statistics of sacrilege. They have examined the different averages of possession by individuals and by families, of lands that formerly belonged, and of lands that have never belonged, to the Church. The following are their results:

	Church lands.	Family estates.
Average possession in years, by each individual.	17	23
" " " a family . .	38*	70

The figures in the second column are purposely understated.†

It is impossible to read the two appendices, in which the fate of the families who first received grants of abbeys is detailed, and not be struck with the literal fulfilment of God's threats. Many of the original possessors died childless; of several we read, "extinct in the third generation," "extinct in the fourth generation;" and of others we

* In Warwickshire, the averages are 15 years for an individual, and 27 for a family.

† In one hundred at Kent, the average possession of a family is 208 years.

may easily compute by the dates that it was about the same period in their descents that they received their final blow. In others each generation presents a series of misfortunes and premature deaths; while many astonish us by the total failure of issue, where, according to human probabilities, there should have been a numerous offspring. As an awful example, we will quote the history of Charles, duke of Suffolk:

"This despoiler of *thirty* monasteries was married four times. By his first wife he had no children. By his second, a daughter, Mary, married to Lord Monteagle, by whom she had three sons, of whom two died without issue; the third left issue only a daughter, and in him the title became extinct. By his third wife the duke had issue one son, created earl of Lincoln, who died at an early age, and two daughters. Frances married Henry, duke of Suffolk, who was beheaded, 1554; and by him she had,—1. Lady Jane Grey, beheaded. 2. Lady Catharine Grey, married Henry, Lord Herbert, who divorced her, and then Edward, earl of Hertford, beheaded. 3. Lady Mary Grey, married to Martin Keys, and died without issue. After the execution of her husband, Frances Brandon married Adrian Stokes, and appears by him to have had no issue. The duke's third daughter, Eleanor, married Henry, earl of Cumberland, and by him had two sons, Henry and Charles, who both died young; and Margaret, married to Henry, earl of Derby. By his fourth wife the duke had two sons, who both, in turn, succeeded, and died of the sweating sickness in one day July 14th, 5 Ed. VI. A more remarkable instance could scarcely be found, wherein, in the next generation, a man's name has been clean put out."—Appendix ii.

But not only the original seizers of Church lands have been thus punished, but the Divine attainder seems to attach itself to the property,

and to follow it even into hands comparatively innocent. The extraordinarily broken and interrupted descent in families that hold it, is truly wonderful. Thus, in the Russell family, instanced by Tanner as an exception to the general rule about the transmission of ecclesiastical lands, we find that in ten generations the eldest son has succeeded to his father only thrice. And in the same family there have been four violent deaths (not on the field of battle), two within the last six years (p. 312).*

Our readers will allow us to introduce here an illustration of "the law of succession" in sacrilegious families; because it applies to a part of England once rich in noble abbeys and splendid churches, and one that has not been much referred to by the editors of Spelman. We allude to Yorkshire; and we will insert the very words of the letter, which, at our request, conveyed the information. We can only add, that we have every reliance on the integrity and the accuracy of our informant.

"I have a friend in this neighborhood, and his name is ——. He is a magistrate, and a gentleman of very extensive reading, and of great research in books which treat of times long gone by.

"One day while I was telling him of the immense advantage which England, in better days, had reaped from her monastic institutions, he asked me if I were aware that families enjoying that property had never been able to retain it for three successive generations; that is,—father,

* In 1846.

son, and grandson. I answered that I had never paid attention to the subject as far as succession was concerned. 'Then,' said he, 'let me tell you, that I myself have paid very great attention to it; and I have never been able to discover one single solitary instance of any family possessing the monasterial property for three successive generations of father, son, and grandson; and I defy you,' added he, to produce an unbroken line of three generations.'

"I replied, that, 'whatever might have been the case up to the present time, there was, at this moment, every appearance of a regular succession in father, son, and grandson, at Kirklees Hall, near Huddersfield. Sir George Armitage, the present possessor, has one foot in the grave. His son is ready to succeed him, and that son has healthy male issue.' 'Time will show,' said Mr.——. And time did soon show: for the eldest son fell ill, and went to the grave a month or two before his father; and thus the regular succession was broken

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"On a re-perusal of your letter, I gather that you want information concerning families in this immediate neighborhood. At Nostell Priory, possessed by Mr. Winn, there has been no regular succession from father to son and grandson, since the monks were most cruelly and most unjustly deprived of it.

"The present Lord Fitzwilliam, who possesses monasterial property, and who resides about sixteen miles from this place, has lost his eldest son.

"Sir Edward Dodsworth (formerly Smith), who possessed the monasterial property of Newland, has died without lawful issue.

"Temple Newsham, about ten miles from hence, has, I believe, passed from family to family, without ever having a grandson."

The writer of this letter further corroborates these statements by the striking fact that in our royal succession since the sacrilegious spoliation

of the Church, no sovereign has been succeeded by a grandson on the throne.

We must refer our readers to Spelman's work itself for further and more varied evidence of the visitation on families of their forefathers' sacrileges. But there is one example of a gigantic attempt to build up a house on sacrilege in our times, so utterly brought to nought, that we think it should not have been overlooked. We allude to Napoleon, who started indeed on his career as the restorer of the hierarchy and peace of the Church, and so prospered for a time. He set his foot upon the necks of princes, and gave their dominions to his brethren, and even to his "servants." The family of Bonaparte might at this day, according to human calculation, have occupied the thrones of France, Spain, Holland, Westphalia, and Italy, and in each royal branch a family would have existed, with nephews to spare, for a future succession. But he stretched out his hand to forbidden spoil; he thought to enrich his empire by the wealth consecrated to God: he scrupled not to incur the indignation of Him who scared Attila* from his intended sacrilege, by plundering the shrine of the Apostles; he pillaged the vast treasures of the "Holy House" of Mary; nay, he laid violent hands, like Herod, on Peter himself, in the person of his saintly successor. From that hour,

* The form in which the Holy See protects its rights is by telling their invader, "SS. Apostolorum Petri et Pauli indignationem se noverit incursurum."

all went wrong with him; his imperial fortune forsook him; his eagles were struck down; his treasure melted away; he became a wonder and by-word to all nations. But his family projects, the great aim of his life, beyond everything else failed him. His own line soon became extinct; and of his brothers, one after the other has dropped off in banishment, almost in obscurity, has left no sons that can make the name known to another generation; and if what we hear be true, of the utter wreck of all their vast fortunes, no one can tell how, the sentence is pretty nearly carried out upon this grand scheme of sacrilegious aggrandisement. And what was Napoleon himself but the scourge of God upon those princes who had just before set the example of plundering the Church, and dissolving its religious establishments? And may not he beware, who now occupies his throne, and in some sort inherits the desire to secure his family upon it, through many princely alliances, so long as St. Genevieve cries out for vengeance, for altars profaned and saints turned out, to give place to the most worthless villains that ever pretended to mock at God; so long as the episcopal dwelling in his own capital is allowed to remain a waste, and the Church is bound down in fetters and the mouth of her shepherds is gagged?* One terrible

*[The thunderbolt has since fallen. But if justice can be appeased, or great public errors expiated, the piety, resignation, and truly royal virtues of widow and children under trial may have power and merit to obtain both mercies.]

calamity,—the plague of the striking of the first-born,*—has already pointed out the stain of sacrilege, and has avenged the plucking down of the cross and the profanation of holy temples, which marked the accession of the dynasty.

We should be glad to see an abridgment, at least, or the substance of Spelman's work translated into foreign languages, especially in those countries of Europe where the work of desecration is not yet fully perpetrated. What gain has Spain had, or Portugal, by the spoliation of the Church, and the sale of ecclesiastical property? We have elsewhere shown how ruinous they have been to the government of Spain; it were well to prove to purchasers that they are equally so to them. In fact, in both countries, men are beginning to see this; and examples are by degrees showing themselves, and becoming noted. We have been told by those who know the countries, that persons of large wealth who have purchased freely Church-lands have soon come to want. One rich West-India merchant has been particularly mentioned. And we were told of one young man who had purchased in Portugal a religious house and garden, and turned it into a place for holiday amusement, who was soon found on it slain by his own gun; whether by accident or design could not be discovered.

* The first-born of Egypt were struck because Pharaoh sacrilegiously hindered God's people from going forth to the desert to sacrifice to Him.

Before concluding this article, we cannot refrain from saying a few words upon one species of sacrilege—that committed by violence against persons consecrated to God; because the examples given by the editors all refer to Protestant clergymen, whose priestly character we of course deny; but violence to whom would be the sin of sacrilege in those who believed them to possess it, or intended, in them, to insult it.*

We will, therefore, supply two instances of signal vengeance upon this species of sacrilege in our own country. Every one knows how cruelly and brutally the clergy were treated during the Irish Rebellion, as it is called, by the soldiery, or Protestant authorities, into whose hands they fell. It is not many years since the late Sir W. B. was canvassing for his election, and went into a shop, we believe a bookseller's, to ask for votes. The tradesman was an old man, and the canvasser and a friend who was with him asked him if he remembered the bad times, and if they were as bad as they are represented. The old man replied that he remembered them well, and that they were much more evil than they were thought; "and Sir W.," he said, "I well remember your uncle had a priest tied up to the triangles and severely flogged, till the blood ran on the stones. And years after, I saw your uncle lying dead on

* Upon this principle we explain the punishment of sacrilege in heathen times. Those who committed it were judged by their own law.

the same spot, having fallen out of the window, and dashed his brains out on the same stones on which he had shed that blood." We need not say with what feelings the persons thus addressed rushed from the house. We have this narrative from an eye-witness. The following is from a gentleman of known probity and patriotism, who has taken great pains to collect and verify the facts. We believe he has drawn out a full narrative of the awful occurrence.

During the same eventful period, a yeoman in the Protestant army shot a priest dead with a pistol. Some time after, he blew out his own brains with the same weapon. A brother of his secured the pistol, and some years later committed self-murder with it. Their mother now got possession of the fatal instrument of divine vengeance, and flung it far into a deep pond. There was still one surviving brother, and he, as if impelled by some stern fatality, never rested till he had fished it up again unknown to his mother. He scoured it clean, and made it fit for use. He kept it by him till his hour was come; when he inflicted on himself the same fate with it as his brothers had done before. Perhaps modern medical jurists will call this by some learned name; they may say it was an "epidemic monomania;" we will venture to be sufficiently old-fashioned to call it THE CURSE OF SACRILEGE.

Only one word more. The shop-windows of London have long been full of chalices and cibor-

iums, and other sacred vessels, the sacrilegious spoils of Spain. A blessing will alight on those and their houses who have rescued them at whatever cost from further desecration, and have restored them to their proper place and use. But as to the many who have covered their side-boards with them, and, like Balthassar, display them to their guests on their days of sensual feastings, we will only say to thom, "ipsi viderint."

ON

PRAYER AND PRAYER-BOOKS.

(From the *Dublin Review* for Nov., 1842.)

ART. VI.—1. *The Garden of the Soul.* Derby, 1842.
2. *Catholic Hours; or, the Family Prayer-Book.* Third edition. 1841.
3. *The Catholic's Manual of Private Devotion.* Third edition. 1839.

WHILE preparing to lay before our readers such remarks as the publications before us suggest, a twofold scene presents itself to our imagination.

On the one side, we seem to ourselves to behold a venerable sanctuary, be its country and character what it may; whether the dark and awful precincts of the holy house at Loretto; or the silver crypt in which St. Charles Borromeo lies enshrined; or one of our own ancient pilgrimages, the chapel of St. Cuthbert or St. Thomas, restored to its ancient beauty and splendor. Around the object of common veneration are scattered various suppliants; not marshalled into ranks by vergers' wands, but, as greater earnestness or greater humility, as pious curiosity or

desire of concealment, prompts, nearer or more afar; some in the bright glow of burning tapers, or of sunbeams streaming through richly-stained window; some half-veiled in the mysterious shadows of clustering pillars or secluded nooks. There we see the Belgian matron, hooded and cloaked in her dark flowing drapery, a breathing but motionless figure—a living Van-Eyck; on another side we have the German peasant, with arms outstretched, as though on a cross, in deep and earnest supplication; further back we find the Swiss pilgrim, leaning on his staff, as, rosary in hand, he kneels with hoary head and flowing beard bowed lowly down; and in front of all, and pressing on nearer to the shrine, the Italian, in the bright attire of the Abruzzi, kneeling as though reclining backwards, in the attitude of Canova's Magdalen, with her hands clasped upon her knees, and her glowing upturned face streaming with tears.

On the other side is another scene. The altar and its appurtenances are finished in the best style of most approved upholstery; the tightly-fitted carpet is well covered, to secure its holiday freshness; the marbling and graining are unexceptionable in color and in varnish. Here, too, are worshippers; the Parisian dame reclining on her tall chair *prie-dieu*, with her silver-mounted prayer-book, the English seat-holder surrounded by all the luxury of worsted-worked cushions, and morocco-bound books of devotion.

It is far from our intention to make any invidious comparison between the actors in the two scenes: or even to insinuate that the second class may not be as devout and as fervent as the first. On the contrary, habit has so much influence on even our most sacred duties, that we believe that the people first described would be as unable to pray, and be as cold in their supplications, were they placed amidst the soft accompaniments of the others' prayers, as these would be if dropped down, alone and unsupported, on the cold pavement of an old Gothic church. But somehow or other, the eye and the thought seem to find a spectacle more akin to the avowed purpose of both scenes, in the outward bearing and appearance of those who compose the first. If the painter desired to represent a fervent suppliant, he certainly would look on it for his models: if a poet wished to describe the prayerful outpourings of an afflicted heart, he would make them be expressed in its outward forms: nay, if the preacher or moralist should seek to stir up his hearer or reader to a fitting observance of devotional duties, he would surely draw his imagery, and illustrate his meaning from the same source. We, indeed, are not artists nor poets; neither are we intending to deliver a homily upon such sacred topics. We are only poor critics, anxious not to blame but to correct; and therefore, in all that we have said, we have only wished to present our readers with what we conceive to be accurate types of two species of prayers.

and two classes of prayer-books now in use amongst us—the ancient, or liturgical, and truly ecclesiastical, and the modern, multifarious, and unauthoritative. In the former are combined all the powerful and the beautiful, the deep and the sublime, the holy and the poetical, which minds and hearts, gifted by heaven with little less than inspiration, could mingle together. The spirit of celestial harmony pervades their words, and combines their phrases, and weaves them into sentences and strains of marvellous art. In them we admire a rich and mellow tone, an almost playful variety, now passing from the grave to the cheerful, as if by a sudden burst, then descending gradually from the sublime to the familiar, with no loss of dignity. Everything is heart-felt, soul-deep: the sob of contrition, the *De profundis* of the spirit, comes from the innermost caverns of a hollow, sorrow-worn breast; the song of thanksgiving, its *Te Deum*, springs blithe and light from quivering lips, as if to carol among heavenly choirs. The voice of ancient priests must needs, one would think, have been of a rich and solemn modulation, now unknown on earth, to have had such beautiful sentences allotted to it to utter; and the multitudes who answered must have made a sound like to the noise of many waters, to have inspired such responses. What a fitness in the selection of every versicle; what refinement in the choice of allusions and illustrations; what exquisite taste in the application of Holy Writ to every want; what

simple and natural, yet most sublime poetry pervading every office, even where metre is excluded; what a noble elevation of thought and expression in the more didactic portions! There is a fragrance, a true incense, in those ancient prayers which seems to rise from the lips, and to wind upwards in soft, balmy clouds, upon which angels may recline, and thence look down upon us, as we utter them. They seem worthy to be caught up in a higher sphere, and to be heaped upon the altar above, at which an angel ministers.

In them we look in vain for that formal arrangement, that systematic distribution of parts which distinguishes our modern prayers. We never have petitions regularly labelled and cut to measure; and yet nothing can we want that is not there asked for. What seems at first sight almost disorder, is found, on examination, to be a most pleasing variety, produced by most artless, yet most refined, arrangement. They lack the symmetry of the parterre; there seems to have been no line and compass used in laying them out; the flowers are not placed according to a rigid classification; but they have the grandeur, and the boldness, and withal the freshness of a landscape; their very irregularities give them beauties, their sudden transitions effect; and their colors are blended in a luxurious richness with which no modern art can vie. They partake of all the solemnity and all the stateliness of the places in which they were first recited: they retain the

echoes of the gloomy catacomb, they still resound with the jubilee of gilded basilicas, they keep the harmonious reverberations of lofty groined vaults. The Church's sorrows and her joys, martyrs' oblation, and confessors' thanksgiving, anchorites' sighs, and virgins' breathings of love—all are registered there. He that would muse over a skull hath his *Dies Iræ*; she that would stand at the foot of the holy Rood, her *Stabat Mater*; and they that would adore in concert before the altar, their *Lauda Sion.*

Nor hath the Church at any time lost her power of prayer, her mastery over the harp of David; but silent and almost unstrung as it may for a long space appear, she hath only to attune it when she lists, and strike it, and it brings forth the same sweet, soothing notes as at the beginning. Every new service or prayer which she has added to the Pontifical or Ritual, dissolves into the mass of more ancient compositions, so as to be undistinguishable, and blends with them, as a new ingredient in "the sweet confections of the apothecary,"* equal to the rest in savor as in virtue. Every modern office, like those exquisite ones of the Passion which she has added to her Breviary, overflows with the same delicious poetry, the same balmy unction as the ancient services. And as to prayers emanating from the hearts and pens of holy contemplatives in the Middle Ages and in later times, we may truly say that they thoroughly

* Eccles. xxxviii. 7.

partake of the Church's spirit, breathe her thoughts, in fact are but sweet waters drawn off through private channels from her pure stream. St. Bonaventura and St. Bernard, and many like them, in those golden times of devotion proved how completely men might be the tongues, so to speak, of the Church, and express her holiest feelings; the *Jesu, dulcis amor meus* of St. Francis Xavier; the *Sume Domine, et suscipe universam libertatem meam* of St. Ignatius; the *Ante oculos tuos* of Urban VIII., which is hung round the confession* of the apostles in Rome; and many other such private prayers, contain in them more pith and feeling than much longer compositions of modern times.

But to these we must now turn. The so-called Reformation, wherever it fell, blighted all warmth and tenderness, and introduced a totally new system of prayer. We know that some persons, enamored of the services of the Anglican Church, find great aptness and beauty in their very barrenness, and consider it a fitting expression of the state of mourning in which that establishment put itself, or was put, on its separation from unity. We own we cannot take this view, for which no historical evidence can be offered. It was the dry puritanism of the times that influenced the compilers of its service-books. It was the shadow of the Geneva gown and cap that hung over them, a baneful nightshade, a joy-killing upas-tree to all

*[The place where a martyr's relics repose in a Basilica.]

devotion and cheerful piety that came within reach of its heartless influence. The prayer-book kept a sort of meagre breviary service in the morning and evening prayer; but every hymn antiphon was lost, and the beautiful alternation of cheerfulness and solemnity, the mixture of the didactic and the lyric, found in the day offices, was totally swept away. In the communion service, too, the peculiar beauties of the old liturgies, to which we will in due time advert, disappeared; and their places were supplied by comparatively dry and cold prayers, and exhortations.

Now it has seemed to us as though some of the leaven which, while it fermented, soured the sweet bread of old devotion among our neighbors, had unfortunately slipped in among ourselves. For the imperfections which we find in Protestant prayers we feel we may to some extent charge upon many of our own compositions. It appears to us as though most of our modern English prayers came too much from the head. Not that the heart was wanting in those who composed them—far are we from thinking so; but they feared to let it play; they put it in fetters, they bound up its feelings too much, lest they should turn imprudent. The consequence is, that they bear a certain reasoning, argumentative air, that smacks of a sadly controversial age. If we may venture to use such a phrase, we *memorialize* the Almighty, instead of praying to Him. Our supplications for forgiveness seem to be not so much the

cry of a culprit, who throws himself on his knees before the Judge in whose hands lies his fate, as a petition to the throne for commutation of sentence. Everything is admirably arranged, every extenuating circumstance earnestly pleaded; motives of mercy powerfully adduced; but there lacks the tear, and the sob, and the language of the contrite, that is the *crushed*, heart; the confusedly mingled throbs of terror and hope, of sorrow and love.

So it is with our other prayers. Our thanksgiving expresses how we *ought* to be most grateful to God, wonders how we can forget His benefits, and begs that we may never cease to remember them. But it breaks not out at once into a canticle; it sings not forth spontaneously: "Cantemus Domino, gloriose enim magnificatus est;" it seems to be a duty, not a movement of the heart. Our expressions of love are likewise so constructed. They adduce the reasons which we have for loving our Creator, our Father and Redeemer; they acknowledge the imperfection of our charity; they express, in fine, that we do love, however inadequately. But there is not always in them the fervor of love overflowing the heart and lips, in glowing, affectionate, impassioned addresses; we find not in them the surpassing sweetness of the "*Jesu dulcis memoria*," or the concentrated outbursts of love divine which many short sentences of the saints contain. There are quatrains, nay lines, in the poems of St. Francis of Assisium,

that express the ardor of a loving heart beyond what any modern, elaborate prayer has done. And why? simply because they speak as one does who loves. Our modern prayers have no wings; they creep with us on our own low sphere; they bear us not up to the empyreal, whither we wish prayer to raise us; we feel not among angels and saints as we pronounce them. And if they soar not with us, neither do they always warm us here below. They are as green wood placed upon the altar; not like the perfumed cedar of the olden forms, which set it in a blaze, and rose gloriously upwards.

We trust we shall not be deemed censorious in writing thus. But we feel that it is just to give some illustrations or exemplifications of what we say. We might at once refer to the prayers for Sundays, of that truly pious and learned divine Gother, as fully bearing out all that we have said. Long argumentative prayers will be there found in abundance, admirable as instructions; but far too heavy and dry for ordinary faithful. Let us, however, select a very short prayer given in almost all our prayer-books:

"PRAYER AFTER MASS.

"Accept, O most gracious God, this our service; whatever by Thy grace, we may have performed with diligence, in Thy clemency regard; and what we have done with negligence, mercifully pardon, through Jesus Christ Our Lord. Amen."

Nothing is here wanting; the prayer is com-

plete, and, no doubt, excellent in all its parts. But it is a collect in form, and is cold in its present place, compared with more ancient liturgical compositions. It does not say: "we are unprofitable servants." It assumes that our work may, in part at least, have been well performed. Compare, now, the following concluding prayer from a Syriac liturgy:

"Grant me, O God, that grace of Thy Holy Spirit which Thou vouchsafedst to Thy holy disciples in the upper chamber on Mount Sion, and on Mount Olivet: nor take it from me, either in this world or in the next. For from Thee is every good and perfect gift. O Light of lights, Creator of the world, Thee we adore, Thee we glorify now and forever, unto endless ages! Farewell in peace, O altar most holy! may I in peace return to thee again! The victim which I have received from thee be to me the forgiveness of my debts, and the pardon of my sins, and obtain for me to stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, without debt or shame; for I know not whether I shall ever offer up sacrifice upon thee again!"*

But before this is a splendid hymn of thanksgiving alternately sung between the priest and the deacon, which we would willingly transcribe did space permit. It shows the joy and exultation with which the Church gave thanks for her most precious gift. Let us rather take another point of comparison. From the edition of the "Garden of the Soul," as from several preceding editions, there has been excluded a very long morning exercise, in which all the proper topics of such a prayer were systematically included.

* Assemani Cod. Liturg. tom. v. p. 225.

With similar good judgment, several other such prayers, for sickness, indulgences, etc., have been omitted. For, though excellent in many respects, they had the fault to which we have so often alluded, of being heavy, long, and formal. Some of the evening prayers in the various manuals before us we think liable to the same objections. It is not necessary to refer individually, because we fear they all labor under the disadvantage which we desire to notice. This we must beg to go about in our own way.

There can be no doubt that, while the ancient Christians had their thoughts constantly turned towards God, in private prayer, the Church took care to provide for all the regular and necessary discharge of this duty, by her public offices. These were not meant to be holiday services or mere clerical duties; but the ordinary, daily, and sufficient discharge of an obligation belonging to every state and class in the Church. It never was understood that *besides* the public offices there should be certain long, family or private prayers, as necessary to discharge the duty of morning and evening spiritual sacrifice. For all that was right on this score, she took care to provide; and where she has done this, we may be sure of its being done beyond hope of rivalry. Unfortunately, those offices have, for the most part, been reduced to a duty, discharged by the clergy in private, and have thus come to be considered by us as a purely ecclesiastical obligation

supperadded to, not comprehending, the discharge of ordinary Christian duty. One is apt to forget that Prime is the Church's morning prayer, and Complin her evening devotions. Yet so the two manifestly are. But what greatly helps to make us overlook this fact is, that we have been accustomed to consider morning and evening prayers as necessarily of a specific form, composed of certain definite acts of devotion, arranged in a formal order; and have lost sight of that model which characterizes all the offices of the Church; and is and must be far the most perfect. Let us observe the principal difference between the two classes of prayers.

1. It will at once strike us that the modern ones are almost entirely composed for recital by one person. That this is not with a view to private devotion, appears from the few responses which are introduced, just sufficient to show that congregational, or family worship, as it is called, is intended. Yet the great body of assistants must be mere listeners, while one person recites a long series of prayers. Every one knows how difficult it is to keep up prolonged attention under these circumstances,—how easily the mind wanders and is fairly lost, till recalled mechanically by a response. Now this shows the advantage of frequency in such interruptions; nay, how expedient it would be to have them come in, almost every moment. Such is precisely the form of the Church offices. In the more solemn liturgy, or

mass, where the principal actor is the priest, having a ministry exclusively his, the rest must be content to join their prayers mentally with his, or rather with the sacred rite performed by him. And so in some other functions, wherein the priestly character alone has efficacy to act. But in all other daily Church offices, the service is essentially choral; all join, in nearly equal parts; psalms, hymns, versicles, antiphons, belong to the entire company of fellow-worshippers. All therefore become equally sharers, equally interested, in the holy exercise; and the attention is kept alive, or easily recovers itself. Surely this is a great advantage, and gives at once immense superiority to the ancient, over the modern, form of prayer.

2. The Church offices are always full of life and cheerfulness. This, in fact, seems to be a marked characteristic of the Catholic Church; she ever prays in hymns, making "a joyful noise to God with psalms." Even when she mourns, she must have her song—attuned in a deeper key, but still enlivening sorrow itself with hope. For about two months in the year she suppresses her Alleluja: for a fortnight at Passion-tide she withdraws in part her *Gloria Patri*; but only for three days, the three most solemn days of the year, does she silence the hymns in her office. Yet even then she does not banish them from her liturgy. On Maundy-Thursday she sings them at the consecration of the holy Chrism, and in the procession to the sepulchre, even on Good Friday she intones

the sublime "Pange lingua gloriosi lauream certaminis;" breaking in with most tender effect upon the pathetic reproaches against the Jewish people. In this spirit she has not a single portion of her sevenfold daily office, without its hymn to open, or close, it. And surely this course is most wise, and considerate towards our poor frail humanity, which stands in constant need of such appliances for support in spiritual duties. They break the monotony which might otherwise ensue; they raise the tone of voice and mind above the pitch of ordinary conversation, and, if attuned to notes, they prevent weariness, and freshen the spirits. Moreover, they shed a poetical charm over the entire exercise, making prayer a pleasing and welcome occupation. This character may surely be imparted to family devotions; or rather we should say *ought* to be. For St. Paul seems to have these principally in view when, treating of homely duties, he exhorts the Ephesians to speak to themselves "in psalms and hymns and spiritual canticles, singing and making melody in their hearts to the Lord" (Ephes. v. 19); and when he tells the Colossians, still more pointedly, to "teach and admonish one another in psalms, hymns, and spiritual canticles" (Coloss. iii. 16). A cheerful giver God loves, and the natural joyfulness of mutual love, a common hope, one faith, and trustfulness in the same protection, should shed a beam of sunny brightness over the domestic expression of these feelings. And yet, such light-

someness, we fear, does not prevade our devotional forms: they are mostly of a darker hue; there is sometimes even a melancholy complexion in them,—a thoughtful, anxious expression, rather than a buoyant, hopeful, smiling look. In this respect surely the Church is right.

3. Another difference, and one closely connected with the last, consists in the absence from the one of that orderly and systematic arrangement which seems to be so carefully studied in the other. There can be, we think, no doubt, that the difference results from the poetical character of the former, and the prosaic form of the latter. In the Church offices everything is prayed for that ought to enter into the exercises for which they are intended; bnt they being composed of "psalms, hymns, and spiritual canticles," most beautifully selected, the various petitions run blended through the entire office, according as the various portions of the chosen parts express them. This prevents weariness; it is like a variety of modulations in music, full of passages through various keys, with occasional apparent and momentary dissonances, that only give zest to surrounding harmonies. On the other side, our modern devotions have each petition, and each act of virtue, accurately distinct; no room is left for a varied play of feeling; there are no contrasts, no light and shade. The former is the language of nature, the latter that of art. An analysis of what we consider the morning and evening devotions

of the Church, will easily show us how fully everything necessary enters into their composition though no artificial arrangement is made.

In Prime, for instance, after we have placed ourselves in the Divine presence, by the preliminary prayer, "Aperi Domine," and asked God's grace, "Deus in adjutorium," the day opens with a beautiful hymn, in which we beg to be preserved from sin throughout the day, place our senses and hearts under the Divine protection, and beg that at evening we may look back upon an unsullied day, and sing thanksgiving for its many blessings.*

*A translation of this beautiful hymn, from a source not easily accessible to all, may not be unacceptable to our readers, as no translation has appeared in any of our prayer books:—

"HYMN.

"*Jam Lucis Orto.*

"The star of morn to night succeeds,
We therefore meekly pray,
May God in all our words and deeds
Keep us from harm this day.

"May He in love restrain us still
From tones of strife and words of ill,
And wrap around and close our eyes
To earth's absorbing vanities.

"May wrath and thoughts that gender shame
Ne'er in our breasts abide,
And painful abstinences tame
Of wanton flesh the pride;

"So when the weary day is o'er,
And night and stillness come once more,
Blameless and clean from spot of earth,
We may repeat, with reverent mirth,

Can anything be more appropriate, more complete, more beautiful, than this? Can any modern substitution answer as well?

The hymn is succeeded by three psalms, which never vary, as others do, day by day, which are often added. The first of these (the 53rd in the Vulgate, and 54th in the Hebrew) expresses, in strong and feeling language, the dangers of temptations which await us, the wiles and violence of spiritual foes who will assail us, calls strongly for protection, and triumphantly proclaims confidence in God's power and mercy, grounded upon experience of past goodness. To this feeling cry succeed good resolutions for the day, promises to observe the judgments, the law, the commandments of God, to prefer them to riches, to make them our happiness; and, intermixed, are fervent prayers for grace to do so, acknowledgments of our inability and helplessness without it, and a great reliance upon the kindness of our heavenly Father. And all this is not set forth in cold orderly phrases, but in the glowing language of inspiration, in its richly varied imagery, and expression. For this portion

> "Praise to the Father, as is meet,
> Praise to the only Son,
> Praise to the Holy Paraclete,
> While endless ages run. Amen."

[This hymn is copied from an unfinished translation of the Breviary, which had been begun a few years ago at Oxford, and was in part printed.]

of the office consists of two sections of the 118th (or 119) psalm. This is followed by an exclamation of honor and glory to the God of heaven; succeeded, with sublime abruptness, by a most humble earnestly repeated entreaty for mercy to His Son. Then comes (except on festivals) a series of versicles calling for many graces and blessings through the day; and, after this, the confession of our sins, with its prayer for forgiveness ending with the proper prayer of the service, begging of God, that, as He has brought us to the beginning of a new day, He would watch over us in it, preserve us from sin, and direct all our words, thoughts, and actions, to the performance of His law. When Prime is chorally performed, a very appropriate and very beautiful addition is here introduced. The martyrology for the day is read, —that is, a condensed account of those saints who, on the present day, glorified God by their martyrdom, or found it their happiest day in a blessed death, or otherwise honored it by some great act of holiness. We thus have a series of models placed before us for imitation; we have recalled to mind and suggested to us, as topics of meditation, the actions, varying every day, of mortals like ourselves, who had pleased God and gained Him (for, to a mind read in their lives, the recurrence of their names will recall the memory of their peculiar merits); the communion of saints is individualized, so that we seem, for the day, to walk with a definite company of them who

keep special festival with us,—they in heaven, we on earth; and, finally, we have special patrons thus allotted to us, who, that day, have us especially commended to them by the Church's commemoration of them. And hence the lesson of the Martyrology is concluded by a prayer, said even when the lesson is dispensed with, for the intercession of the Blessed Mother of God, and all the saints, whose death was precious in the Lord. Again, the cry for mercy is raised, and thrice repeated; for holy importunity is one of the Church's privileges. To this is added a beautiful versicle and response for the divine direction of all our day's work, and another collect, as beautiful as the former one, and to the same purport, placing our bodies and hearts, our senses, speeches, and actions under God's safeguard and guidance. Then comes a short chapter or lesson from Scripture, as a text whereon we may meditate during the day, it being selected with reference to the ecclesiastical season of the year, or the day's festival.

This very incomplete analysis may suffice to turn the attention of those who are not obliged or accustomed to follow the Church offices towards these beautiful forms of prayer. We will now venture to give a briefer outline of the evening service or Complin, better known among Catholics. The opening blessing expresses the truly Christian view of evening devotion. The analogy between sleep and death, and the danger of passing from one to the other, by a sudden visitation, naturally suggest

a double preparation—the advantage and justness of lying down on our beds as though it were in a coffin, of retiring to rest as if we might possibly not wake again on earth. We pray, therefore, to God, to give us "a quiet night, and a holy death—*noctem quietam et finem perfectum*." Then, as the first preparation, we humbly confess our transgressions, and ask for pardon. The psalms follow, always unvaried. The three first are strongly and feelingly descriptive of confidence in the Divine protection. The expression of this sentiment, in such energetic and feeling tones, is surely the best means of imploring and securing that safeguard. But intermingled are other expressions of thankfulness, both for temporal benefits* and for spiritual deliverances;† of reproach for our daily folly and vanity,‡ and secret repentance, before retiring to rest, for the day's frailty and failings.‖ The fourth psalm§ is a lively and beautiful call upon those who, in discharge of their ministry or religious duties, will watch the night in God's house, to praise Him on behalf of us who slumber, and draw down blessings upon our helpless state. How appropriate this invitation in a Church wherein so many communities of men and women rise every

* "Multi dicunt quis ostendit nobis bona," etc.

† "Verumtamen oculis tuis considerabis, et retributionem peccatorum videbis," etc.

‡ "Filii hominum usque quo gravi corde," etc.

‖ "Quæ dicitis in cordibus vestris in cubilibus vestris compungimini."

§ "Ecce nunc benedicite Dominum."—Ps. cxxxiii.

night to sing the praises of their Lord, and where, in almost every town, the faithful watch before the blessed sacrament exposed to adoration! Then comes the hymn, that never-failing support to waning attention, or fainting devotion; asking more clearly for protection during our rest; and followed up by the apposite chapter or text, which appeals to God for His care, on the ground that we are His living temples, on whom His sacred name has been called down. Then, in alternate verse and chorus, we commend our spirit repeatedly into the hands of the Lord God of truth who hath redeemed us, and beg Him to guard us as the apple of His eye. The allusion which the dying words of our Saviour thus applied, naturally suggest, to the final yielding of our spirit into the hands of our heavenly Father, is instantly taken up, and the canticle of Zacharias, "*Nunc dimittis*," humbly, but cheerfully, expresses our readiness to depart from this our banishment, whenever it shall please God to call us. And thus does the opening idea of our twofold preparation beautifully return to close the service. A prayer is added ("*Visita quæsumus*"), too well known as an essential part of all our evening devotions to require any particular description. An anthem or hymn to the Blessed Mother of God, closes the public portion of the service.

Such are the evening prayers which the Church has drawn up for her children; and, for our part, we can wish for nothing better. We know not where an improvement could be suggested, and,

therefore, we see not why anything should have been substituted for them. One or two circumstances seem to indicate, with sufficient clearness, that the two offices which we have analyzed were intended by the Church for the purposes described by us. For instance, Prime commences as Complin closes, by the Creed, in addition to the usual prayers, the Our Father and Hail Mary; as though to begin and finish the day by the public profession of our faith. But further we may observe, that, while in every other hour of prayer, the collects and responses vary according to the festival, those of these two offices never change, for season or day, but have manifestly a reference, not to a specific commemoration, but to a standing and daily duty. Their character is thus quite distinct from the others, and shows them intended for a different use. Why should not this use be restored? Why should they not become the standard devotions of all Catholics, whether alone or in their families? Why may we not hope to have them more solemnly performed, chanted even, every day in all religious communities, or, where there is a sufficient number of persons, even in family chapels? Thus would be more truly exemplified that resemblance to the Church in the Christian family, which St. Paul intimates, when he speaks of the Church that was in the house of an individual.* Surely, if in other respects the resemblance will hold, it should not be despised

* Coloss. iv. 15.

in this, that the family united in prayer should speak the very language of the Church; should observe the forms of devotion which she has herself drawn up and approved; and, as in good discipline, in spiritual affection, in communion of good works, in mutual encouragement to virtue, so likewise in the regularity and in the order of prayer, assimilate itself to those religious communities which, in every part of the Christian world, praise God in her name, and under her especial sanction. We strongly suspect that many who will join the Church will hail with joy every such return, however imperfect, to the discipline and practice of the ancient Church; they will warm to us the more in proportion to our zeal for the restoration of its discipline.

It is impossible not to observe how decidedly partial the Church is to the Breviary form of prayer on all occasions; for she imitates it in most of her other devotions, by composing them of a psalm and antiphon; then generally the *Kyrie eleison*, Our Father, and a certain number of versicles, followed by one or more prayers. Such is the form of the preparation and thanksgiving for mass; the *Itinerary*, or prayers for a journey, for clerks; the grace for communities; the Asperges; the close of the great Litany; and many others.*

* This form has been adopted in the "Prayers for the Conversion of England." We have before us a little book entitled "Prayers on the building of a new Church," in Latin and English, in which the same form has been

And this form seems to us by far the most perfect for any prayers, especially such as are to be recited by many in concert. We do not think that the Psalms can be too much used in our devotions. Not to say that they are the language of inspiration, they contain almost every possible petition, and the expression of every feeling—from the loftiest joy to the deepest sorrow—which can enter into our solemn intercourse with heaven. They should not be confined to great and public offices; they should be familiar to us as "household words;" they should be employed in fulfilment of St. James's counsel: "Tristatur aliquis vestrum?—oret. Æquo animo est?—psallat."* In whatever temper our minds may be, there will be some one at least of those sacred melodies which will harmonize with it, accord its jars, soothe its fretfulness, calm its anxieties, cheer its gloom, console its sorrows; or, if it have not sunk below trustfulness and hope, enliven its serenity, or depress its eagerness, and compose the whole soul to that just standard of Christian peace which soars not in pride, and sinks not in despondency. It is not Saul alone, nor only *his* evil spirit, that hath felt the mildening and calming influence of

observed, but with sufficient irregularities to indicate want of long experience in the compiler. For instance, the little chapter is redundant, there being no hymn. [The author of this little work has since become a Catholic, and a priest; and has proved himself a thorough appreciator of the beauties of the Catholic ritual.]

* Jac. v. 13.

David's harp; many hearts, troubled like that of St. Augustine at Milan, have been lulled to religious calm by the powerful psalmody of the Church. No composition from man's hand can ever bear such frequent repetition as these divine hymns; they are ever fresh to the heart, as the solemn tones in which the Church utters them are to the lips and ears: both are calculated for daily, nay, for hourly use, without danger of either losing its peculiar charm. The clergy have them indeed constantly in their mouths, by the recital of the divine office; but, from there being a very small portion of them in our ordinary prayer-books and from the want of suggestions for their use in our b bles, we fear many of our laity are prevented from becoming as familiar with them as they ought. At any rate, the composers of prayer-books might, we think, advantageously follow the method adopted by the Church, and give to their devotions more of the form which she manifestly prefers.

We may be thought, perhaps, to have expressed ourselves strongly on the subject of modern prayers, as though of too argumentative and unpoetical a character. Do we, then, think that such a quality ought to be excluded from all petitions? By no means: for we hold that the Church herself has given us the most beautiful possible models of such prayers, as she has of everything else that belongs to religion. We would, then divide the prayers of the Church into

two classes, one which primarily and essentially is of a lyrical, poetical character, and one which bases our petitions upon some premise or ground, expressed in language simple, though not unadorned. The former class occupies by far the greater portion of the Church offices, the latter is chiefly confined to the collects and other very short prayers. Nothing can be more perfect in structure, more solid in substance, more elegant in conception, or more terse in diction, than the collects, especially those of the Sundays and of Lent. They belong essentially to the traditional deposits of the Church, being found in the oldest sacramentaries, and *ordos*. It is evident that their symmetrical structure is the result of a rule or principle; so well is it always observed. For each is almost invariably composed of two parts, which may be called the recital and the petition. The first contains either a declaration of our wants, general or individual, temporal or spiritual, or a plea for mercy, or for a favorable hearing. Or, it may be itself a prayer; only preparatory to a more specific and important request. In this first portion nothing strikes one so much as the noble and appropriate terms in which the Deity is addressed, and the sublime greatness with which His attributes are described. What can be more majestic than such expressions as these: "Protector in te sperantium Deus, sine quo nihil est validum, nihil sanctum;" or "Deus virtutum, cujus est totum quod est optimum;" or "Deus innocentiæ restitutor et amator;" or "Deus

a quo bona cuncta procedunt?" There is, in fact, hardly a collect in which some singular beauty of thought, some happy turn of phrase, is not to be found. The connecting link between this preamble and the petition which follows, is often of the most energetic and most earnest character, being, in fact, the pith and core of the prayer itself,—that which makes it a prayer; and though confined to three or four words, is varied with wonderful richness in almost every collect. The petition itself is ever most solemn, devout, and fervent; often containing a depth of thought which would supply materials for a long meditation. There is no commonplace; but, whether the request refer to public, or to private blessings, it is conceived in terms so distinct and appropriate, as to give it a character of originality and beauty. The collects, for instance, in Lent repeatedly pray against the same dangers of the season, remissness in its painful duties, or mere formal observance of them, without the interior spirit of humility and mortification. One of the two collects of each day is almost sure to allude to one or other of these topics; yet the variety which runs through them is surprising. The petition appears new every time it is repeated, from the happy change in the phraseology. They are like variations in music upon a simple theme; more striking, however, than such variations usually are, because they never degenerate into long or complicated modifications of the original strain. The last is as simple

as the first. If any one thinks that these prayers, so easy to appearance, require no great power to imitate them, let him try to compose a few, and he will soon find their inferiority to the old ones; he will see that it is far from easy to put so much meaning into such a small compass, and still more difficult to come up to the beauty and greatness of thought generally condensed in the ancient form.

These prayers we consider as the true models, the most perfect specimens of reasoned, unimpassioned, *prose* prayers. They are necessarily short, and occupy but a very small share in the Church offices: far the greater part is composed in a much loftier, warmer, and more poetic strain. We are not now speaking of the hymns or psalmody which enter into them, but of the bulk of the prayers composed expressly for the immediate service, to which they belong and refer. The poetical character which pervades these noble offices may be viewed in two different lights, as exhibited in the construction of single parts, or in the general combination of these into a whole. Of the former, almost every office of the "Pontifical" affords striking examples. The consecration service for a bishop, for instance, is conceived in a lofty strain of thoughts and expressions that makes it perfectly lyrical. Take the following passage, after mention has been made of the sacerdotal robes prescribed by the Almighty in the old law: "Illius namque sacerdotii anterioris habitus nostræ

mentis ornatus est; et pontificalem gloriam non jam nobis honor commendat vestium, sed splendor animarum. Quia et illa, quæ tunc carnalibus blandiebantur obtutibus, ea potius quæ in ipsis erant intelligenda poscebant. Et idcirco huic famulo tuo, quem ad summi sacerdotii ministerium elegisti, hanc quæsumus, Domine, gratiam largiaris; ut quidquid illa velamina, in fulgore auri, in nitore gemmarum, et in multimodi operis varietate signabant, hoc in ejus moribus actibusque clarescat. Comple in sacerdote tuo ministerii tui summam, et ornamentis totius glorificationis instructum cœlesti unguenti rore sanctifica."

The action is here suited to the words. The solemn chant of this beautiful prayer (for it is set to notes that add majesty and pathos to the words) is interrupted. All kneel, the hymn of the Holy Ghost is intoned, and continued by the choir, while the sacred chrism is poured upon the head of the bishop elect. Nothing can be bolder, or, we should almost say, sublimer, than this sudden break, and the introduction into it of the choral music of the hymn: after which the preface continues, actually alluding to the previous sentence, "Hoc Domine copiose in caput ejus influat; hoc in oris subjecta decurrat; hoc in totius corporis extrema descendat; ut tui Spiritus virtus et interiora ejus repleat, et exteriora circumtegat." This explanation of the symbol is strikingly beautiful as it is bold; the prayer that the material unction applied only to the head should flow over and in-

to the entire frame, is resolved into a petition that the invisible unction of the Holy Spirit may pervade the entire man. The way is thus opened for more specific petitions, and these are in the loftiest style. We have only room for a few sentences:—"Abundet in eo constantia fidei, purtitas dilectionis, sinceritas pacis. Sint speciosi, munere tuo, pedes ejus ad evangelizandum pacem, ad evangelizandum bona tua. Da ei, Domine, ministerrium reconciliationis in verbo et in factis, in virtute signorum et prodigiorum . . . . . Tribuas ei, Domine, cathedram episcopalem, ad regendam Ecclesiam tuam et plebem sibi commissam. Sis ei auctoritas, sis ei potentia, sis ei firmitas."* Then,

*"For the attire of that former priesthood notifies to us the ornaments of the minds; and sacerdotal glory is not now recommended by the grandeur of robes, but by the beauty of the soul. For even those things which then flattered the carnal sight, claimed those inward qualities which they signified. Wherefore, O Lord, we beseech thee to bestow upon this thy servant, whom thou hast chosen to minister to thee in the dignity of high-priest, that whatsoever in those mystical garments was implied by the glitter of gold, the sparkling of jewels, and the varied richness of embroidery, may shine in his morals and deeds. Achieve, in thy priest, the completion of thy ministry; and, after clothing him with all the adornments of glory, sanctify him with the dew of celestial ointment . . . . . May this, O Lord, flow abundantly on his head; may it run down over his countenance; may it descend to the extremity of his frame; so that the power of thy spirit may replenish him within; and without cover him all around. May there abound in him the constancy of faith, the purity of love, and the sincerity of peace. May his feet, by thy gift, be beautiful to preach peace, and to carry glad

after a concluding sentence, is intoned and sung the Psalm (cxxxii.), "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell in unity." Seldom is this sublime prayer chanted or uttered without deep emotion. The present pontiff* once performed the consecration of two bishops; but has declared that this function was too overpowering to his feelings to be ever repeated by him. There is nothing in our modern prayers to come near to such fervid, such poetical, yet such majestic effusions. Yet this is only one part of a service filled with other passages equally noble and equally beautiful. What follows immediately is of the same character, and the prayers at the close, such as the one recited when the mitre is put upon the head of the elect, are even richer in imagery and diction. To this must be added the ceremonial that accompanies the entire service, independent of the heavenly sacrifice into which it is interwoven; and we hesitate not to say, that no human genius could have devised a rite, to which every art that deals in the beautiful, whether in form or diction, or sound, or thought, has been brought to

tidings of good things. Give to him, O Lord, the ministry of reconciliation, in words and in deeds, in the power of signs and wonders. Bestow on him, O Lord, the episcopal chair, to rule thy Church, and the flock committed to him. Be Thou unto him authority: be Thou his power, be Thou his strength."

*[Gregory XVI., who consecrated the present Cardinal Altieri, and the late Monsig. Traversi, his own professor in youth.]

contribute its choicest charms. If our Anglican neighbors can trace a manifestation of some divine agency in the preservation among them of some portions of the old liturgy, and can see in their prayer-book a proof of ecclesiastical life, for their establishment, what must the Catholic think of *his* Church; the services of which, compared with theirs, are as a golden tabernacle, richly jewelled and enamelled, wrought out in all the delicacy of the finest chiselling, and designed on the grandest scale,—in all the exquisiteness of pure old feeling, —placed beside the flat tablets of the Creed and Decalogue, in dead blue and pale gold, over a mahogany communion table?

Time and paper would fail us in attempting merely to name the splendid passages which every page, opened at random in the same book, presents to us. Catholics, in general, learn far too little of it; and we hesitate not to say that he who knows it not, cannot have any idea of half the grandeur of his religion. Why there is not a place or a thing used in the worship which he attends, upon which there has not been lavished, so to speak, more rich poetry and more solemn prayers than all our modern books put together can furnish. When he hears the bell, which, swinging in its tower, summons him to Mass, he perhaps scarcely knows that a consecration has blessed it, couched in diction which is literally splendid, and expressed by symbolical rites full of the deepest meaning and the finest feeling.

What an idea would he not conceive of the consciousness of power which the Church-Catholic possesses, if he had heard her commit to that brazen herald of her offices, power to dispel, by its deep-toned voice, "the enemy's fiery shafts, the thunderbolt's stroke, the hailstone's crash, the tempest's destruction?" How lofty would her estimate appear of the holy influence which everything connected with her services should exercise, when even this their iron-tongued harbinger has a blessing on it, prayed for in such terms as these?

"O God, who didst order, that by the blessed lawgiver Moses, thy servant, there should be made silver trumpets, which when the priest during the time of sacrifice should sound, the people warned by their sweet notes should prepare to adore Thee, and assemble for the sacrifices; by the clang whereof encouraged to battle, they should overthrow their enemies' designs; grant, we beseech Thee, that this vessel prepared for Thy holy Church, may be sanctified by the Holy Ghost, so that by its stroke the faithful may be invited to their reward. And when its melody shall sound in the ears of the people, may the devotion of faith increase within them: may all the snares of the enemy, the clattering hail, the furious whirlwind, the impetuous tempest, be driven afar; may hostile thunders die away, and windy blasts subside into gentle and wholesome breezes. The strength of Thy right hand cast down all spirits of evil; that hearing this bell, they may tremble; and may fly from the banner of the holy Cross of Thy Son, which hath been painted upon it,—that banner to which every knee bendeth of things heavenly, things earthly, and things infernal, and every tongue confesseth, that our Lord Jesus Christ himself, having swallowed up death in the ignominious cross, reigneth in the glory of God the Father, with the same Father, and Holy Ghost, world without end. Amen."*

* Or even in a higher strain, as follows, which we gladly give in the original:—"Omnipotens dominator Christe, quo

What the Church does for the bells which send her invitations to her distant children, she does with even more feeling and beauty of thought and expression, for every portion of the sacred edifice, in which her own small still voice speaks to their

secundum carnis assumptionem dormiente in navi, dum oborta tempestas mare conturbasset, te protinus excitato et imperante dissiluit; tu necessitatibus populi tui benignus succurre; tu hoc tintinnabulum Sancti Spiritus rore perfunde; ut ante sonitum illius semper fugiat bonorum inimicus; invitetur ad fidem populus Christianus; hostilis terreatur exercitus; confortetur in Domino per illud populus tuus convocatus; ac sicut Davidica cithar adelectatus desuper descendat Spiritus Sanctus: atque ut Samuele agnum lactentem mactante in holocaustum regis æterni imperii, fragor aurarum turbam repulit adversantium; ita dum hujus vasculi sonitus transit per nubila, ecclesiæ tuæ conventum manus conservet Angelica, fruges credentium, mentes et corpora salvet protectio sempiterna."

The same feeling runs through the following beautiful prayer, by which the water is blessed, to be employed in the blessing of the bell:—

"Benedic Domine hanc aquam benedictione cælesti, et assistat super eam virtus Spiritus Sancti; ut cum hoc vasculum ad invitandos filios sanctæ ecclesiæ præparatum, in ea fuerit tinctum, ubicumque sonuerit hoc tintinnabulum, procul recedat virtus insidiantium, umbra phantasmatum, incursio turbinum, percussio fulminum, læsio tonitruorum, calamitas tempestatum, omnisque spiritus procellarum; et cum clangorem illius audierint filii Christianorum, crescat in eis devotionis augmentum, ut festinantes ad piæ matris ecclesiæ gremium, cantent tibi in ecclesia sanctorum canticum novum, deferentes in sono præconium tubæ, modulationem psalterii, suavitatem organi, exultationem tympani, jucunditatem cymbali; quatenus in templo sancto gloriæ tuæ suis obsequiis et precibus invitare valeant multitudinem exercitus Angelorum.

hearts. From floor to roof-tree, from lintel to altar, from aisle to aisle, blessings are scattered, like flowers of heavenly brilliancy and hue, on the day of their consecration. It is indeed a pity that every Catholic cannot, once at least in his life, witness this holiest ceremony. When performed with that quiet accuracy and calm dignity which should characterize every Church function; when all the attendants know exactly their places and their offices; when all the necessary preparations have been made, and all the many accessories provided in good taste; when the processions are decorously ordered, the music is thoroughly ecclesiastical, and the chanted portions are solemnly given, the entire ceremony is more like a vision of Patmos than an earthly scene. But we are forgetting that the prayers are our proper theme; although, to say the truth, they are, in this instance, so worked up with action, and this is so grand, so tender, so mystical, so awful, that they cannot justly be considered apart. The consecration of the church and the altar are so blended, and their beautiful prayers run so admirably into one another; the function is carried, with such variety, over every part of the sacred edifice, outward and inward, and is interspersed with such exquisite expressions of feeling, that the whole forms a sacred drama, full of stirring interest and movement, and sustained by the noblest forms and diction. When the relics of martyrs are introduced in the middle of the service, and greeted first with such anthems as this:—

"Surgite Sancti Dei de mansionibus vestris, loca sanctificate, plebem benedicite, et nos homines peccatores in pace custodite;" and afterwards, when borne into the church on the shoulders of priests, and followed by the people, are welcomed by several such apostrophes as the following:—"Ingredimini Sancti Dei, præparata estenima Domino habitatio sedis vestræ: sed et populus fidelis cum gaudiis insequitur iter vestrum, ut oretis pro nobis Majestatem Domini: Alleluja;" we have the communion between the ancient and the living Church, and between the militant of all times and the triumphant, so vividly and so feelingly brought home to us; we are so affectionately associated with those glorious martyrs, whom we are burying with honor "beneath the altar of God,"* and whose radiant spirits we must believe to be hovering over us and taking part in our holy service, that the very spark of Catholicity must have been extinguished in the breast, that glows not with warm, yet most tender, emotions, in assisting at the function.

But once more we are allowing ourselves to stray. From the variety, then, of magnificent prayers, with which this service abounds, we will select one, which, though long, will allow us to mark some of the most distinguishing characters of the ancient liturgical prayers. It is the concluding prayer of the blessing bestowed upon

* Apoc. vi. 9.

water mingled with other ingredients, to be used in the consecration of a church:

"Be hallowed, through God's word, O heavenly stream! be hallowed, O water pressed by the footsteps of Christ; thou, pent within mountains, canst not be imprisoned; dashed amidst rocks canst not be broken, and spread over the earth, art wasted not! Thou bearest up the dry land, carriest the weight of mountains, and yet art not crushed: thou art treasured in the heaven's summit; thou, poured out on every side, washest all, and needest not to be thyself cleansed! Thou, for the Jewish people in its flight, art congealed to a solid mass; and, again dissolved into foaming billows, destroyest the tribes of the Nile, and with thy furious current pursuest the hostile band: thus at once salvation to the faithful, and to the wicked a scourge! Thee the rock struck by Moses rendered up; nor couldst thou lurk within its caverns, when the majestic command ordered thee to come forth! Thou, embosomed in clouds, dost gladden the fields with fertilizing showers! Through thee is poured out, for bodies parched with heat, a draught delicious at once and quickening: thou, bounding through the earth's hidden veins, furnishest her vital spirits, or her prolific nutriments; lest, inwardly scorched and withered, she should languishing refuse her appointed produce! Through thee the beginning, through thee the end exults! Or rather it cometh from God that we should know not thy boundaries: yea, rather *Thy* boundaries, O God Almighty! whose glorious works we knowingly proclaim, while we celebrate the praises of thine element: Thou art the author of all blessing: THOU the fountain of salvation! *Thee* therefore we entreat suppliantly, and pray; shower down upon this house, in abundant streams, Thy blessing: liberally bestow every good gift; prosper it, protect it: destroy the demon of evil deeds, appoint an angel of light for its friend, its administrator, its protector. This house, begun in Thy name, finished with Thy help, Thy blessing strengthen, that it may long endure. May these foundations deserve Thy safeguard, the roofs Thy covering, the doors Thine entrance, the interior Thy presence! Make the firmness of these

walls, through the light of Thy countenance, be for the welfare of men."

Here the bishop marks the door with the sign of the cross, and continues:

"Be the unvanquished cross planted on its threshold; may both the doorposts be inscribed with the declaration of Thy favor; and in the abundance of Thy mercies, may there be given to all who visit Thy house, peace with plenty, sobriety with modesty, superfluity with charitableness. All unquiet and calamity fly far hence! Want, plague, disease, weakness, and the assaults of evil spirits, retreat before Thy coming; that the grace of Thy visitation, poured out in this place, may overflow its boundaries and stream through its surrounding courts: that this cleansing flood may find its way into every nook and crevice, and so there may ever reign here the cheerfulness of peace, the kindness of hospitality, abundance of produce, reverence for religion, and plenteous means of salvation. And unto the place where Thy holy Name is invoked, let an ample supply come of all good things, let all temptations to evil be put to flight; and may we be worthy to have with us the Angel of peace, chastity, charity and truth, who may ever preserve, guard and defend us!"

What an elevated tone is this for prayer! how full it is of confidence; how copious and accurate, yet how fervent and enthusiastic are its expressions? But we wish to note some marked and very strong peculiarities in our Church prayers, which widely distinguish them from modern compositions. It is remarkable, then, how grandly the Church, in her solemn offices, deals with all visible and sensible substances, and enters minutely into their qualities, extracting from them the richest materials for mystical allusions and applications. She seems so to contemplate nature throughout, as subservient to grace,—the outward

world as ruled for the sake of the spiritual,—she reads God her Founder and Benefactor, so clearly in every property of matter,—finds such motives for religious gratitude in every disposition of the physical laws,—that she truly raises this lower sphere, through its alliance with faith, into a region of purer and holier existence, where the direct splendor of the Divinity is the sun that warms and fructifies, gives life and growth. Throughout the preceding prayer, the properties of water seem to be rather marvellous prerogatives than natural attributes; it is represented as a live and busy power, exercising a spontaneous and free agency, a conscious principle: by the intermixture of its physical qualities, with its providential uses in the course of God's dealings with man, both seem to be reduced to one class, and the blessings which we and nature receive through this necessary element seem part of the order of grace, and only preparatory for the mystical and spiritual application made of it by the Church of God. The same tone of feeling will be found to prevail in all other similar blessings. The salt, or ashes, or wax, or oil, or other substance employed in her ritual, and solemnly blessed on particular days, as on Ash-Wednesday, Holy-Saturday, or Maundy-Thursday, are all treated, in the blessing appointed for them, as having in their physical existence a necessary connection with their intended religious uses: the bee has toiled at her cheerful task, and the olive has been gifted with perpetual

greenness, and with its rich succulency, chiefly that Christ's spouse might be furnished with what was necessary for her spiritual household.* In our ordinary prayers we speak as men involved in servitude to the material world; we find hindrances and contentions, nay, mastery and tyranny in every part of nature; we feel that we are one of the race condemned to stubborn tillage of an ungracious and ungrateful earth: we are ever walking amidst the briers and thorns that spring from our own labors; we are ever spoiling our work with the sweat that drops from our brows. There is a creeping gait, a hiding attitude amidst the shrubs of our vale of tears, when we go to meet the God whom we have offended. The Church takes at once the bold and rightful posture of one who hath been cleansed, in the laver of blood beyond a world's price, till she is without spot or wrinkle, a *holy* Church;—the Spouse of Him who held the privileges of sinless man, and never forfeited the rights of paradise; of Him who, in virtue of His lawful power, could command the winds and waves, could strike with blight the tree that bore Him not figs, and could multiply the bread of a family into an army's food. She

*"Alitur enim liquantibus ceris quas in substantiam pretiosæ hujus lampadis, apis mater eduxit."—Blessing of Paschal candle. "Qui in principio inter cetera bonitatis tuæ munera terram producere fructifera ligna jussisti, inter quæ hujus pinguissimi liquoris ministri olivæ nascerentur, quarum fructus sacro chrismati deserviret."—Consecration of the Chrism.

looks on the elements, whether of earth or of the firmament, as engaged, nay, as held fast, in her service; she takes the earth as her inheritance, and the fulness thereof; and she commands the former as a lord would rebellious slaves, as *her* Lord rebuked the storms, nothing fearing their loud disdain, or their reluctant mutterings: and from the latter she chooses the richest produce, and claims it as due to her service, as intended for her uses, and she gives it value and sacredness, which in the natural course it possessed not. She does not merely pray that it may be so: but she wills that it be. Blessings are inherent in her words, her supplications carry the force of a compact with heaven. The bread that issues from her granaries, and the wine that flows from her vessels, are gifts too precious to be called by earthly names; and the oil from her press is fraught with a spiritual fragrance, yields a light and an unction, which no power in nature could have bestowed. They went into her stores, tributes of earth; she has made them, in very various degrees, celestial gifts. This dominion over nature, which the Church so magnificently assumes, is still further illustrated by another reflection. It is, that, while thus praying, apparently over one small fragment or portion of a material substance, she seems, through it, to bless the entire element; it is not as though she had selected a certain share for herself, and left the rest to its natural profaneness: but she appears to vindicate to herself the whole, making it all

sacred, and all subservient to holy purposes. She keeps no distinction of times and places, but brings together the most distant, in both, in the lofty view which she thus takes of things. The water which she is blessing is that on which the blessed feet of Jesus trod, that which Moses struck from the rock. In like manner, when she commemorates a day or season, she seems to lose count of ages, and treats the most distant eras as though now present. The night, for instance, on which Israel escaped from Egypt, and the glorious morning whereon Christ rose triumphant from the grave, are both celebrated on Holy Saturday, as if centuries had not interposed between the two, and between them and us. And so the day of death seems ever spoken of as though it were that of final doom, and the fearful imagery of the latter is boldly appropriated to the former.

Do we, then, mean to say that an unauthorized composer of prayers (we do not use the epithet in an invidious sense) should attempt so bold and so authoritative a tone as is used by the Church? Certainly not. But we think that we should pray more in, and with, the Church; much more, that is, in her spirit, and more even in her words. Her example, at least, shows that we need not be afraid of letting the more vivid powers of the mind and heart have their play; that there is no danger in allowing the imagination to soar somewhat above the flat ceiling above us, and to roam a brief space among visions of past mercies and future

glories, prophetic imagery and heavenly revelations, living with saints and angels, as St. John Chrysostom so much loves to do: that we may fearlessly permit the deeper and warmer current of feeling to flow, which our religion alone can unlock,—to flow in sorrow, in gratitude, in love, but in each, earnest, tender, affectionate: and, in fine, that there can be no ground for alarm, if this stream will not be pent up, but must needs find a vent; and so gush out at the eyes in tears, and pour itself out from the lips in impassioned expressions, in half-broken accents, in hymn-like tones. We may learn, that "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn" are the language of prayer according to the Church's ideas and practice; and that, whether Englishman or foreigner, her example should be to us a rule that allows no national distinction or exception.*

The prayers which we have quoted suggest another source of vivid poetical feeling, which is

* "It has also been my wish" (in this compilation) "to modify those expressions of devotion, which, translated from the vocabularies of more energetic nations, appear familiar and even profane to our sober habits of thought, and to expunge all declarations of exaggerated feeling," etc.—The Family Prayer-Book, 1st ed. p. 4. The amiable and pious author of this work has not inserted this passage in his third edition. But the prayers composed on the principle here described have remained unaltered. We should prefer the declaration of such a principle to stand, that future readers may know it. For, otherwise, they might attribute the variations in some beautiful prayers to negligence rather than to design. As an illustration of what we take to be the author's

greatly, and, we believe, wrongfully, overlooked in our modern systems of prayer. It was manifestly the sense and conviction of those who composed the prayers of the ancient Church, that we are living in a perfect atmosphere of invisible and spiritual enemies, who disturb nature, thwart the prov-

meaning, we will give the first part of what we have always considered a very beautiful prayer, in the original and in its translation. It is a prayer of St. Bonaventure after communion:—

"Transfige, dulcissime Domine Jesu, medullas et viscera animæ meæ, suavissimo ac saluberrimo amoris tui vulnere, vera serenaque et apostolica sanctissima charitate; ut langueat et liquefiat anima mea solo semper amore et desiderio Tui, Te concupiscat et deficiat in atria Tua, cupiat dissoivi et esse Tecum. Da ut anima mea Te escuriat, panem angelorum, refectionem animarum sanctarum."

"Inspire, most dear Lord Jesus, I beseech Thee, inspire into every recess of my heart, and into every tendency of my affections, Thy dear and saving love; Thy true, Thy calm, Thy holy and apostolic charity: so that my soul may ever long for Thee: may ever raise itself in spirit to Thy heavenly abode: may ever desire to be dissolved and to be with Thee. Oh grant that my soul may ever tend towards Thee, Thou bread of angels! Thou refreshment of holy hearts."—P. 219.

Compare the two, phrase by phrase, and it will be seen that almost every figurative expression has been suppressed, and the warm poetry of the prayer turned into cold prose. It is as the rose despoiled of its perfume, as a rich fruit from which the juice has been squeezed out. We trust it does not appear "profane to our sober habits of thought" to apply the epithet *dulcissime* in one of the "sweetest" sounds of our language, to our B. Lord, the "*Casta lux amantium.*" It is far from our intention to convey reproof on the excellent author; but we find fault with the system under which his and most modern prayer-books are compiled. We want less fear, and more affection.

idential direction of things, play foully on our imagination, trouble our peace, and try to pervert our reasons. They meddle with everything that is of use to man, and endeavor to mar its purposes. They infest every place in which they can tempt and seduce him—from his own dwelling, to the house of God itself. Earth, and air, and water, are equally their elements; the first is shaken and convulsed, the second is darkened by thunder-clouds, and tortured into whirlwinds, the third is lashed into foaming billows, by their permitted but most malicious agency. The doctrine, on this head, is clearly apostolical;* and that it was apprehended by the early Church, in a far more lively manner than by our duller faith, the writings of the fathers clearly prove. Now, the Church, in all her prayers, considers herself appointed to be the antagonist and vanquisher of this hostile crew; and while she shows her deep and earnest conviction of the difficulties of the contest, she betrays no uneasiness about its results. She hath power to rule and to quell these spirits of darkness. Moreover, she is not alone in the conflict. Every part of her offices displays her assurance, that a bright circle of heavenly spirits is arrayed around her, for the protection of herself and her children; spirits who can wrestle upon equal terms with those unsubstantial foes, and whose swords are tempered for their subtle natures. There mingle, too, in all her religious actions,

* Ephes. vi. 12.

legions of blessed saints, who have loved and honored her upon earth, and who now worship and pray, invisible, with her children. These strong impressions of the incessant conflict going on between the enemies and the friends of God, are clearly and feelingly expressed by the Church, in innumerable places. The whole rite of consecration of a church keeps before our eyes the efforts which will be made by our invisible tempters to spoil God's work. The cross is planted at the door, the walls are purified and blessed, prayers are repeatedly poured out, to shield the holy place and its worshippers against the fraud and violence of wicked spirits. The blessings of bells, of crosses, and of reliquaries, have reference to the same idea. No substance is employed in any solemn rite (except the Eucharistic elements, which are deemed holy from their very destination), without a previous exorcism, or adjuration of the enemy, that he quit all hold upon them, and presume not to misuse them. The water, the salt, and the oil, consecrated for sacramental unction, are all so prepared; and the blessing upon them, and upon other similar objects, is, that wherever they are presented, sprinkled, or used, evil spirits may be put to flight, and their malice and wiles be confounded. The solemn application of this feeling, in the rite of baptism, has been well enforced by Dr. Pusey, in his *Tract on Baptism*, where he regrets the loss, in the Anglican ritual, of that portion of the service so calculated to produce strong impressions on the faithful.

There is surely a mysterious sublimity in this idea, the effect of which is most striking, and almost overpowering, in these and other Church offices. The priest or bishop who attentively and devoutly performs them, feels himself necessarily as one acting, with power and authority, against a fearful enemy; in the name of the Church he is striving against him for mastery; he is wresting from his gripe, by a strong hand, one of God's creatures, which he has enslaved; or he is beating off legions of dark, gloomy spirits, who flap their unclean wings, and with sullen flight retreat beyond the precincts from which they are driven, and hovering around them, as vultures kept from their prey, dare not violate the seal of Christ's holy cross, placed upon its anointed doors. Prayers composed to express and exercise this high authority must have a solemn and most elevated tone; the very idea must fill them with poetry of the highest order. It has often struck us that "the world of spirits" has been far too much forgotten among us; that we think more of the two visible powers in the triple confederacy of evil, than of the far stronger and subtler of the three—nay, the master of the other two. We seem literally to have renounced "the devil and all his works," by never troubling ourselves about them. With the exception of one or two prayers, which we have borrowed from the Church office, an allusion to this state of conflict is seldom met with in our devotions. We fight our spiritual battles as if only with tan-

gible foes, and, consequently, with material weapons; we arm ourself with caution against danger, and with prudence against temptation; we study how we shall avoid sin by shunning men, how we shall escape passion by fleeing from conversation; but we forget that we have an enemy near and around us, whom no foresight or prudence can elude or prevent, who will bring the dangers to us even in a desert, and surround us with temptations even in a cell. The only chance against him is in prayer; but in prayer such as the Church employs, full of deep conviction that what we pray against is a reality, and no fiction, of earnestness proportioned to the perils to be averted, and of loving trustfulness in the protection of the God of heaven, who will make us walk on the asp and the basilisk, and in the guardianship of those blessed spirits, who will bear us up in their hands, through His commission. This commerce, then, between the visible and the invisible world, both for weal and for woe, we would gladly see brought far more home to our every-day thoughts, and to our habitual feelings, in prayer, than is done in modern compilations. The weakening of our faith upon one side makes it faint upon the other; and the less we are impressed with the reality of our conflict with an unseen host, the less vivid will our thoughts be regarding our no less invisible allies. On this score, too, we think ourselves deficient. Our prayers to them—we mean such as enter into our daily exercises—seem like a formal request for

intercession addressed to beings far removed from us—not the cheerful and confident conversation with friends close at hand, praying at our sides, and habitually interceding for us. Our sense of angelic presence, and of saintly communion, would be judged exceedingly dull if estimated by our prayer-books. How different from the joyous, the friendly, and affectionate intercourse with those serene and kindly creatures of God, which exists in the ancient liturgies of every country, and in the Pontifical Ritual, and other offices of our own Church. How surely their favorable hearing is counted on, how confidently their protecting might is expected! or, rather, how warmly are they addressed as present; and how boldly does the Church take up their own song as hers; and, joining in choir with them, singing the praises of God, seem to bind them to join her, supplicating mercy for herself!

One could not help being struck most painfully a few years ago with the manifestation of this defective feeling, made by attacking the Litany of our Lady, in a Catholic periodical. The chief objection seemed to be the want, in it, of connection, or of continuous sense, and the mystical and obscure character of the epithets applied to the Blessed Mother of God. It was considered that these might be particularly displeasing, and a hindrance, to converts or enquirers. Traces of these apprehensions are, we think, observable in some of the books before us,—in the introduction

of other new litanies in her honor, with an intimation, in one instance, that no doubt "converts will prefer" the new form. This new form, we do not deny, is a very excellent and accurate condensation of the Church litany, and may serve as an admirable commentary on it; but, for devotional purposes, we should be sorry indeed to see any alteration introduced: nor have we yet met any convert who desired it. Again, our feeling is, what the Church has sanctioned, by universal and constant use, let us not wish to alter; let us continue to be her children, and leave her to judge what is best for us. But this litany must be viewed in its proper light, and then it can give no offence. It is, like so many other prayers, not in verse, like the *Gloria in Excelsis*, for instance, or the *Te Deum*, a hymn, a song of affectionate admiration, and at the same time, of earnest entreaty. The latter suggests the frequent repetition of the cry for intercession; the former the accumulation of enthusiastic terms and poetical epithets. It is the most natural expression of tender attachment to be found in every writer, inspired or uninspired, who utters words of love. When the priests approach Judith, after the victory due to her valor, they thus address her: "Tu gloria Jerusalem, tu lætitia Israel, tu honorificentia populi nostri."* In the Canticles such expressions do not surprise us:—"Surge, propera, amica mea, columba mea, formosa mea, et veni."† Or, coming nearer to our case, we

* Jud. xv. 10. † Cant. ii. 10, 13, 14.

need only quote St. Cyril of Alexandria, to have authority for what we say. Hear him apostrophize the Blessed Mother of God, in the following terms:—"Hail, Mary, Mother of God, venerable treasure of the entire Church, inextinguishable lamp, crown of virginity, sceptre of true doctrine, indissoluble temple, abode of Him who is infinite, Mother and Virgin . . . . Thou through whom the Holy Trinity is glorified; Thou through whom the precious cross is honored; Thou through whom heaven exults; Thou through whom angels and archangels rejoice; Thou through whom evil spirits are put to flight . . . . Thou from whom is the oil of gladness; Thou through whom, over the whole world, churches were planted; Thou through whom prophets spoke; Thou through whom apostles preached; Thou through whom the dead arise; Thou through whom kings reign, through the Blessed Trinity."* Now here is a litany not unlike that of Loreto, and we have only to say, *pray for us*, after each of the salutations, to have a very excellent one. This intercalation would surely not spoil, nor render less natural or less beautiful, that address of the holy patriarch. It is evident that, in it, he is more of the enthusiastic poet than of the wary orator. The litany, too, is not a studied prayer, intended to have logical connection of parts, but, as we have already stated, is a hymn of admiration and love, composed of a succession of epithets ex-

* Homil. in Nestor. Oper. tom. v. p. ii. p. 355, ed. Aubert.

pressive of those feelings, the recital of which is broken into, after every phrase, by the people or chorus, begging the prayer of her to whom they so worthily applied. It is poetry of that class which an Oriental would not unaptly compare to a string of loose pearls, each beautiful in itself, but more beautiful from the manner in which it is matched by its fellows; and the whole collection appearing richer from the absence of a more artful and stiffly-connecting setting. Nor, in this sort of poetry, does one think of analyzing coldly every phrase, struck off, as it may be, by a fervid imagination in the warmth of feeling: certainly even remote analogies will often supply metaphors to affection; nor would it be easy to submit to severe tests some of the expressions of St. Cyril. At the same time we will venture to say, that there is not one term in our litany which does not admit of the happiest and fullest application to its exalted subject.

It may be said, that we have selected our instances of the Church's prayers from more recondite sources, and from offices which can be witnessed, or even read, by a comparatively small number of the faithful. This is truly so; and we have therein been led by a sufficient motive. We wished to show, though necessarily in a very imperfect manner, that there are valuable stores of devotion not near as much known as could be wished. We would have the Ritual and the Pontifical in great part made accessible to the laity by

good translations; we would have their services commented upon, both by word and writing. They could not fail to be brought to a deeper sense of their own duties and of their own wants, by frequent meditation on the baptismal, matrimonial, and other services of the one; they would be inspired with more serious and more exalted ideas concerning the worship of God and the sacred character of His ministers, were they made familiar with the magnificent forms of consecration, employed in the dedication of places and things to His service, and of ordination, whereby His priests are gradually introduced to the sublime offices of the sanctuary.

But whatever we have said, till now, of any other Church services, will be more strikingly applicable to the sublimest of them all,—her liturgy, or the mass. This is far too copious a subject to be treated cursorily, or by way of illustration. We have not been surprised, that, in latter years, there should have prevailed a much greater use than formerly of the missal as a prayer-book, and that even it should be found expedient to print, in other books of devotion, the "Ordinary of the Mass." This feeling, on the part of the faithful, shows their sense of the superiority of the Church prayers over any substitutes for them. Nor, in fact, can any human genius hope to attain their beauty and sublimity. In these two qualities, the Mass differs from all other offices in a remarkable manner. It has not merely flights of eloquence

and poetry, strikingly displayed in particular prayers, but it is sustained throughout in the higher sphere, to which its divine purpose naturally raises it. If we examine each prayer separately, it is perfect; perfect in construction, perfect in thought, and perfect in expression. If we consider the manner in which they are brought together, we are struck with the brevity of each, with the sudden but beautiful transitions, and the almost stanza-like effect with which they succeed one another, forming a lyrical composition of surpassing beauty. If we take the entire service, as a whole, it is constructed with the most admirable symmetry, proportioned in its parts with perfect judgment, and so exquisitely arranged, as to excite and preserve an unbroken interest in the sacred action. No doubt, to give full force and value to this sacred rite, its entire ceremonial is to be considered. The assistants, with their noble vestments, the chant, the incense, the more varied ceremonies which belong to a solemn mass, are all calculated to increase veneration and admiration. But still, the essential beauties remain, whether the holy rite be performed under the golden vault of St. Peter's, with all the pomp and circumstance befitting its celebration by the sovereign pontiff, or in a wretched wigwam, erected in haste by some poor savages for their missionary. What can be more appropriate than the opening psalm and humble confession of sin by priest and people, the former yet standing at a distance from the

altar, feeling himself unworthy to approach! Then comes the Introit, which seems intended to be the key-note to the whole service; which, being one in its essence, yet adapts itself to all our wants, whether of propitiation or of thanksgiving, whether of evils to be averted or blessings to be gained. Sometimes this introductory verse is loud and joyous,—"Gaudeamus omnes in Domino;" sometimes low and plaintive,—"Miserere mihi Domine quoniam tribulor;" in the paschal solemnity the Alleluja rings through it all, like a peal of cheerful bells; in Passion-tide, even the "Gloria Patri" is silent, and it falls melancholy and dull; when a saint is commemorated, the nature of his virtues and his triumphs is at once proclaimed; if it be a festival of Our Lord, the mystery which it celebrates is solemnly announced. The chord, thus struck, at the opening of the service, returns at given intervals, as if to keep up the tone throughout. At the Gradual, the Offertory, and the Communion, the verses read are in perfect harmony with it; and having, moreover, a corresponding, and even deeper echo in the Collects, Gospel and Preface, one feeling is preserved, suited to the devotion which the liturgy, in its essence and main purposes invariable, is intended secondarily to excite. The *Kyrie eleison*,—that cry for mercy, which is to be found in every liturgy of East and West,—seems introduced as if to give grander effect to the outburst of joy and praise which succeeds it in the "*Gloria in excel-*

sis;" it is a deepening of our humiliation, that our triumph may be the better felt. That hymn itself is full of beauties; the best demonstration of which is, that no composition ever lent itself more perfectly to the musician's skill; none ever afforded better play to the rich and rapid succession of every mode, gay and grave; none better supplied the slow and entreating cadence, or the full and powerful chorus. In the simple Gregorian chant, or in the pure religious harmonies of Palestrina, it is truly the "Hymn of Angels."

We should feel ourselves wholly unequal to the task of pointing out the excellence of the prayers which occupy the essential portion of the liturgy, from the Offertory to the end. It has often struck us, that one single word could not be changed to advantage in any one of them; that there is more meaning compressed into a small space than in almost any other composition which we know; and that everything is said which could be required or desired. All the prayers connected with the Offertory are remarkably short; but they are full of vigor and of feeling; there is in them a most heavenly and sublime simplicity, a mild and tender pathos. When the priest, having completed his oblation, bows himself down upon the altar, and humbles himself in contrition of heart, as unworthy of his ministry, then with a noble confidence rises erect, lifts his hands and eyes to heaven, and solemnly invokes the God who dwells there, saying:—"Veni Sanctificator, omnipotens æterne

Deus," and in His name blesses the sacred gift,—there is an awful grandeur in the rite; an assurance of its efficacy in heaven as on earth. It seems as though the priest instantly retired, in order to make way for Him whom he had so powerfully called down to bless his offering, and went to seek still greater purity of hands and heart, so to return to his ministration more worthy to "hear the words of praise" which the Church, in concert with holy angels, is about to sing in her hosannas. The prefaces are all perfect in substance and in form; there could not be a more splendid introduction, with the hymn which closes them, to the divine rite that follows. Here we must pause: because the subject becomes too sacred for our pen; the ground upon which we are about to tread is holy, and the shoes must be loosed from the feet of him who will venture upon it. To speak worthily on it, requires language and a mood far removed from the humble office which we are exercising. We stated, at the outset, that we were not going to read a homily upon prayer, but only to act the ungrateful part of critics. We therefore content ourselves with saying, that those who would wish to learn how prayers may or should be composed, should meditate long and deeply upon these apostolic prayers, which have nothing beyond them save God's inspired word.

In all that we have written, we should be sorry to be interpreted as casting blame upon the compilers of our modern works of devotion. This was

far removed from our intention. Of the authors whose collections stand at the head of our article we cannot but speak with respect. One is a layman of exemplary life, and zealously attached to the holy religion which he professes. On the plan which he has pursued we may differ, but without any diminution on our parts of kindness and respect. Another is a veteran grown gray in the battles of the Lord, one whose ready pen has seldom been laid down in the cause of truth and piety, and who, by an acquaintance with Protestant theologians rare on our side, has furnished succeeding controversialists with many new arms. Of the third, the truly venerable, learned, and saintly Dr. Challoner, it would be both unjust and ungrateful, were any English Catholic to speak in terms other than of profound admiration and sincere respect. He has alone furnished us with a library of religious works, the privation of which would create a void not easily to be filled up by many other men's writings. The catechism from which we learnt the first rudiments of our faith, that by which we early became acquainted with sacred history, or versed in controversial discussion, the prayer-book with which we have been most familiar, the meditations which have afforded daily instruction to us in families and in communities, many of our most solid and most clear works of controversy the charming records of our fathers in the faith, the missionary priests, the martyrology of our ancient Church, and many

other works, we owe to this really great and good man; and we know not what we should have done, or what we should have been, without them. He supplied, in fact, almost the entire range of necessary or useful religious literature for his Catholic fellow-countrymen; and that at a time when such a supply must have been truly as a boon from heaven. Yes, and at a time when such works were not published without some personal risk and danger. Far be it from us, immensely inferior as we feel ourselves, in every good quality, to this holy bishop, to impair his honor or speak disparagingly of his merits. Our only surprise and regret is, that we Catholics of this country have never thought of expressing our obligations to him by some monument to his memory, now that we may safely proclaim our feelings as well as our religion.*

But while we are grateful for all that we have received, we may be forgiven if we ask for more. Holy desires may grow; and what satisfied their yearnings in their weaker state, may not be sufficient food for them in their strength. And we believe sincerely that the longings of our people after the higher spirit of devotion, is, and has for some time been, on the increase. Devotions, formerly

* [I feel it a duty to say, that time and observation have only confirmed this my estimate of Bishop Challoner's great merits and virtues. And this I do, as a protest against the unjust, and uncalled for, censure cast upon this exemplary prelate in the *Rambler* for June, 1851, p. 491, *note*.]

but little known and practised, are becoming, thank God, familiar to us, as to the rest of the Church. We may instance the Rosary, that favourite tribute of sympathy to God's blessed Mother, from her affectionate children, which is every day coming into more general use. Other devotions we could name, which evince a growing love for the tenderer and more moving class of religious emotions. These we want to see supplied with wholesome and nutritious food, and not left to pick up, where they can, either a scanty or an unsound diet. It has appeared to us that our present books answer not this craving. The passion, for instance, of our Lord is but insufficiently presented to the mind and affections. Its merits and the blessings it purchased are fully expressed,—sense of gratitude clearly impressed; but the moving and piercing scenes of that great mystery do not occupy that prominent place which we humbly think they ought. The reciter of our ordinary prayer is not conducted by them to the foot of the Cross; Calvary is not the mountain on which we usually pray. Yet never was soul trained to sublime virtue and tender piety, without much sitting on that hill of sorrows. For we may ask, might not a person, day after day, recite the prayers which form our ordinary exercises, without having his thoughts vividly turned towards those affecting scenes which should form the theme of daily meditation? And, if so, is there not an important want to be supplied? Nor would there be difficulty in

supplying it. The writings of St. Bernard, St. Bonaventure, Thomas à Kempis, and many modern contemplatives, would furnish abundance of materials. It is true that separate works, containing prayers on this and other particular subjects, may be procured; but the great body of persons do not think of such devotions, unless they be brought before them in their ordinary books, and as connected with their usual prayers. The introduction of them, and of more prayers to the Blessed Sacrament, and to the holy Mother of God, would help to add expression of greater feeling to our devotional stores.

After all, this world is dry and weary enough to be as a desert to a religious soul. There is little enough of heart in its ordinary transactions to make one long for some place in which ours may be allowed freely to expand. We have no recurrence of sacred representations and symbols to keep constantly awake our more sacred feelings; no crucifixes on the wayside, no saints at the corners of the streets. We have little or nothing (with few exceptions in some favored spots) of the dignity and majesty of religious functions; few of us can witness those moving ceremonials, or attend at those especial services of stated seasons, which work so powerfully on the soul, and; for a time at least, elevate it to noble thoughts, or melt it to tenderness. We have scarcely any of those appliances which abound in Catholic countries, that rouse habitual apathy, or kindle up confirmed luke-

warmness; such as spiritual retreats, or missionary preaching. Nay, we are worse off than all this. The holy sacrifice, the liturgy of our Church, is not accessible to many of us as a daily service; distance, or want of time or of opportunity, may prevent our attending it; even the house of God, and the adorable Treasure which it contains, cease to be to us a home, an ever-lighted hearth at which our natural chillness may be daily warmed. On what, then, have we to rely for religious fervor, for affectionate devotion, for all the variety of earnest, of deep, of tender feelings towards our God and Father, towards our Saviour and Judge? Why, almost exclusively on our prayer-books. Their contents are the fuel by which the fire of habitual piety must be kept up, and the flame of heavenly charity daily enkindled. And these prayers are to be recited, too, under every disadvantage; while kneeling probably against a chair or the bed which we have just left, without a crucifix or pious image before us, or any other religious association that can call up the idea of a place dedicated to God; or perhaps, in the very room in which we have all just enjoyed our evening meal, and jested and laughed, or quarrelled, or talked over harassing cares and worldly vexations! Should not our prayers be very pleasing and inviting, and, at the same time, very warm and inspiring, to serve this twofold purpose,—of cheering the barrenness of this vale of tears, and of keeping alive the fire of heaven in our souls? If this world is

a dry and heartless waste ("fructu vacuum, floribus aridum," as the Church so beautifully describes it), surely our "Garden of the Soul," our "Paradisus Animæ," should be in proportion a green choice spot, a well-watered pleasaunce—a "hortus irriguus," wherein everything should contrast with the brier-bearing land of exile without. The plants that grow in it must be ever living, ever fresh, ever blooming; and withal most varied in hue, in shape, in fragrance, and in produce. Whether we seek the melancholy shade, or love to bask in the sunny light of heaven, there must be found the same serene atmosphere, the same holy calm; the darkness of the one must inspire no despondency or dejection; the sparkling beauties of the other must not dazzle, or make us forget our low condition. The blessed feelings which it inspires should rise as incense in the morning up to heaven, and descend as soft dew upon the soul at evening. The tree of life, ever fruitful, ever quickening, should be planted in the midst,—the Cross of our Lord, our refuge in affliction, our staff in weakness, and our chastener in over-joy. There should be a choice of prayers for every state, for every season, for every circumstance; but in every case the same fervor, the same tone of affection, of confidence, and of earnestness, should prevail. Our hearts should burn as we recite them; our souls should be associated with the blessed spirits above, while our lips utter only earthly words. The prayer-book, in other words, should only be

the suggester of prayer; it should form the artificial wings upon which the affections rise, till they reach that sphere in which they are buoyed up without further support, and look on the Sun of Righteousness, and the Eye of Heaven, in a region wherein words need not be uttered.

[When this article was written, it was impossible to foresee how many of the desires expressed in it would be granted by a merciful Providence. Within the few last years, admirable prayer-books have been supplied us, some translations, others compilations, rich with all the devotions approved or recommended by the Church. Excellent translations, too, of the ecclesiastical hymns, and many new canticles, have been published. But, besides these, a great number of smaller prayer-books, for particular seasons, or special devotions, have appeared.

The faithful, too, have now become familiarized with many, then scarcely known, forms of prayer, and objects of piety. Thus the Passion of our adorable Lord has been brought before them by the Stations, the three Hours of His Agony, devotions to the Precious Blood, and the wounds of our Saviour. His tender and loving mercies in the most Holy Sacrament have been commended to the hearts of Catholics by more frequent benedictions, and especially by the forty hours' exposition. Devotion to the Blessed Mother of God has been greatly increased by rosary confraternities and associations, by the "month of May," and greater observance of her festivals.

We must add, that "missions" and "spiritual exercises," then almost unknown to our faithful, have become almost universal. And surely we shall admit that we have great mercies to be thankful for to God, flowing upon us from the tide of conversion, which has so much contributed to procure these benefits.]

ON

NATIONAL HOLYDAYS.

(From the *Dublin Review* for May, 1843.)

1. *A Plea for National Holydays.* By Lord John Manners, M. P.
2. *Tableau des Fêtes Chrétiennes.* Par M. le Vicomte Walsh. Paris, 1837.

We think it must be considered a bad symptom in anybody, whether natural or politic, when that which, ordinarily and by others, is taken as sustenance, has to be prescribed as medicine. There must be something sadly out of order in a poor peasant's health when the physician orders him wine, and not a bitter potion; his stamina must be gone, his constitution undermined, his frame worn out, when what his richer neighbor considers but a common drink, he has to sip by measure, as a cordial and restorative. Nay, even a peasant from Italy or Spain would wonder at such a nostrum ever being proposed; for he has all his life been accustomed to drink it at every meal. In other words, his vineyard produces it for him each year in abundance; and he has no idea of it as a

rarity or a prescription. Now just as much would he wonder at the idea that Church festivals or holydays are in any Christian country prescribed as a cure for moral evils, and require to be made subjects of legislative enactment. Not more naturally does the vine yield its glowing and refreshing clusters, to cheer his bodily sense, than does religion, such as he conceives it, inspire the feelings which suggest, and determine the occasions which provide, recurring days of sacred festivity, of wholesome relaxation, and of innocent cheerfulness. A religion without festivals is, in fact, an anomaly in the annals of the world. Jew or heathen, Christian or Mohammedan, Scandinavian or Hindoo—no one that ever professed a religion (till Protestantism arose), ever heard, or thought, of a system of religious belief or practice, wherein days more hallowed than the rest, did not, from time to time, break upon the monotony of the year, arouse some peculiar feelings, and bring to mind, either in joy or mourning, some sacred event, or some memorable person, by peculiar rites, and by special commemoration.

Christmas-day and Good-Friday, the alpha and omega, it is true, of all that is written in the Book of Love, the *Ecce venio* and the *Consummatum est* of the divine advent, form the entire sum of festivals in the Anglican Church; the abhorrence and abolition of *two* holydays were, and are, the only step to be descended from her, to reach the low level of Puritanism, on this point. But be

tween these two, and even beyond them, how many mysteries that deserve contemplation, how many acts of mercy and love that call for affectionate remembrance! For, beyond the two boundaries lie the solemn Annunciation of the Son's Incarnation, and its accomplishment on the one side, and on the other the Ascension, which crowned the work of redemption, and reopened the gates of heaven. Fortunately for the credit of modern religion, the Resurrection, and the Descent of the Holy Spirit occurred upon the Sunday: or we may almost venture to say, they would have been passed over with little love. How many opportunities are thus lost for cultivating the religious affections, and drawing the heart, from time to time, towards higher aims and holier desires, than the every-day occupations of life inspire! How great a power has been surrendered of refreshing languid faith, and stirring up the expiring embers of divine love in the souls of men, by this abandonment of so natural and so beautiful an institution! But to look at the matter more religiously, how many means of grace have thus been forfeited! For who can doubt, that as in the Old Law, so likewise in the New, God has his seasons of peculiar mercies; whether such as sackcloth and ashes, fasting and mourning, bring down, or such as the festive song and spiritual joy of His spouse invite Him to pour out? This feeling, too, is as natural to every religious system (with the exception already made) as that man should ex-

hibit *his* varied feelings at such stated occasions. In fact, the two ideas united, form the basis of the Christian cycle of festivals. This rests, on the one hand, upon the natural and religious conviction that it is man's duty to show his sympathies with the manifestations of God's kindness, whether directly or indirectly bestowed; and on the other, upon the assurance received, that such expression of such feelings is pleasing to God, and draws down new blessings.*

The Catholic calendar is, in fact, but the almanac of the "new heavens and the new earth," which the Lord of Mercy hath created for Himself and us. It faithfully represents to the Christian soul the annual course of the "Sun of Righteousness"† passing through His cycle of love, to warm and to cheer, to nourish and give growth, to "the planting of His right hand," in the vineyard of His Church. Little for our sakes, and weakly,

* "Quamvis enim nulla sint tempora, quæ divinis non sint plena muneribus, et semper nobis ad misericordiam Dei, per ipsius gratiam præstetur accessus: nunc tamen omnium mentes majori studio ad spirituales profectus moveri, et ampliori fiducia oportet animari quando ad universa pietatis officia, illius nos diei, in quo redempti sumus recursus invitat."—St. Leo, serm. iv. de Quadrag.

† "Consors paterni luminis
Lux ipse lucis et dies."
—Fer. iij. ad Mat.

"Splendor paternæ gloriæ,
De luce lucem proferens,
Lux lucis, et fons luminis
Diem dies illuminans."
—Fer. ij. ad Laudes.

does He appear, and as though scarcely showing Himself above the horizon, in the bleak winter wherein he begins his giant course,* revealing Himself more in infant promise than in Godlike might. Then soon He acquires brightness and strength,† to attract the eyes of nations from afar and bring them to His glorious Epiphany. Still lasts the winter, and runs into the promising, but as yet dreary spring, bringing down penitential clouds and tearful dews upon the dry and stubborn land, which stronger influences of fertilizing grace alone render salutary;‡ and the more cheerful season that will follow, begins already to have its harbingers, giving promise of joy, in the very sorrow which prepares it.‖ A sorrowful eclipse and dark overshadowing of the heavenly luminary will first come, and then the paschal Sun shall shine

* "En clara vox redarguit
Obscura quæque personans
Procul fugentur somnia,
Ab alto Jesus promicat
* * *
Sidus refulget jam novum
Ut tollat omne noxium."
—Hymn for Advent.

† "Tu lumen et splendor Patris."
—Hymn for Christmas.

‡ "O Sol salutis, intimis
Jesu refulga mentibus
Dum nocte pulsa gratior
Orbi dies renascitur."
—Hymn for Lent.

‖ "Dies venit, dies Tua,
In qua reflorent omnia."—Ibid.

forth in the fulness of His gladdening radiance, drying up the tears that have flowed,* and ripening the seed that hath been scattered as they streamed. And now his beauty and power, far from declining, seem rather to grow, as festival after festival unfolds the increasing glories of Him whom we have thus figuratively described, till He attains His zenith, by ascending to the right hand of His Father, there culminating above things heavenly as earthly,† and shedding down holy and sublime energies upon man, through His descending Spirit, at Whitsuntide,‡ and through the mystery

* "Paschale mundo gaudium
Sol nuntiat formosior
Cum luce fulgentem nova
Jesum vident apostoli."
—Easter Hymn.

† "Ascendis orbes siderum,
* * *
Mundi regis qui fabricam
Mundana vincens gaudia."
—Hymn for Ascension-day.

‡ "Jam Christus astra ascenderat
Reversus unde venerat
* * *
Sanctum daturus Spiritum.
* * *
De Patris ergo lumine
Decorus ignis almus est."
—Hymn for Whit-Sunday.

"Verusque Sol illabere
Micans nitore perpeti ;
Jubarque Sancti Spiritus
Infunde nostris sensibus."
—Fer. ij. ad Laudes.

of love on the feast of His body.* From this highest point the outward manifestations of His splendor seem to decline, yet so that His course is marked out to us by representation, at given intervals, of His more terrene glories, in the commemoration of His Transfiguration,† in the Exaltation of His Cross,‡ and in the celebration of His title as Redeemer,‖ till we are brought to the close of the sacred year, and begin again the mystical expectation of His Advent.

The extracts, which we have thrown into the margin will sufficiently illustrate this idea of our blessed Lord's being the unsetting sun and lamp of the city of God, whether earthly or heavenly. Like the visible luminary,§ His course, though unceasing and unvarying, is thus marked for our observation by certain periods of seeming change, which distinguish both as set on high, "for signs

* Corpus Christi Day.

† "Lux alma, Jesu mentium,
Dum corda nostra recreas,
Culpæ fugas caliginem;
* * *
Tu dulce lumen patriæ
Carnis negatum sensibus,
Splendor paternæ gloriæ."
—Hymn for Transfig. (Aug. 6).

‡ "O Crux splendidior cunctis astris!"
—Antiph. for Exalt. of the Cross (Sept. 14).

‖ "Jesu voluptas cordium
Et casta lux amantium."
—Hymn in festo SS. Redemptoris (Oct. 22).

§ The Manichees, as St. Augustine tells us, foolishly as wickedly, took the visible sun to be our Lord.

and for seasons, and for days and for years."* The one gives to the earth its seed-time and its harvest, its pruning-season and its vintage, its balanced equinoxes and its contrasted solstices, each calling up its emotions of hope or gratefulness, of anxiety or resignation, of public merriment or domestic mirthfulness. The other, too, gives its seasons and its days, its Lents, its Easters, and its Whitsuntides, its Octaves and its Advents, and its special days, that mark the passage of one holy season into another—transitions of feeling, but wherein all is hallowed, all is spiritualized. Bright and glorious break forth over all the earth those days of marked solemnity, steeping in a flood of brightness, spire and cupola, palace and cottage, city and hamlet. Gloriously streams their radiance through the storied windows of cathedral and abbey church, chapel and chantry; cheeringly steals its mildened ray through the narrow casement of the recluse's cell, and plays joyfully on his crucifix and Madonna, and makes the very skull upon his table seem to smile. Clouds may on that day cover the face of heaven, and thick mists may hide the visible sun; but the joy of a thousand hearts, and the song of a thousand tongues will prove, that there is a source of light and warmth, placed far beyond the reach of such obstructions.

Yet must this glorious Sun dwell in a firmament worthy of His career. He must have His well-divided zodiac, through which to move—that

* Gen. i. 14.

golden zone which girds Him—of saints* who "shine like the stars unto all eternity."† Nor would it be difficult to allot to each of its twelve divisions the name or sign whereby it should be known and ruled; seeing that every month of the Christian calendar (save one sorrowful month, which yet has in it the solemn commemoration of Gabriel's announcement of salvation) has presiding in it one or more of those chief saints of the new law, who preached it with the witnessing of their blood—the apostles of the Lamb. For to them St. Paul, and afterwards the Church, applies what is said of those visible heavens, through which the created sun walks his stately course, and which tells the glory of God to all the earth.‡ And each of these bright luminaries is surrounded by others of lesser brightness ("for star differeth from star in glory"‖); here shining in single brilliancy, like Stephen or Lawrence, there grouped in varied constellations,—mothers martyred with their seven children, captains slaughtered for Christ with their legions, and holy abbots massacred with their communities.§ Mingled with them are bright

* "Beatus quoque Joannes in Apocalypsi vidit Filium hominis præcinctum zona aurea, id est, Sanctorum caterva."—Pontif. Rom. in ordin. Subdiac.

† Dan. xii. 3.

‡ "In omnem terram exivit sonus eorum, et in fines orbis terræ verba eorum."—Ps. xviii. 1; Rom. x. 18.

‖ 1 Cor. xv. 41.

§ "Quid igitur per Orionas, nisi Martyres designantur? ..... qui ad faciem cœli quasi in hieme venerunt ..... Orionas ergo cœlum edidit, cum S. Ecclesia martyres misit."—S. Greg. Mor. lib. ix. c. xi.

and shining lights of holy doctrine and saintly example,* that took their place after them, but are scarce less brilliant, filling up the glories of that firmament towards which we are to raise our eyes, and completing its adornment; while myriads of nameless stars, clouds, as they seem, of witnesses —pour themselves out like a milky stream across the heavenly expanse, leaving no blank or crevice in its golden vault.†

Through this glorious and splendid field, He, who "hath set His tabernacle in the sun," goeth forth "as a bridegroom from his bridal chamber," to run. "His going out is from the end of this heaven, and his circuit even to the end thereof."‡ And, ever as He moves, will be seen at His side, when His rays are not so bright as to quench every other splendor, one other star, brilliant as a gem, the morning-star of hope, the evening-star of peace and calm, the load-star of the pilgrim and the mariner, the cynosure of hearts inflamed with the love of the holy and the pure.‖ Throughout His course He imparts, as He passes, celestial influences to these glorious beings, which they benignly shed upon their subject dominions,§ each

* "Isti itaque sunt astrorum spiritualium ordines, qui dum summis virtutibus eminent, semper ex supernis lucent."—Ib.

† "Quot sunt ergo bona prædicantium, tot sunt ornamenta cœlorum."—Id. Hom. xxx. in Ev.

‡ Ps. xviii.

‖ "Ave Maris Stella!" See St. Bernard, Hom. ii. super *Missus est.*

§ "Thou hast made us to our God a kingdom, and priests, and shall reign on the earth."—Rev. v. 10.

on the land, or city, or individual, that owns his ruling sway, when in that happy conjunction. Sometimes the day awakens joy through kingdoms and provinces; gives simultaneous impulse to the swell of every organ; and makes every grey tower through the land to shake with its joyous peal, and lights up every countenance under the same beam of gladness. Or the ray only tips with light the modest spire of some hamlet church, and wakens to secluded festivity the sturdy inhabitants of a sheltered dell, to honor the saint scarce known beyond its precincts, the recluse whose cell gave name to the humble village and its church, or the martyr who there shed his blood, and left his bones to consecrate its altar. Such we believe to be the true idea of the ecclesiastical calendar: it commemorates the mercies of God; sometimes more splendidly manifested in the mysteries of salvation, sometimes more condescendingly in the wonderful virtues of the saints. The same principle sanctions either class of festivals; God alone is worshipped, God alone is supplicated; but we love that the honor and the prayer should ascend conjointly with the smoke of angelic censors, and with the fragrance of saintly phials.* All this feeling is natural to a Catholic, and, so to speak, indigenous to Catholic countries; it is only the spontaneous expression of belief in the communion of saints. It leads to the great division of festivities or holydays, a division which, being over-

* Rev. viii. 3; v. 8.

looked by the nobleman who has called public attention to the subject, we deem it necessary now to notice.

The Christian religion confirmed, ennobled, and sanctified every good natural feeling, and consequently love in all its branches, beginning with the domestic affections, and gradually widening through social and national attachments, to universal philanthropy, or love of kind. But more than this, the Church, in and through which this religion was established, was ordered in perfect charity,* in that principle of unity and communion which distinguishes it from every other body, that makes pretension to its privileges. While this *communion* is Catholic or universal, the *intercommunion* whereby it is outwardly manifested, has its degrees or circles, narrower and wider, but each connected with those within, and spreading, as it were, from them by a natural expansion. There must be expression given to these various degrees of love by the religion which hallows them; there must be evidences put forth of this living communion, according to its fitting scale of intensity, by the Church which maintains it. In domestic life, nothing so evinces communion between the members of one family, as their participation in the same feelings, whether of joy, or of sorrow, as their feasting and their mourning together. The scattered individuals belonging to it will flock from distant parts to a family banquet, at some

* "Ordinavit in me charitatem."—Cant. ii. iv.

birthday commemoration, or some domestic festivity; and they will hasten also to pay the last tribute of sorrowful regard to a departed relative.

And in like manner, the Church will have her various degrees of religious intercommunion exhibited by festivals, in which more or fewer join, according to their various rights.

1. She is the Church Catholic; she unites together all her children throughout the world upon certain great and solemn occasions, commemorative of universal benefits, or universal benefactors. Her great feasts are among her most certain and pleasing evidences of the universality of her communion. They prove how the hearts of millions dispersed can beat in unison, and how magnificent must be the sway that can give them a common impulse. One cannot be surprised that the early pontiffs were so intolerant of the Quartodeciman error, which led to variation in the day of observing Easter. It may seem to those who understand not the value of unity, to have been a harsh severity to repress this difference of discipline, coming apparently from so high a source. The admirers of national peculiarities and privileges, in ecclesiastical observances, may even regret such interferences. But the Church knew her real privileges better. She felt that it would never do to allow the most jarring feelings to be dividing her children on such a day,—to have some singing *Alleluja*, while others were crying *Miserere*,—some triumphing with the

newly-risen, and others weeping with the expiring, Saviour. Such discordant sounds could not blend as they rose to heaven; and *there* there could be no mixed festivity: *both* could not have an echo: the twenty-four elders could not divide, and one half attune their harps to a joyful, and the other to a more plaintive, strain. Hence on this point the Church was ever inexorable; she hath no regard to minor proprieties, but looks to unity. By us in one hemisphere, Easter may justly be considered as rightly placed in the opening of the cheerful spring; its joys come with those of nature, its songs with the renewed carolling of birds, and its rich hangings and bright vestments with the new clothing of the trees and fields, beyond the splendor of Solomon in his glory; but to the new churches of the South it falls sorrowfully upon an uncongenial autumn, with searing leaves, and darkening skies, and decay and loss of all natural loveliness. And so, likewise, how many thoughts moving to love do we find in the winter celebration of Christmas,—the long dreary night, the pinching cold, the sighing wind in Bethlehem's stable,—which must be lost to the Christian beyond the equator, obliged as he is on that day to seek shelter beneath his banana or cocoa-tree from the scorching of a vertical sun. But all this matters not; unity is a consideration far beyond all such secondary proprieties: and they who have not the privilege of looking on those stars, which crowned angels when

they announced, "Glory to God and peace to man," must be content to forego such pleasing associations, for the sake of a sublimer and more important end. These great and universal festivals, then, are declarations of religious unity, they are even among the visible bonds and ties which hold together the vast community of the Church. They are not, it is true, its essential elements,—they form not the stones whereof the goodly pile is built up, nor yet the cement nor the brazen cramps by which they are held fast together; but they are as finely moulded and richly carved string-courses, that run round the entire edifice, and show unity of design, and while they add grace and beauty, in truth as to the eye, bind compactly together the more solid parts.

And in fact, the belief of the universal Church in the incarnation and divinity of the eternal Word, in His death and resurrection, in the divinity of the Holy Ghost, in the real Presence, in the supremacy of St. Peter and his successors, in the intercession of saints, in the glory of the blessed Virgin, and in the efficacy of prayer for the departed faithful, are not more strongly proclaimed to the world by her formularies of faith, than they are by the festivals, which her children everywhere observe, in commemoration of these persons or doctrines. They stir up faith, which otherwise might become forgetful, to the consideration, one by one, and more markedly, of each point; making the whole year a practical symbol of faith,

in which consentient profession of particular doctrines is made, by august acts of worship and magnificent offices, throughout the world.

2. While unity of the more Catholic character is thus expressed through the festivals of the universal Church, there is a narrower sphere in which a closer communion exists, between the hierarchical components of what is called a national Church. By this, of course we do not mean independent churches erected by states, but such portions of the universal Church as have a separate metropolitan government, whereof several may, on national or even geographical grounds, be united together. Thus the two archbishops of England, and their suffragans, used to form a division recognized by the rest of the Church, like to the Gallican or the Spanish Churches. It is manifest that many links would bind together the bishops of such a portion of the Church, distinct from the bonds of Catholic communion—a common origin, one language, national manners and usages, peculiar rites, local traditions; not to mention many other just and reasonable motives of association, arising from political or social circumstances. The sphere of influence of such considerations would be commensurate with that occupied by merely national feelings. It was natural that such religious alliances as were thus formed should lead to corresponding expressions of feeling, in the language of the Church. If the war-cry of "St. George for England," ringing inspiringly through the English

ranks, cheered on our mailed barons to the charge, and nerved the arms of our crossbowmen to speed their shafts, the same watchword excited the pious devotion of peaceful citizens at home, filled all the churches with ardent votaries, thronged the village greens throughout the land with candidates for rustic honors, and united king and people in one prayer for the welfare of their country. And so did the feast of good king Edward, or of the wonder-working Dunstan, or of the glorious St. Thomas, call forth national emotions of gratitude, or admiration, or enthusiastic love, from the people in whose memory their virtues were embalmed. Then, if their feelings found but a faint response, in the less solemn observance of the day across the Channel, or the border, there came in its turn, over either, the song of public jubilee and of national joy, for St. Dennis of France, or St. Andrew of Scotland. Nay, even to such merely national commemorations, other countries would pay homage, by sending their pilgrims in crowds to worship at the favored shrine.

3. A still closer bond of unity holds fast together a bishop and his diocese. The Cathedral, "the Mother-Church," is the centre of a more intimate communion; from it issue parochial jurisdiction, pastoral admonition, episcopal visitation; there is the throne set of him who holds the apostolic commission to impose hands, and use the weightier keys of God's kingdom, in unlocking its more hidden treasures. Towards it turn all eyes

and hearts for direction, in trying moments, in critical circumstances. But in it, too, are sure to be laid the holy remains of some early bishop or venerable martyr, the special patron of the noble cathedral, and its tributary diocese. Durham had its Cuthbert and its Bede, Lincoln its Hugh, Hereford its Thomas, Beverley its John, Chichester its Richard,—even as now Milan possesses its Ambrose and Charles,—Naples its Januarius, Liege its Lambert, Syracuse its Lucy, Catania its Agatha, and Rome its Peter and Paul. The glories of such men belonged to the See which they had honored, or to the city which possessed their sacred relics; and their festival was a public holyday to the entire diocese. When it arrived, crowds might be seen streaming from the country round, through the city gateway, and directing their steps towards the noble cathedral; the proportions of which were calculated for such occurrences, and the joyous peal from whose massive tower floated over the highest pinnacle of every secular building. There the shrine of the patron saint, covered with its golden palls and decked with its jewelled emblems, surrounded with blazing tapers and fragrant flowers, received the affectionate devotion of thousands of votaries, whose knees hollowed the pavement, and whose lips wore smooth the marble of the tomb, through ages of enduring love. And when the venerable bishop, raising his hand at the close of the solemn office, blessed the silent, prostrate crowd, how truly did he feel himself as the father

amidst his children, secure of their reverential attachment; the more because of the common devotion which thus collected them in joyful festival.

4. Finally, the parish church, too, had its own peculiar feast-days, its patron saints'-days, the anniversary of its dedication, and perhaps some others of a local interest. It was the expression of that family unity which more intimately existed, as it does in all Catholic countries, between the priest and his people. Those offices of love which none but he can discharge for them, must lead to feelings of a more familiar character. He has baptized them *all*, or at least their children, has instructed their childhood, has listened to their tale of sorrow, and has absolved them in Christ's name; has administered to them the sacred gift; has attended, with kindness and comforting offices, the sick-bed of their friends; and has laid their departed ones, in peace and hope, in the grave. These and a thousand other duties which a Catholic priest discharges for his flock, must knit together their hearts, by love tempered with respect, a love shared by that sacred edifice in which the blessings of his ministry have been ever received, and to which he imparts life and vigor. The parish festival calls forth these feelings to open display; it is the people's own day, it is to *their* Church that the inhabitants of neighboring villages, who can spare a few hours (and in a Catholic country these are many), flock on that day to pray; it is

their pastor who takes the lead in the more than usually solemn offices of the Church; it is *their* generosity or industry that has provided the means of giving peculiar splendor to the festival.

Now if what we have thus far written be correct, we may pretty safely look for the causes which have destroyed holydays in England, among those which have blighted the feelings that anciently produced, or secured them. Schism broke in two the union of this country with the rest of Christendom; a secular policy has separated all national, from religious feelings; the decay of discipline, and the rise of commercial and manufacturing cities, have deprived the episcopacy, and its seats, of influence or interest, and dissent has utterly destroyed all parochial unanimity. Then error has overspread the whole; heretical doctrine has poisoned the sources of all spiritual gladness; that belief from which Christian festivals must spring, those hopes towards which they lead, and that charity by which alone they can be nourished. These things would *we* have restored, and the lost holydays would soon revive.

Lord John Manners seems to us to err in reversing this order; he would have the holydays be the means of bringing back extinct good feelings; we would fain consider those days as their expression and their result. It seems, in fact, almost as unreasonable to expect that we should make our soldiers brave, and our generals skilful,

and our entire nation warlike, and so gain victories, by ordering a series of illuminations in cities, and bonfires all over the country. People will not rejoice and make merry over nothing, especially when some apparent and present sacrifice is to be made for the purpose; and we have made *our* people in particular so very rational that they will ask why they are to give up a day's work, and keep holyday? Now we believe it would be just as sensible in their eyes to reply to them, that those supposed profane public rejoicings are on account of Blenheim or Agincourt, as to say that the Church festivals, which they are ordered to keep, are in honor of St. George or St. Edward. We believe that thousands of voices would cry out: "Why should I lose a day's good work and wages, in honor of those persons, whom I know [may we add, and care?] so little about?" The great work to be achieved is the restoration to the people of those ideas and sentiments which will make such commemorations natural to them, the giving back the soul and spirit, and not mere visible, but inanimate, forms. To go a little more into particulars, let us begin with the narrowest scale on which the attempt might be made to restore the joyful festivity of olden days. It will be easier to induce the inhabitants of one parish to keep festival, than those of a diocese of such dimensions as the English ones now are. The parish church bears the name of some good old Saxon saint,—say St. Oswald or St. Frieswida, or of a

more ancient one, as St. Clement or St. George. To learn what must be done in order to establish, not only in outward observance, but in the hearts of the parishioners, the cheerful holiness of their saint's day, we may do as business-like people do in this country, in worldly matters. When a man of this character wishes to *set up* a new apparatus, whether for warming his church or house, or washing, or prison-discipline, he goes to a place, given in reference, where he finds the machinery at work, and sees how it is managed, and how it answers. So we may learn how the restoration of holydays may be made, by seeing how they are kept up, where they actually exist, as once they did among our forefathers.

If you go into a village or town in a Catholic country, you may easily ascertain who is the patron saint that gives a name and festival to the parish church, by simply asking the first dozen children whom you meet in the streets, boys or girls, their Christian names. Among them you will be sure to find one prevailing, which perhaps is new to you, at any rate unusual; and if so, you may conclude that it belongs to some saint held in especial veneration, either from the church's being dedicated to him, or possessing his relics, or from his being in some way a patron-saint.* In

* [Not long after this was written, I had an opportunity of seeing this test applied. Arriving for breakfast at the picturesque town of Carmona in Andalusia, I walked, with the other travellers by the *diligence*, over the steep hill on

other words, you find that name become there "familiar as household words," a part of the family vocabulary in every generation. "Corpora eorum in pace sepulta sunt, *et nomina eorum vivent in æternum.*" The very name is dear to the people, is associated with domestic feelings, is interwoven with many tender thoughts. When the festival returns, it calls to mind the little one that received that name at baptism, and is sleeping in innocence in an early grave, or it is the feast-day of the gray-headed old man, who can no longer go to church, but must have his festival at home, when the rest return from Mass; in other words, the parish festival is a family commemoration as well, and has an echo of joy in every household. But then with the name comes the history. The inhabitants of that village or town may know very little of profane history; but if they know anything, they know all about their own saint, that is, or can be, known. Every year they hear his panegyric; in every house they have his image or picture, however rude; his palm-branch, or his lily, or his vest-

which it is situated. A fellow traveller who knew the place was our guide, and took us to see the rich church of Our Lady of Grace. On our way, he informed us that there was great devotion to the Blessed Virgin under that title. "Almost every woman," he remarked, "here bears that name:" that is, *Gracias;* for in Spain the particular title given to our Lady, forms the name, as *Dolores, Rosario,* etc. "You will see," he continued, "by asking the first we meet." A little girl was coming along the street, and he addressed her by the name of Gracias, to which she at once replied.]

ment declares what he was, if he have no personal symbol; every child reads in school some account of him suited to a child's capacity, and is taught to look to him as a model and a patron. And if little is known, the very mystery lends a new charm, and allows room for speculation why he has been chosen as the patron; and it is found to have been either because he lived there, or had some way made himself there known, or there had been an immemorial devotion to him; or if everything else fail, it is at least certain that he is a great saint in heaven, a glorious martyr, or a most holy confessor. (Would an English peasant know what these words mean?)

Now, if you go into an English town or village, and probe for your ground to build on, through the superincumbent layer of ignorance and bigotry, by these simple means, we suspect you will find it totally wanting. You will discover multitudes bearing the common every-day names; but if you conjecture a holier reason for them than that an uncle or an aunt, or the parents, have first borne them, you will soon be undeceived. And even here you may perhaps detect lurking the baneful symptoms of dissent, in the very names of the young Ebenezers and Ichabods, whose biblical fathers would prefer the twang of a Hebrew appellation, to the softest sounds in the Church's calendar. But go on, and if the sexton or schoolmaster can happen to tell you to whom the parish church is dedicated, seek among the people for some infor-

mation respecting that saint, or for some ideas or feelings regarding him. We are inclined to believe, that though you might find some traditions yet alive about Robin Hood, in the neighborhood of Needwood, and you might pick up many stories about Dick Turpin in Yorkshire, you would find the people in St. Oswald's parish, or St. Giles's, or St. Ives's, just as interested, or as informed, about these holy persons, as they are about the Hindoo mythology. And how can one hope to make them rejoice and hold festival, in their honor and commemoration?

But how set about removing this obstacle? Their Church has been teaching them for three centuries nothing about the saints, farther than that there is great superstition and peril of idolatry, in performing any act expressive of active communion with them, such as asking their prayers, or trusting in their sympathy or protection. Their clergyman has been lecturing them about the wickedness of the Roman Church, in showing them any honor, as derogatory to higher claims; and has been proving to them the folly of invoking them, by the comfortable doctrine that they cannot hear us or see us, and by implication that they care nothing about us on earth. Who among them ever is taught that he has a guardian angel ever at his side, watching all his steps; or that he should look on the saint of his name as a heavenly advocate, and address him as such? Who has been told to turn his eyes through the

perils of youth, towards the Virgin Mother of his Saviour, as the special patroness of purity and innocence? And is it to be expected that, all at once, they will enter with heart into any project for reviving festivals, in memory of those whom they have been too well taught to regard as aliens and strangers, not to be approached, save by passing over the yawning chasm of Popish idolatry or superstition? Festivals, too, the very ground of which is a belief in the existence of close and affectionate sympathy between the inhabitants of both Jerusalems, and a firm persuasion that they in heaven are pleased with our joy, and return it in blessings obtained for us? Surely the whole teaching of past centuries must be contradicted; the web so artfully woven for generations must be unravelled; the people must be taught to revere what they have despised, to love what they have hated, and consequently to see that they have been, till now, misled, blinded, and deceived, by the very step-mother Church, which now wishes to set them right. How this will be done we are curious to see.

Let us for this purpose have fair and honest courses. If you want to have the feast of any saint revived in his parish or cathedral, let the people know all about him or her. Tell them plainly that St. Hilda was a nun and abbess, and by vowing perpetual virginity, became more pleasing before God and man; that St. Bennet was the founder of the monks whose houses were all sup-

pressed at the godly Reformation, as being hives of lazy drones, and useless members of society, and that he was a truly wonderful saint, to be greatly honored for that institution; that Venerable Bede said Mass in Latin, and held many Catholic doctrines. It will not do to smuggle into the English Church a veneration for saints and holydays in their honor, as if they were some respectable ancient Protestants, bishops in lawn, or pious ladies who taught poor-schools. Let them be made known as *saints*; and let it be well explained what saints are: bishops who in their day led celibate and mortified lives, distributed the greater part of their revenues to the poor, founded and endowed hospitals, built churches, and resisted oppression of the Church, even unto death: noble and royal dames, who retired from the world into poor convents, and devoted their lives to fasting and prayer, in perpetual chastity, and induced many others of like degree to do the same. And let the people know that such things ceased in England the moment its people became Protestant, and its clergy called themselves and their separated Church "Anglican;" but continued in "Popish" countries, in men like St. Charles, St. Francis, and St. Alphonsus, and in women like the Princess Louisa, or the late Queen Maria Clotilde of Sardinia, and many others of scarcely inferior rank.

If the whole truth be told to the people on this matter, we feel no doubt that holydays, in

honor of saints, would soon revive, because the religion, which can alone restore them, would be re-established. But let us suppose the attempt to be made, without the preparatory feelings being excited: how would the practical restoration be effected? Once more, let us go to Catholic countries. The festal day of a parish or diocese is as firmly established in the calendar as is any one of the greater feasts. It has its office; its proper Breviary service, probably with special hymns and antiphons, certainly with collect, and lessons appropriate, sanctioned and approved by lawful authority. The day belongs to the festival, if we may so speak, and not the festival to the day. In the English establishment there would be a difficulty in fixing the day, for its meagre calendar does not contain a tenth portion of the saints to whom old churches are dedicated; and when a day was found, supposing the bishop to approve it, where would its office be got? The dry every-day *ferial* office would have to be used, in which not an appropriate allusion or reference would be made to the cause of festivity. But to proceed. The day, in a Catholic parish, is long established and well known to all—not merely to parishioners, but to neighbors all around. The lord and the peasant equally look forward to it; it is one more tie between them. The former does not grudge the day's work to his dependants, the other does not repine at the loss of his gains: it is as the Sunday, a day calculated in the general balancing of the year's occupation

and profit. The poor people will not starve on that day; they will have rather stinted themselves a little beforehand, to honor it with better cheer; nor will charitable doles and largesses be wanting to gladden the destitute, if any there be.

We saw, not long ago, an instance of how completely the village festival unites and gladdens the hearts of all classes. Who that has travelled in fair Italy remembers not, as a vision of Eden, the shores and islands of the Lago Maggiore? Who that has seen the latter from a distance, has not leaped in the nearest skiff, and tried, though only for a few moments, to visit them, or at least the one which most invites him,—"the beautiful island," as it is justly called? Among those so tempted were ourselves; and it was as lovely a day for a festival as ever nature gave to southern skies, when we crossed the calm water which separates that charming spot from the main land. The island appears, at first sight, entirely occupied by the princely palace of the Borromeos, with its enchanted gardens. The bold front of the former seems to rise sheer from the water, and the terrace-walls of the latter even to slant beyond the natural boundary of the land. But at one side, close to the splendid stairs which lead from the lake to the fore-court of the villa, is a splendid esplanade, occupied by poor, but comfortable, fishermen's huts, nestling under the shelter of the lofty edifice, and among them the humble parish church, now about to be beautified by its patron, to which there

is access from the palace. No attempt has been made by the noble lords of the island to buy up this patrimony of the poor, for these cottages are their own little property; nor *to plant them out*, as an eyesore, nor to transplant them to the humbler islands around, chiefly occupied by persons of their rank; but they have remained undisturbed for generations, the poor inhabitants holding the same relation to the prince as their huts do to his palace,—that of humble but independent neighbors, who share his fostering and protecting care, affording the means of pleasing contrasts, and the exercise of reciprocal duties. As we approached the marble landing-place, we observed more than usual stir about it, nor were we slow to understand its cause. An elegant gondola was riding in the water, with its boatman dressed in the livery of the Borromeos; and, as we ascended the steps, we were met, in frank and gentle greeting, by the young count himself, with his countess and child, besides whom was a large party of ecclesiastics and laymen, who had been partaking of the curate's hospitality. We were made welcome, and desired to call for whatever the house afforded, and invited to inspect it at our leisure. This was hardly necessary; the entire palace and its gardens seemed to belong to the public; every place was thrown open, and in the occupancy of the good priest and his guests, who ranged freely, as we did ourselves, through the stately gardens and cool grottos of the ground-floor of the palace, perfectly at their ease.

It was not the season when noblemen in Italy reside in the country: it was, moreover, a sultry and dusty journey of forty or fifty miles from thence to Milan; but that young nobleman had made it, with his family, expressly for that day. It was the festival of the little parish church, and he considered it his duty not to be absent from it. Who can doubt that this mark of sympathy and religious communion between the noble patron and his poor neighbors, this act of respect to the humble parish-church and its priest, would more firmly attach the people to his family than perhaps more expensive acts of generosity—blankets, through his steward, at Christmas, and an ox, roasted whole, on his coming of age?

However, let us suppose concord so far secured as that a clergyman in England could have the squire or lord on his side, in endeavoring to bring the people of any extensive parish to celebrate a new holyday. Due notice is given, the saint's day is named—his to whom the church is dedicated—cessation from work is inculcated; morning and evening service with music, and the communion service, are arranged; and village sports (if inclosure acts have left room for them) announced. If any one rejoices, depend upon it, it will be the publicans—no small a portion of a village or town population; but there will be sufficient that grieve at the notice, to destroy everything like unanimity and cheerful neighborly enjoyment of such a day. We can easily conceive

the fright, the horror and dismay which would fill the breasts, and disturb the features, of pious ladies and preachers of every sort; nor can we help imagining to ourselves the machinery that would be set to work to spoil the holyday sport. For we have seen it put in motion in provincial towns, to avert the calamity of a good attendance on any extraordinary Catholic function. First, there would be placards on the walls, and in the shop-windows, of which the leading words, in unusually large letters, would tell to a hasty observer the whole sense:—"CHRISTIANS BEWARE! . . . POPISH SUPERSTITION . . . WORST CORRUPTIONS . . . PROFANE AMUSEMENTS . . . GLORIOUS REFORMATION . . . RESISTED TO THE DEATH." Then the Independents would choose that very day for the ordination or reading in of a new minister; Mr. A. interrogating him as to his call, and Mr. B. of C. reading the ordination prayer. The Methodists would convoke a missionary meeting, in which a Cherokee regenerated minister (known possibly when a savage as "the Great Wild-goose") will appear in his own native plumage (hired, perhaps, from Mr. Catlin), and address the assembly, and recount the history of his conversion; and the Baptists would convoke another, in which Mr. D., with his wife and interesting family of little children, will communicate their experience among the heathen; and the —— auxiliary branch to the —— District Bible Society would have a special meeting of subscribers; and every other sect

would have something or other to exhibit, as fantastic and as profitable as the shows of a fair. More than this we have known to be done, as we have already observed, to disturb a Catholic festival; enough, and more than enough, to destroy all idea of happy communion of religious feeling between the inhabitants of one place; probably enough to divide house against house, and turn to bitterness, even in the heart of a family, what was intended to diffuse the blessings of harmony and peace.

A Catholic festival is an occurrence which puts all the place in which it is celebrated into good humor, and makes it brimful of cheerfulness. Its meaning, its object and its demands are perfectly understood by all, and are all of a common interest. Before its day arrives, all whose duty it is, are busy in the work of preparation; but it is like the work of the bee-hive, each does his appointed office, with the punctuality of instinct;—the choir is trained, the church decorated, the altars adorned with all the richness that the place affords; the houses are put into order, wherever the processions are to pass; the confraternities make their various preparations, to appear decorously and prevent confusion; the clergy dispose all things for the more spiritual duties to be discharged, and for the Church-offices, which will well nigh occupy the day; and those who have to look to the more secular part of the festivity will not neglect it.

When the day itself arrives, the church is ready, with all her boundless stores of spiritual ministrations, calculated not to deaden, but to raise and quicken, the pulses of religious joy. From the first dawn of day the doors of the church are open, and open not merely to the winds of heaven, but to the influx of eager faithful, who know that the morning sacrifice will be ready for oblation as soon as they, and that the morning banquet of Christ's children will be as early as the manna in the wilderness. There is no desertion of the holy place "between services," for, in fact, the whole morning is occupied by a succession of offices, which leave but few intervals; and even these are well filled up by the silent devotions of many worshippers. Then comes the great and more public function, at which all the clergy attend, and all the faithful assist, with such pomp and circumstances of festivity as the place admits of; and after sufficient respite, to allow the body its necessary refreshment, the afternoon offices, running probably till late in the evening, succeed, not equally, but proportionately, continuing the holy joy of the happy festival. And thus the more worldly demonstrations of cheerful mirth, which close the day, are not its occupation but its recreation, and come upon minds prepared to enjoy them, with good temper and sober feelings.

But there is one almost necessary part of festive observances which the Church of England

has completely got rid of, as well as of all else that is beautiful in the Church services; and, in her present condition, cannot hope to restore. We mean religious processions. "Behold that solemn procession," exclaims an author, whom it is always a pleasure to quote, "through the aisles of the abbey church of St. Germain! The holy virgins in pure white robes, like very sanctity, bearing bright tapers in their hands; crowds of holy laymen, the noble and the mechanic, side by side, alike humble, alike devout; the saintly students, the venerable clergy, slowly moving along, singing their pensive melody through the dusky space, shedding radiance as they pass along, while all around them lies in deep darkness. O, it is an impressive thing to mark the countenance of each one who glides before you. There are some who walk, rapt like men in sleep, unconscious of all around them, conversant only with the internal vision, in a rapture of angelic thought. . . . During the ages of faith, the procession was considered an institution of no small importance, in an intellectual and spiritual point of view. Before those mystic flames, which seem to be mingled with the supernal luminaries,—emblems of the star which never sets,—it was thought that the delusive meteors of corrupt passions would die away, and be no more seen. That pious crowd, still increasing as it proceeded, which passed on, walking in such humble guise after the blessed sacrament, was in sooth a sublime spectacle, as exhibiting to

the eye of the world a multitude of men who sought to follow their ecclesiastical king, hungering and thirsting after him."* The Catholic procession is the overflowing of religious joy, beyond the vessel which usually contains it. It is the mystical stream which Ezekiel saw flowing from the altar of the holy place, and issuing abroad, through the temple gates; deepening and swelling, as it flows along, till it becomes a mighty torrent,† bounding forward in exultation, and making a joyful noise as the sound of many waters. It is, in fact, the Church herself, who, not content with the fainter radiation of her blessings from their centre, at the shrine and the altar, goes forth to bear them, and to impart them to the abodes and resorts of her children. For, go into the spacious building, when its long ranks of clergy and crowds of followers have left it. You saw, but a few minutes before, the vast area covered with men and women, in their holiday attire, all giving abundant signs of life and joy, and the altar surrounded with a goodly array of ministers, vested according to their offices, richly and variously, moving in fragrant clouds of incense, while the atmosphere, up to the echoing vault, was filled with the organ's peal and the choral song. And now you find it solitary and silent, emptied of all that formed its life, the many tapers burning still, and the fading wreaths from the censer subsiding like evening vapors, with none to enjoy the light

* Mores Catholici. b. v. p. 92. † Ezek. xlvii.

and fragrance; and all the beauty and charms of the holy building are there, but no worshipper to be enamored of them; and it really seems as though the material church still remained, while the spiritual is gone forth. It is like the beautiful body of a saint entranced, while the soul has flown afar on some errand of love. And so, in fact, it is; you hear, faint and distant, the cadence of the solemn chant, now sweeping fuller upon the wind, as the multitude that has gone forth sings, united, in some ampler space; then dying, and only murmuring through the windings of streets and alleys. It is the Church of God, the rival of heavenly choirs—"almæ Sionis æmula"—that is diffusing blessings through the entire town or village, making its narrow ways the aisles of her vaster temple, the open squares its spreading nave, and the heavens, with their consenting angels, its noble vault. And in place of niches and images inanimate to adorn its walls, see every casement alive with glowing countenances, and tuneful voices; the sick man has had himself brought from his bed to join the festival, now come to his very doors; the aged and helpless matron is supported in the arms of her children, or sits and raises her palsied head at the threshold, to salute the Church's borne treasures; and the very babes exult in their mothers' arms, and stretch forth their little hands in glee, as did John in the womb of Elizabeth, at a similar visit. And now the sounds come swelling and increasing, but wave-like, as the flowing

tide, till they strike once more against the roof, and re-echo through the arches; and the bright successive flashes of the torches, as they enter, and the stirring flood of life that spreads over the pavement, and the thronging array that again surrounds the altar, give back the animation, the spirit, the soul, that seemed to have been sundered, for a time, from the visible and material frame, restore to it utterance, and make it thrill once more with stirring life and sparkling joyousness.

Now what has the Church of England to produce, and send round among her people, in which they can confide, or to which they will turn their looks and hearts, in thankfulness and reverence, or in more solemn worship, as it moves among them? Do they, who would have processions restored in her, imagine that two long files of choristers and clergymen in hoods and scarfs, constitute them, and would rivet, long and often, the devout attention of the people? Or that flaunting banners and antique devices would give a further attraction to them? Surely these things may form a goodly pageant, and meet for the walking-day of a club; but they are not the essentials of a religious function. Where there are ministers and symbols, there must be something higher and better than either, a reality to be ministered unto. The Levites walk forth with their tunics and trumpets only when the Ark of the Lord moves along, and they are in attendance on it. Has the Church of England then the shrines of ancient

saints, which priests may bear reverently in their hands, or on their shoulders, to remind her people that she was (alas! *is* she cannot say) the mother of saints, to awaken in their minds the recollection of bright examples, and to excite their confidence in the intercession of those, with whose sacred remains they are thus associated upon earth? She that hath rifled the tombs of her ancient bishops, hath scattered the ashes of her martyrs to the winds, hath blotted the names of her holy monks from the calendar, and hath cast into oblivion the memory of her saintly virgins? She who cannot count one relic in all her treasuries (revered as such), who reprobates all honor shown to any, and dares not tell her people to bear them about them? Or can she presume higher, and hope to bear more solemnly about, the Lord Himself of Glory, in His Eucharistic triumph; for such the Catholic procession may, in general, be called? She who, independent of her sacramental losses, which debar her from ever possessing the reality, may not even attempt so to honor its substituted type, in the face of her own melancholy decree against it?* She who allows irreverence to any amount in the administration of it, discerning not in it the body of the Lord?† No; she has forfeited

*Art. xxviii.

† It is but a few weeks ago that the *English Churchman* contained a paragraph complaining of the manner in which the communion service was administered in the restored Temple Church. It stated that the remaining sacramental bread (considered of course as duly consecrated) was left on the

and lost these gifts, part of the Catholic inheritance. The motives which can suggest religious

paten on the altar-rails, till everything else was cleared away, when it was taken into the vestry by a man, who carried it in one hand, and a pile of cushions in the other! And yet such irreverence and sacrilege (supposing consecration) brings down no censure upon its doers and abettors, beyond that of a newspaper. *If* the bishop of the diocese believes in the real presence after consecration, the least he could be supposed to do would be to suspend the clergyman, dismiss the cushion-bearer, and take measures for future amendment. In fact, the church ought to be placed under an interdict. Yet because this church has been repaired and restored, and repainted after old models, it is considered quite a demonstration of return to Catholic ideas and feelings. How little they know of Catholic truth who can so judge! Alas! these things are but as the mint and the cummin, while the others, that are neglected, are the weighty things of the law. Look at the ancient canons, prescribing different degrees of penance for the casual spilling of a drop from the chalice. The decree on this head in the canon law is there attributed to Pope St. Pius I., but more probably belongs to Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury. (Dec. 3rd, P. De Consec. Dist. ii. cap. xxvii. *Si per negligentiam.*) Where there has been decided negligence, a penance of forty days is enjoined, besides the priest's having to wipe with his tongue the place on which the precious drop has fallen. The rubrics (De Defectibus, x. 12–15) specify most minutely what is to be done in cases of any accident to either consecrated species. St. Charles Borromeo, in consequence of such an accident, abstained for several days from the celebration of the divine mysteries. Surely the conduct of the Catholic Church and of the Anglican cannot indicate anything like identity, or even similarity, of belief, respecting the Blessed Eucharist. And if only one of them can be allowed to hold the real presence, Solomon's test—not here of maternal, but of filial affection—will easily decide between their respective claims.

festivity, the means whereby it can be conducted, the objects toward which it may be directed, are all bound up together by that unity which, to be anything worth, must be Catholic, Catholic in the widest sense, as embracing in its universality heaven and earth. Only through that communion of saints, which brings men in the flesh into living association with spiritual beings, can those feelings be stirred up, from which gladsome commemorations of them, or celebration of great mysteries, spring. The vesture of the Church, that is, her variable ritual, sparkles as with gems, some of greater cost and brilliancy, others serving but for embroidery and every-day adornment; but they must seek in vain to fit them on again, and have them shine, who have first rent, and then stripped off her, this her seamless garment. She is as the spring, and scatters flowers along her path, wherever she treads; as the season advances, new and fresh ones rise beneath her feet, flowers of holiness as of loveliness; but it is only the dew of Hermon that can feed them, the dew which only falls where brethren dwell together in unity.* The attempt of an English nobleman to revive them in the national Establishment, reminds us sorrowfully of those little gardens which children in Germany love to make upon the graves of their departed friends, by studding them over with flowers plucked from the neighboring fields. There indeed they had roots and lived; but here they can only

* Ps. cxxxii.

look pretty for a time, then fade and die, to point the moral of a comparison between the flower above, and the flower beneath the sod.

So will it be with holydays introduced by act of Parliament, or by private speculation; nay by that Church even which has destroyed every emotion that can suggest them, has quenched the sympathies, and untoned the harmonies, necessary to enliven them, has long disused her people to jocund sounds, and cannot bring back these lost feelings without bitter self-condemnation. Till she is prepared to make this, she must sit under the yoke of her own forging, and weep over the desolation of her own making. She may exhilarate the people by a passing effort; she may throw this, her body of death, into a galvanic spasm, that looks like a gambol of joy; she may mistake convulsive twitches for smiles, and a ghastly glare of the eye for the rekindled flash of life. But dead, heavy, and lumpish will it fall again, so soon as the wires now applied to it are withdrawn; unless advantage is taken of the momentary artificial life, to dart into it once more the living spark—the Catholic soul, which, restoring it to unity and its privileges, will put the garland into its hand, and the canticle into its mouth, and give it place once more among the children of God.

We have said "the desolation of her own making." Truly, "viæ Sion lugent, eo quod non sint qui veniant ad solemnitatem."* But who has

* Thren. i. 4.

made them mourn? No foreign invader, no princely oppressor, no plague, nor famine, nor prophet's curse. But it was a part of the plan which made her a national Church, which purged her, as she vaunts, from errors, and rendered her more holy and apostolic; so at least speak her bishops and her legislators. It is the designed and well-accomplished scheme of those who pretended to be her fathers in Christ. "Dixerunt in corde suo cognatio eorum simul: quiescere faciamus omnes dies festos Dei a terra."* It was a deliberate sin, and that sin must be expiated and repaired. It is in the power of England and its rulers to bring back once more all that is now regretted as lost; but there is only one way. ENGLAND'S FIRST NATIONAL HOLYDAY WILL, AND CAN ONLY BE, THE BRIGHT AND GLORIOUS DAY WHICH SEES HER RESTORED TO THE COMMUNION OF CHRIST'S CHURCH CATHOLIC.

* Ps. lxxiii. 8.

ESSAY ON THE

MINOR RITES AND OFFICES OF THE CHURCH.

PART I.

(From the *Dublin Review* for August, 1843.)

ART. XI.—*The Manual of Devotion.* By AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPPS, Esq. Derby: 1843.

WHOEVER views, from the outside, any building which Protestant piety, no matter of what class, has raised for purposes of worship, can at once divine the form and arrangement which the interior will exhibit. Whether church or meeting-house, it imports not, whether it be a square brick building, with staircases and gallery-seats staring out of long, round-headed windows, or a stone edifice, that shams aisles along its sides, thrusts out a mean chancel at one end, and pokes up a stunted tower at the other; when you have skimmed over the outer elevation of either, you have planned the inside; you know at once that the inner surface of every wall will run flatly parallel with the exter-

nal, that the whole body will be crammed with pews or seats, and that the pulpit and communion-table (or a pulpit alone) will stand where you at once see and know that they must stand. This is quite natural. The building must be according to the religion. Monotony in the one must give monotony in the other. Morning prayer and evening prayer, sermon or lecture, are at best but slight variations of the same theme; Sunday service and week-day service are but trifling modifications of the same type. We are amused, nearly every week, by the gravity of rubrical and liturgical questions raised in Anglican periodicals: what prayers should be said at the *lettern*, and what at the *fald-stool*, what at one side of the communion-table, and what in front of it. To a Catholic, such discussions truly appear like child's play; and we are tempted to think how the Sacred Congregation of Rites, at Rome, would smile, first to see such matters become newspaper topics, and then to observe the vast importance attached to them. Alas! the mysticism is fled forever from the congregation of such churches, which alone can give value to these variations in rites; the spiritual symbolism is no longer valued, which only can stamp dignity and meaning on such trifling ceremonials.

But we are forgetting that we have yet a counterpart to draw to what we have represented. Look on the outside of a finished Catholic church, cathedral, collegiate, or parochial, and you will not conjecture, with certainty, what awaits you within.

The grand lines will not deceive you. The cross, which the lofty ridges of the towering roofs describe, tells you, at once, of the sublime and awful mystery which is to be there celebrated. But round it, and principally round its noble head,—like the glory with which the Christian painter would ever encircle its prototype,—are clustered other minor buildings, separately and minutely elaborate, richly-chased gems set in the crown, each apparently the choice work of some loving mind, bent upon excelling. And there run forth, and along, secondary appendages, as they seem, of the main building, giving scarce an evidence to the outward beholder of their interior destination and worth. Whence comes all this variety? From the nature of the worship to be performed within. It is varied, as are all those beautiful appurtenances and secondary portions of the sacred edifice. The offices to be performed in them have suggested them; and those offices group round the great and heavenly liturgy, as those smaller and graceful sanctuaries do round the majestic cross. Here is the chapel of the most Blessed Sacrament, *because* the Catholic Church keeps It with great reverence, and often brings It forth to her infirm or dying children, or sets It aloft, as the Lamb upon His throne, to be worshipped and adored by priests and people. There is the Ladye-chapel, *because* holy Church has especial devotion to the ever-blessed Mother of God, and must have a sort of family chapel, for homely pilgrimage, where the pious people of the

congregation may gather at evening, and quietly say their beads, as if in Her society. Here are shrines of saints, in other smaller chapels, because, from time immemorial, their relics or their memories have been much honored in the place; and to give them proper estimation, and to direct attention, separating them from other objects, though sacred, is the proper way: just as a nobleman will put his masterpiece of art in a rich cabinet by itself. And then you have chantries, where family sepulchres are placed, and commemorations of the departed faithfully made, and where the same devout spirit, which rejoiced with souls in bliss, sympathizes sorrowfully with those in suffering.

But our allegory, or image, is not thus complete. As any one can know and comprehend all the inside of a Protestant house of worship by surveying the outside, and as one cannot really understand and estimate the interior of a true Catholic church without going into it, and ranging round its parts, and, if he be a stranger, asking their uses; so, likewise, one may become thoroughly acquainted with all the meagre poverty (called by its fautors, simplicity) of every uncatholic worship, without the pain and misfortune of belonging to it, and mingling in it; while, on the other hand, no man need hope ever to know, understand, or value worthily, the richness and fulness of Catholic devotion, in its many beautiful forms, till he have passed into the interior of its divine sanctuary, and have visited, in its spirit, all its separate, but

harmonizing, parts. We have, in a former article, spoken of the great liturgical prayers of the Church, though far from becomingly; the little volume, which we owe to the zeal and piety of a layman, of one who from the outside has passed into the inside of the Church, reminds us how much remains to be said of those secondary and minor observances of Catholic devotion, which give her a rich variety, and yet the privilege of being known only by those within. "Omnis gloria ejus Filiæ Regis *ab intus*, in fimbriis aureis, circumamicta varietatibus."

The feeling of the age, we know, is all for simplification, for curtailing, for baring everything to its pure essentials. If a machine that has been originally cumbrous in its complication is reduced to half-a-dozen wheels, it is reckoned, nowadays, a great discovery. A gardener is more proud of a tree which, cut down to a few switches, nailed in painful tension to a wall, bears some very choice fruit, than he is of a stately trunk, that tosses its noble head of foliage in the wind. The two great questions of the day are—first, how much of anything (except worldly goods) is absolutely necessary; and then, what is the shortest and cheapest way of getting it. And this is applied to religion; —what are the services essential to be attended? what is the most simple form of having them? Let us answer: "The Sunday's Mass," and so far will be conceded; but then we shall be told,— "Let it be as shorn of its splendor, as meagre of

attendance, and as simple in ceremonial as possible. And so be it with every sacrament and sacramental; let us have all that is absolutely necessary for their efficacy, but suppress all that you can with safety."

It is fortunate that the men who speak thus have no power over nature, or they would be playing sad pranks with her, and teaching her some very summary ways and short cuts, instead of her very complicated methods and slow progresses. And yet the order of grace presents so many analogies to hers, that we should think it might strike any man that it is as absurd and as unnatural to tamper with the spiritual, as it would be with the physical, world. Each is, in fact, a world of life; each has living laws, dependent upon a higher power than man's; each refuses to be trammelled by new and arbitrary ones. Take the plant and its life; upon how many small and trifling things it must depend! Try to simplify them, and you will at once destroy it. Shut it up and feed it with an artificial atmosphere, in which the ingredients are purified of all that interferes with their justest proportions, and you will find it sicken. Make a soil for it upon scientific and chemical principles, and ten to one it will, most ungraciously, refuse to grow. And why? Because its principle of life requires many more things than you can seize or even estimate—little, imperceptible, atomic things, which will escape the keenest eye. You know not what it sucks from the dew-drops that sparkle

on its leaves at morning, beyond what the pure water from the fountain could give; you know not what healthy element it may inhale from the very mist which sometimes envelops it; you know not what refreshment it may draw from the hoar-frost that clothes its naked limbs in winter with a mock efflorescence; you know not what degree of enrichment it receives from the grass that decays,—nay, from the insects themselves that die round its foot. The chance admixture of some stray loam, or sand, or other mineral, in the soil wherein it stands, may minister to its living energies a peculiar subsidiary source of sustenance and growth. Now, in a like manner, the spiritual life may be kept up, and made up. The many lesser ministrations of grace, which seem to us minute, and of very secondary importance, have their value and their efficacy in it, which now escape our notice, but may one day appear as they deserve. It may be a pleasing exercise of the new intelligence to be hereafter granted to the soul, for the full understanding of God's mercies, to see how much of its spiritual growth was forwarded, and how much of its fruit matured, by these smaller means; what latent strength was supplied by a blessing casually but respectfully received; what coming blight washed off by the sprinkled waters which the Church had sanctified; what measure of favor gained by an act of thoughtful reverence as we passed before God's altar; what a buffet was given to the evil powers that would have ruined us, by

the sign of the cross imprinted seasonably on our foreheads: in fine, how much of our advancement in virtue was owing to our constant and devout employment of what others undervalue, and therefore heed not.

It may be said that still we allow these things not to be essential; and therefore that there may be, and are, many in the true Church who belong to the class of persons whom we blame; and are yet no less among its living members: Why, then, should they, or others, be urged to more? We reply by asking: Are these in general the ornaments, the flowers of the Church? They may be living plants, it is true, but are they rich in spiritual fruit? Are they fair and beautiful to the eye both of the faithful and of the separated? Is it among them that we find the instructors of the ignorant, the comforters of the poor, the endowers of charitable foundations, the propagators of truth? Are they not invariably the cold, the worldly, or the sickly, and the lukewarm Christians? The Church of God has the privilege of beauty and loveliness bestowed upon her; would she possess it, indeed, if she had none but these to show? But, thank God, she has something better—she has souls devout, fervent, zealous, and mortified; she has holy religious, active priests, edifying laymen. Now, those who keep up her noble claims to that prerogative, will be found ever to set the highest value upon the minor observances and rites of the Church—will be found most careful in their

use, ever zealous in their defence of them. If then we see, as we always shall, the higher growth in virtue, and the full comeliness of holiness united with these practices, and going hand in hand with their application, should we not cherish rather than undervalue them; increase and encourage rather than diminish them; uphold and vindicate rather than abandon them to obloquy and misrepresentation?

Let us, by way of example, imagine a person who has stepped beyond the frozen zone of Catholicity into its more genial sphere, and has begun to feel its warmth. We speak not of place, but of mind; so that we understand by this, one who has learnt to taste interiorly the abundant consolations of his religion—who goes to the church, not one day in the week, because it is Sunday, but, if possible, every day, because his Lord is there; who approaches the altar, not at certain stated periods, with long intervals, because custom or law prescribes it, but as often as his own hunger after the food that perisheth not, impels him. A heartless Jansenist will perhaps say that such frequency will beget familiarity, and this must be jealously guarded against; and we will say, that it is exactly familiarity which we desire to have and to produce. He will dwell on the epithet "tremendous," prefixed to the holy mysteries, and call out for mere fear; and we will answer, "O sacrum convivium!" He will intone in solemn key the little chapter, "Quicumque manducaverit

panem hunc indigne, reus erit Corporis Domini;" and we will reply by the antiphon, in gladder notes, "O quam suavis est Domine Spiritus tuus; qui ut dulcedinem tuam in filios demonstrares, pane suavissimo de cœlo præstito, esurientes reples bonis, fastidiosos divites dimittens inanes." If the Jansenistic reasoning prevails, there is an end to all we wish to say. The "Sacrament of Love" becomes rather that "of Fear;" the banquet is changed into a medicine, the staff into a scourge, the *viaticum* into a heavy load. The poor wayfarer towards warmth and light—the two rays from heaven—is driven back amidst his icebergs again, to shiver and freeze in the cold and gloomy regions of modern semi-protestantism. But let us suppose that he has had courage to face and go by this moody monster, and to get fairly into the genial pastures of the Church Catholic, and to feed fully upon its truths and feelings; he has begun to love that which makes him love, to enjoy that which gives him joy. He will not easily be satisfied, as he used to be. He begins to think that a means of grace is at his command, which he has not sufficiently attended to. Our merciful Lord has been pleased to institute the noblest and blessedest of His sacraments in a permanent form, which allows one to possess Him, in a marvellous manner, at all times. One may envy the ancient Christians, and almost covet their persecutions, on the condition of being allowed, as they were, to have the Lord an inmate in the house, and rising

before day, partake of Him most familiarly. The house of Obededom was indeed but poorly honored in comparison with theirs. But, even now, if not in our own unworthy dwellings, at least in His own house, we may have Him ever. If we are sick, He comes to us whenever bidden; when we are well, shall we require much pressing to go to Him? Such a thought seems most natural; and whatever is natural to the devout soul has place, of course, in the Catholic system: for this system is, in fact, the nature of the inward and spiritual world.

No one can go into a Catholic country without seeing at once this idea carried out into practice. Every church that can be considered public is left open almost all the day; cathedral, collegiate, and parish churches, and often many others. It is considered a matter of right that they should be so. This, to our minds, forms a lamentable contrast between England and those countries—we mean not Protestant England, but what is Catholic of it. For truly, were the churches left open in the former, merely that strangers might more easily gratify their curiosity, by looking through them, we might perhaps indeed plead our poverty, to call it nothing worse, and say, that as we have no pictures or rich marbles to show, we may as well shut up our comparatively poor places of worship. But the case is not so. There are plenty of country churches in France, or Germany, or Italy, which can boast of no attraction for the eye of flesh,

which yet invite the passer-by to enter, and to pray. And many will do so, especially at the calm evening hour, so suitable to that duty. Now that which attracts them, we possess in our poorest chapels; and if we see them not similarly visited, the fault is in persons, not in things. The same Wisdom hath built a house with us, adorned with the same mystical seven columns; hath spread her table, and calleth aloud from her high citadel on all to enter, to come to her, and to partake. So far there is no difference, then; the difference lies in the obedience to the call. We may throw the blame upon the circumstances in which we live, our country, and times: but it will not do. It must ultimately fall upon ourselves. The feeling is not among us which inspires our brethren abroad. It is not necessary that we should trace the matter further, that we should inquire into its hidden or patent causes, that we should specify where the fault more particularly rests. Let us all at once bear it, acknowledge it, and strive to correct. Let us in every way study to make the house of God more loved, its privileges more highly prized, and its treasures more earnestly coveted. If circumstances will not allow us to throw it open indiscriminately all day, let us, at least, make it at all times accessible to the faithful, and let us teach them what comfort they may find there.*

* [These complaints have no longer the same justice. Many of our churches are now accessible to the faithful, through the day; and they take advantage of the means of grace thus offered, to nourish their piety before God's altar.]

The terms which Catholics soon come to apply to religious practices are no unapt keys to the interpretation of those feelings with which they are to be accompanied. Thus, the familiar expression, "*a visit* to the Blessed Sacrament," so well understood in Catholic countries and Catholic communities contains a depth of faith and of love which long descriptions could not so adequately convey. It declares at once the simple, hearty, practical belief in the Real Presence; not a vague, surmising opinion, not an uncertain hope that the Lord of glory may be there; but a plain conviction that, as surely as a king dwells in his palace, and may be there found by those who are privileged to enter in; or rather, that as certainly as He Himself dwelt once in a stable, making it His first palace upon earth, and was there "visited" by kings from a distance, and by shepherds from the neighborhood; that as truly as he abode in the houses of His friends, and was "visited" by Nicodemus for instruction, or by Magdalene for pardon; so really does He now dwell among us, in such sort as that we may similarly come before Him and have recourse to Him in our wants. Nothing short of the liveliest faith in the mystery could have introduced, or could keep up, this practice. But the term is likewise the offspring and expression of love. It implies a certain intimacy, if one may use so homely a term, with him to whom it is applied. It gets us beyond the dark regions of awe into those of glowing affection; it raises us up above the crouching attitude of Israel's

children at the mountain's base ; nay, carries us straight through the clouds and lightnings at its side, to the silent radiant summit, where God and man meet face to face, and discourse together as friends are wont to do. Yes ; chamber devotion is doubtless good ; the still domestic oratory at home, with its little tokens of loving piety hung around,—trophies often from a holier land,—is very composing, soothing, and devout. But the great and generous thoughts of Catholic heroism are conceived, or rather inspired, at the altar, where the adorable Sacrament reposes ; there, depend upon it, in silent prayer, the noble damsel in heart rejects the world and its vanities, and plights her troth to the spouse of her chaste heart ; there the young ecclesiastic, bowing in meditation calm and sweet, muses on the triumphs of his schoolmates, over the swords and red-hot pincers of Tonquin, and resolves to share their crown of martyrdom ; there, whatever is planned for the Church of God, that requires earnest zeal and persevering energy, is matured and resolved. And there, too, is the heart unburthened of its daily load of sin and sorrow, anxiety and distress, with a fulness of feeling that comes not elsewhere ; sacrifices seem easy which, in any other place, would be hard ; and the Catholic soon learns to feel and utter those words which are there most applicable : "*Etenim passer invenit sibi domum, et turtur nidum sibi . . . . . altaria Tua, Domine virtutum, Rex meus, et Deus meus.*"*

* Ps. lxxxiii. 3, 4

But the idea involved in this form of devotion deserves further development; though we have already in part anticipated our meaning, where we illustrated it, by comparison with circumstances in our Lord's earthly existence. We described Him as visited in His blessed sacrament, even as He was in His dwellings when in the flesh. Now the perfection of true ascetic devotion, at least in its first degree, may be said to consist in drawing us as close as possible to our Divine Master, and enabling us to feel near Him, and with Him, just as we might hope to have done, had we been happily numbered among His friends and familiars. But this idea we shall have a better opportunity of expanding just now: we must pursue our immediate subject to its natural termination.

If the principle of private devotion among Catholics be that of coming, as near as possible, to the feelings in faith and love of those who lived in our Blessed Redeemer's society upon earth, the great idea and principle of public worship, in the Catholic Church, is to copy, as faithfully as may be permitted, the homage paid to Him and His Father in heaven. With the Church triumphant she is one; and their officers in regard to praise and adoration are the same. Now, if we look up towards that happier sphere, we see the Lamb enthroned to receive eternal and unceasing worship, praise, and benediction. How beautifully has the pencil of Van Eyck transferred this scene to earth, in his splendid picture, at Ghent, of

"The Adoration of the Lamb." In it all the tribes of earth, and all estates of men, united in the Catholic Church, are represented as engaged in admiring, in praising, and in worshipping the Lamb, that was slain from the foundation of the world. And this universality of homage only requires perpetuity, an unceasing perpetuity, to make it a counterpart to the scenes which opened upon John at Patmos. In the Catholic system this could not be wanting. The Church would not be content with opening her sanctuaries all day, to such chance worshippers as devotion might lead to them, even though she might know that no hour or minute would elapse during which some one or other, in her vast dominions, would not be engaged in such exercise of prayer. She would not even leave this duty of perennial homage to those communities, who, distributing the day and night into various portions, some at one hour, some at another, no doubt fill up the entire space with holy services. Through every season, and through every day, she would have, ever going on, a direct uninterrupted worship of her Lord and Saviour, as the adorable victim on His altar-throne.

For this purpose, in large towns, where there are a sufficient number of churches, the entire year is portioned out among them, in spaces of eight-and-forty hours, an interval which has given the name to the devotion of the *Forty hours' Prayer*. No expense is spared, no pains neglected, to make

this sacred rite as solemn and as devout as possible. The church is richly adorned with tapestry and hangings, while the daylight is excluded, not so much to give effect to the brilliant illumination round the altar, as to concentrate and direct attention towards that which is upon it, and make It, like the Lamb in heaven, the lamp and sun, the centre of light and glory to the surrounding sanctuary. After a solemn mass, and a procession, the blessed Sacrament is enshrined and enthroned above the altar; at the same moment that, with similar pomp, it is reverently taken down in some other church. Around it is disposed, as it were, a firmament of countless lights, radiating from it, symbolical of the ever-wakeful host of heaven, the spirits of restless life and unfading brightness, that keep watch round the seat of glory above. At the foot of the altar kneel immovable, in silent adoration, the priests of the sanctuary, relieving each other day and night, pouring the prayers of the people, as fragrant odors, before it. But look at the body of the church! No pews, no benches, or other encumbrances are there; but the flood of radiance, from the altar, seems to be poured out upon the marble pavement, and to stream along it to the very door. But not during the day will you see it thus; the whole, except during the hours of repose, is covered with kneeling worshippers. Looking at the scene, through the eye of memory, comes nearer to the contemplation of a heavenly vision than aught else that we know. It

seems to us as though, on these occasions, flesh and blood lost their material grossness, and were spiritualized as they passed the threshold. Softly and noiselessly is the curtain raised, which covers the door, and passed uplifted from hand to hand, in silent courtesy, as a succession of visitors enter in; they who in the street just now were talking so loud, and laughing so merrily, how they steal in, with slow pace and gentle tread, as though afraid to break upon the solemnity of the scene! For before and around them are scattered, without order or arrangement, persons singly or in groups, as they have entered in, all lowly kneeling, all reflecting upon their prayerful countenances the splendor from the altar; and as they pass among them to find place, with what careful and quiet step they thread their way, so as least to disturb those among whom they move; and then drop down upon their knees too, in the first open space, upon the same bare stone floor, princess and peasant, priest and layman, all equal in the immeasurable distance between them and the eternal object of their adoration. In no other time or place is the sublimity of our religion so touchingly felt. No ceremony is going forward in the sanctuary, no sound of song is issuing from the choir, no voice of exhortation proceeds from the pulpit, no prayer is uttered aloud at the altar. There are hundreds there, and yet they are engaged in no congregational act of worship. Each heart and soul is alone in the midst of a multitude; each uttering its own

thoughts, each feeling its own grace. Yet are you overpowered, subdued, quelled into a reverential mood, softened into a devotional spirit, forced to meditate, to feel, to pray. The little children who come in, led by a mother's hand, kneel down by her in silence, as she simply points towards the altar, overawed by the still splendor before them; the very babe seems hushed to quiet reverence on her bosom. The hurried passer-by, who merely looks in, cannot resist the impulse to sink, if only in a momentary genuflection, upon his knee; nay, even the English scoffer, who will face anything else, will not venture to stalk, as elsewhere, up the nave, heedless of others' sacred feelings, but must needs remain under the shelter of the doorway, or steal behind the shadow of the first pillar, if he wishes to look on without partaking. But more forward, or in the recesses of the aisles, how many you will find, who have not merely entered in to pay their passing evening visit, but who have spent their hours in that heavenly presence, where they seem to breathe the pure air of paradise. To them it is, indeed, "the house of God, and the gate of heaven!" It does one's spirit good even to look again upon such hours, through years of distance and miles of space; it recalls to mind emotions deeper and tenderer than we may hope for here; it makes one almost envious of those whose privilege they are. Never shall we forget the first evening that we were admitted to enjoy it. It was, indeed, a sumptuous church, though its rich

marbles were draperied over, in one of the fairest cities in Italy.* But though we have since seen many more costly and more spacious, it has retained in our memory a charm peculiar to itself, a distinctive character impressed by the solemn circumstances under which we first saw it, an affection and interest, which none other has been able to supplant.

But we must hasten on. As night closes in, will there not be danger of this worship ceasing? The last visitors have retired, the sacristan is locking the gates, the poor who have the privilege of asking alms at the door have ceased their pious appeals—for it is right that charity should be exercised at such a place; and where should the lame and the blind sit to ask it, rather than at that gate which of all others best deserves, for the time, the title of "the beautiful?" Still the piety of the faithful is neither exhausted nor fatigued. While equipages are rolling through the streets, conveying the worldly to and from places of entertainment, and long after they have ceased their din, there is one carriage, at least, which is busy all night with a better errand; which, at stated hours, may be seen to set down at the church a relay of night watchers, and to take to their homes those of the preceding hour. Pious confraternities devote themselves to this, as well as to other deeds of piety; and carry on the godly work for centuries, night after night, without newspaper advertisements, dinners, or steam excursions.

* [Santa Maria della Vigne, at Genoa.]

Why are we precluded from this truly heavenly devotion, this angelic service? Shall it be the old story—"we are not ready for these things—our people don't understand them—we are too poor for such functions;" or—we hesitate again to state the objection—"they are not essentials, they are not necessary, and we can go on, as we have done, without them." Yet, we may boldly say, that if any country under the sun has, more than another, a want of such a devotion, it is ours. Here, where, in three hundred years, more churches have been desecrated, more tabernacles profaned, more altars broken, more impious blasphemies uttered, more sacrileges committed, more perjuries pronounced against the Blessed Eucharist, than in the entire world else, since the days of Berengarius; here, where more consecrated plate, sanctified by the contact of the most precious gifts, stands on the tables and sideboards of princes and nobles, than brought a hand to write judgment in the banqueting-hall of Balthassar; here, where alone denial of this most holy institution has been made a public, a legal, a national, a royal act; here, where this Holiest of Holies has been chosen as the favorite object of the profanest treatment, pierced by the jeer of the scoffer, beaten about in the unholy language of itinerant declaimers, crowned with ignominy from pulpit and platform; —here, surely, if anywhere, should loving hearts conspire to atone and compensate, by holding the heavenly Mystery in perpetual homage, and never

allowing one moment to pass, in which adoration, and benediction, and glory, are not openly and solemnly bestowed on It. There is, indeed, in England, one community, and we believe only one, in which the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Eucharist is carried on. There is abroad a religious order devoted exclusively to this holy purpose. But the house of which we speak has obtained the special privilege of uniting it to the rule of St. Benedict; and day and night, some of the sisterhood watch in prayer before the altar. But this does not meet our wants. We should have something more general, more national. It is true that no single town could carry on the devotion as it is abroad, throughout the year; but what is to prevent the entire country combining for the purpose? Could not a sufficient number of churches be found (one hundred and eighty would suffice, and in England there are five hundred),* of which the congregations would agree, with assistance perhaps from their neighbors, to bear the moderate expense necessary for it, and to devote themselves, according to their ability, for eight-and-forty hours to watching and prayer? The distribution of days might then be made, so that the worship should pass over the whole country, returning to different neighborhoods at stated intervals, so as to satisfy the devotion of the faithful everywhere. If twice the number of congregations would enter into it, the perpetual adoration could go on in two

* [Now, thank God, six hundred.]

distant places at once, and so on in progression. Uniform rules might be laid down; for, in fact, there is no point on which the sacred Congregation of Rites has been more explicit than on this. And soon should we see the devotion of the faithful towards the sacred mysteries receive a new impulse, and burn up in a brighter flame. We hesitate not to say, that it would shortly become a favorite form of worship; and every one would long for the time when it would return to his own church or chapel, or into his neighborhood at least. We might then indeed feel that we were trying to do something towards wiping off the long scores of treason and insult run up by our country, and hastening the time of merciful visitation, by propitiating the measure of wrath that yet remains.*

* [Although this appeal was not responded to when first made, we may hope, as yet, to see it successful. It is, at any rate, a consolation to have made a beginning by the establishment of the Forty Hours' in London, during Lent. For three years this devotion has been attended with increasing fervor, and with both consolation and profit to every class of the faithful. Indeed, it is not too much to say that it has transformed Lent into a season of spiritual enjoyment, and has made the metropolis, during it, little inferior to a Catholic city, in opportunity for religious improvement. As a further illustration of the text, I take this occasion of adding an extract from the Pastoral, by which this holy practice was introduced into London :—

"As this devotion, called the Forty Hours' Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, is as yet but little known in this country, we will proceed in a few words to explain it, premising no more of its history than to say that it was first instituted at Milan in 1534, that it was thence introduced into Rome

But even if it be not in our power as yet to establish this beautiful devotion among us, which

through the instrumentality of its great modern apostle the holy St. Philip Neri, and was formally sanctioned by Pope Clement VIII. in 1592, in consequence, as he says, of the troubled state of Christendom, and the sufferings of the Church.*

"As a condition of the Incarnation of the Word, an exchange was made, not unequal, between earth and heaven. We gave to it, not only the spirits of the just made perfect, in the glorious choir of Saints who fill the seats of fallen angels, but, in anticipation of the resurrection, one precious instalment of humanity glorified, in Her the spotless, who rules, in the very body, over the hosts of angels, as their queen. But even higher this our flesh has penetrated, yea into the very sanctuary of God's light inaccessible. For in the very midst and centre of that dazzling radiance, towards which blissful spirits bend gazing and adoring, is to be seen the gentle 'likeness of the Son of Man,'† in all things resembling us. And in return, heaven has bestowed on earth, not merely communion between us and its happy citizens, but the permanent dwelling of God among us, who under the name of the Emmanuel, or 'God with us,' lives ever in the midst of His Church, to be the direct object of our adoration and love.

"And so it comes, Dearly Beloved, that heaven worships now the nature of man indivisibly united with the Godhead, and earth adores the Deity, joined inseparably to our humanity, in the Person of the incarnate Word. Hence is our worship and theirs but one; one in object, one in value, one in sentiment, one, if possible, in form. For so identical, through out this communion of Saints, is the essence of divine worship, that the very mode of its performance necessarily becomes similar, not to say, one. So that in reading the glori-

* Raccolta di Orazioni, etc. Rome 1841, p. 181.

† Apoc. i. 13.

we will not easily believe, we cannot give too much encouragement to what, in part, attains the

ous visions of heaven's sanctuary, thrown open to St. John, it becomes difficult to determine whether he there beheld counterparts to what the Church had already instituted upon earth, or types which served her, under apostolic guidance, for the framing of her ritual. But rather would we say that the same divine instinct guided both, and taught angels in heaven, and saints on earth, to adore and to love with the same outward expression. And so the whole forms but one Church and one worship. There is one altar in both, beneath which the slain of Christ rest, and on which the same Victim Lamb reposes; one censer from which prayer rises fragrant, from minister's to angel's hand; one bench of venerable elders, that sit or fall prostrate in rich array around: one choir, one song, one voice, one heart, one mind.

"In one only respect would these services appear to differ: that theirs is perpetual, uninterrupted, unceasing; that the thrice-repeated 'Holy' echoes ever through those golden vaults, while we, only at brief and distant periods, can unite in formal worship. But even here the Spouse of Christ on earth would not be outdone; and wishing to rival the very deathless and sleepless watchfulness of those eyes, that sparkle all over the Cherubim-round the Throne of God,* she has instituted at different periods modes of imitating the unfailing worship of heaven. In early ages she taught her religious, in desert and in monastery, to divide themselves into choirs, that day and night kept up the praises of God in uninterrupted psalmody; and in our days (O happy and heavenly thought!) she has instituted this perpetual adoration of the blessed Eucharist, of Him whom in heaven they so worship, with us present as truly as with them. This it is, Dearly Beloved, that we are going to introduce among you.

"But it is not your Saviour, 'as the hidden Manna'† of

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* Apoc. iv. 6. † Apoc. ii. 17.

same object, and is common to all the Church—THE BENEDICTION of all the minor rites in the

which you partake, that you have here to reverence and love; it is your Lord, your God, triumphant over death for you, yet shrouding from you His overpowering glory, to whom you have to pay your open and solemn homage;—not enshrined in His poor tabernacle, where, because unseen, He is often unhonored, but enthroned, as in heaven, above His own altar, Lord of His own Sanctuary, centre of all surrounding splendor, challenging, with love, deep adoration. Around Him shall flame the hallowed tapers by whose pure ray the Church symbolizes, however feebly, the bright Spirits that shine around His heavenly throne. At His feet earth shall scatter its choicest flowers, as its grateful tribute to Him that bloomed so fair from Jesse's root.* On all sides shall be arrayed whatever of richness and splendor our poverty can collect, to adorn the chosen abode of Him who hath said: 'the silver is mine and the gold is mine,'† and does not disdain any manifestation of our reverence. Hasten then, Dearly Beloved, to bring whatever may be necessary to enrich the solemnity of that happy day, when your Lord, in His kingly progress, shall visit your own temple, saying, 'I will fill *this* house with glory,'‡ and, whether it be splendid or lowly, shall there abide in special state. Give proof to all that come there to visit Him that you prize, you cherish, you love this privilege which He bestows; and that, like Solomon and the people of Israel, you have 'gladly offered all those things'§ which are requisite to its becoming, and even splendid, enjoyment. And 'presently the Lord whom you seek, and the Angel of the testament whom you desire, shall come to his temple.'‖

"Oh! then, go forth with joyful hearts to meet and welcome Him; and leave Him not alone so long as He shall condescend to dwell in the midst of you. From that lofty mercy-

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* Isa. xi. 1. † Aggeus ii. 9. ‡ Ib. 8.
§ 1 Paral. xxix. 17. ‖ Malachi iii. 1.

Catholic Church, there is none more esteemed and loved by devout persons,—none more calculated

seat whereon He hath been placed, from that bright radiance in the midst of which, as a peerless and priceless gem, He hath been set—beauty Himself, essential Light, and matchless Splendor—there go forth on every side, not scorching rays of glory, not burning shafts of might, but a mild and constant flow of holiness and grace, which fills the entire space from roof to pavement with the very breath and air of heaven. Silent and soft, as wave impelling wave of fragrance goes forth and diffuses itself around, that savor of sweetness, that balm of life, that virtue which, emanating from the sacred humanity of Jesus upon earth, healed all diseases.* And from the threshold of this, his palace now no less than His temple, it will pass abroad, and spread itself on all sides, till it reach your dwellings; and, more powerful than that blessing which the Ark of the Covenant (type, whereof you now possess the reality) shed over the house of Obededom,† it will impart to them peace and grace, and welfare spiritual and temporal. 'I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of Hosts . . . and in this place I will give peace,' saith the Lord of Hosts.'‡

"But now it is that you will practise that angelic worship, lost and unknown out of the Catholic Church, the worship of pure adoration. For beyond her pale, men may praise God, or address Him, or perform other religious acts, but they cannot know or make that special homage which His presence, as we possess it, inspires; when, without word spoken, or sound uttered, or act performed, the soul sinks prostrate and annihilates itself before Him; casts all its powers, and gifts, and brightest ornaments as worthless oblations before His altar, and subjects its entire being, as a victim, to His sole adorable will. When first, then, you approach the place where He is solemnly worshipped, as you

* Luke viii. 46. † 2 Reg. vi. 12.

‡ Ag. ii. 10.

to inspire true piety, and to draw down blessings. We know places where several conversions are

humbly bend your knees and bow your heads, let this deep and silent adoration be your first act. Speak not in words; forget all selfish thoughts; repress even all eager longings of your hearts, and receive the benediction of your mighty Lord in solemn stillness; while you, reputing yourselves but dust and ashes at His feet, a nothingness before Him, tender Him the homage of loyal vassals, humbled as the clay before the potter,* as the creature before its God. Then raise up your eyes, those keen eyes of Faith which, through the veil of sacramental elements, see, as John did, 'in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, one like to the Son of Man'†—yea, the adorable Jesus, the king of your souls—and there feast long your sight upon that sacred Humanity which love hath given Him, and with it kindred and brotherhood, and ties of tenderest affection with you. And now speak to Him, but with outpoured souls, with the unrestrained familiarity of warmest friendship, face to face—no longer with the awful Lord, like Moses or Elias, on Horeb,‡ but with them, and Peter, and John, on Thabor,§ where you see Him radiant with His own light, but mild and inviting love.

"Pray to Him now for your own salvation and for that of all mankind. Pray for the exaltation of His holy Church, for the happiness and prosperity of its supreme Pastor, our dear and afflicted Pontiff. Pray for the propagation of the true Faith and the conversion of all in error, and especially of our own dear country. Pray that God will mercifully remove from us the scourges and judgments which we have deserved by our sins, and remember no longer our offences, nor those of our parents, but rather show us mercy, and give to us His good gifts, but principally His grace, holiness of life, and perseverance in His holy service.

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* Isa. xxix. 16.
† Apoc. i. 13.
‡ Exod. xxxiii. 11; 3 Reg. xix. 11.
§ Ps. cxxxi. 7.

attributable to its solemn celebration; and others where not a little has been effected by it, towards

"And then, oh! never think of rising from before Him without thanking Him, from your hearts, for this miraculous institution of His power and goodness, this sweetest pledge of His love. Adore Him now again as the Treasure of your souls, the Food of Life, the living Bread that cometh down from heaven, your Consoler, your Strengthener, your surest Hope in life and death. Speak to Him of the kindness, of the self-abasement, of the immense condescension which he here exhibits; of the untiring affection for poor man which He displays in bearing with so much coldness, ingratitude, and even sacrilege, as this blessed memorial of His death exposes Him to; of the still more incomprehensible excess of love which makes Him communicate Himself daily to us, frail and sinful creatures, as our food, and thus brings our very hearts and souls into contact with His! And offer Him your humble tribute of reverence and love in reparation and atonement for those scoffs, contradictions and blasphemies to which He has long been, and is daily, subject in His adorable Sacrament, and nowhere so much as in this unbelieving land.

"But, Dearly Beloved in Christ, confine not your devotion to the time when the opportunity for this heavenly act of most solemn worship shall come to your very doors. Say rather, 'We will go into His tabernacle; we will adore in the place where His feet have stood.'* Make this, if possible, a daily devotion throughout the Lent—this daily worship of your divine Saviour, in His blessed Eucharist. Fear not to penetrate where His humbler temples stand in the midst of His poor; let your faith guide you beyond the range of your ordinary occupations, and the beat of worldly recreations, holding that spot to be the most noble, the most sacred, and the most highly privileged for the time, in which He is manifested, to be publicly adored."]

Matt. xvii. 2.

exciting a thoroughly Catholic spirit, and keeping fervor alive. Abroad, its hour usually varies with the season. It is made to close the day; when its labors are over, and when the time generally given to exercise and recreation is ending, there are few towns in which the bell of some church or other does not invite those who are returning home to join in the concluding homage of the day. Nay, so great a favorite is this devotion, that if several churches concur in performing it the same evening, they will arrange so as to satisfy the piety of the people, by enabling them to attend at more than one. And so great is the concourse, and so eager the devotion, that nothing is more common than to see the church full to literal overflowing, and the breadth of the street opposite the open door occupied by a kneeling crowd, who thus receive the evening blessing of the Lord of glory, and make an echo without, to the pealing hymn within. What a soothing, delightful end to a day of toil or of anxiety! How reconciled to its pains does one feel through it; and how prepared for the duties of home does one hasten from it! With us, this service is generally joined to vespers, or afternoon prayers; and whether from the inconvenience of the hour, or from some other cause, is often comparatively scantily attended. Perhaps we have not as yet made our people feel sufficiently the beauty and advantage of the service; perhaps it is not always conducted with sufficient dignity and solemnity to impress them

with its importance.* But this matter belongs not to us; all that we wish or have a right to do, is to direct attention to the fact, that equal interest is not felt among us for this most beautiful act of worship, as we find elsewhere. And our desire, here, as in everything else Catholic, is to excite and keep alive a holy rivalry that will not allow itself to be outdone,—to make us look, without foolish national pride, upon the advantages which others have, determined to copy, and so to gain, them. We must assume the decided attitude of Catholics; we have no longer the plea of persecution; we cannot shelter ourselves under the imaginary rights of a national establishment. We belong to the Church Catholic, the *Orbis terrarum* Church,—unfettered and uncompromised; and our aim should be to assimilate, to harmonize, to be of one spirit as of one faith—of equal fervor and piety, as of equal profession and creed.

As another illustration of the beauties which the Church presents to our admiration in her minor offices, we may take the subject of the work before us, which has led us to the consideration of this topic. Its purpose is to recommend the devotion so little understood, nay, often so much slighted, even by good people in our country—THE ROSARY. It is intended as a manual, or guide, for those principally who adopt it, in the modified

* [These reproaches have no longer to be made. Benediction is now a most decorous, as well as a most favorite, rite.]

form which the Church has lately approved, of the *Living Rosary*. In this the various mysteries are distributed among different persons, who thus collectively weave together that flowery crown of exquisite devotion, the *chaplet* (sweet old name, which we would gladly see revived!) that decks at once the divine Son and the Virgin-Mother.

"Digna Parens Puero, digne Parente Puer!"

For a full explanation of this holy exercise, and for an account of its origin, its advantages and prerogatives, we will simply refer our readers to the work itself. It will amply repay them: and they will find, in the meditations proposed to facilitate the practice of contemplation (which forms an essential portion of the Rosary), much tenderness of feeling and liveliness of thought, that will be at once edifying and improving to them.

Ours is perhaps a drier task, more barren and didactic,—to explain the theory of the devotion itself, and so remove some prejudices which we know exist against it. And perhaps the season at which we publish this may not be inappropriate for the purpose.

We have already observed, that a great principle of Catholic devotion is the endeavoring to feel as we should have done amidst the scenes which excite it. The Church in her public offices suggests this idea: she takes us successively to all the great events in the history of our redemption, puts us vividly into them, presents us to the ac-

tors, and instils into us their feelings. We need not enter further into this view; because it is probably not new to any of our readers, and it belongs rather to another subject. But we may observe, that the grand charm, nay, the essential power of St. Ignatius's *Spiritual Exercises*—that treasure of spirituality, that storehouse of devotion, that none can rival—consists in the vivid apprehension of the mysteries of God, which the very senses are made, in some sort, to serve. We are told by Goethe that he trained himself to look at objects with the eye of the great artists; so that in a group he could discern what characteristics Raffaelle, or Guercino, or Michael Angelo, would respectively have seized; and a landscape he would contemplate accordingly as Claude, or Salvator Rosa, or Poussin would have done, each drawing from it a different picture, though all true representations. And so surely, if one wish to contemplate the tender scene of our Lord's nativity, one would gaze upon it through the eyes of those poor but happy shepherds who witnessed it, and try to feel and adore, humbly and lovingly, as they must have done; or one may approach it in the train of the eastern kings, and, with more distant veneration, offer up such gifts as God has granted us. Again, if we go up, in devotion, to Calvary, we may place ourselves in many different positions and aspects: we may look upon THE CROSS from the gibbet of the penitent thief, and take comfort from words spoken towards it; or

we may think of Magdalene, and gaze through her tearful eyes, and feel love, not unmixed with remorse, and perhaps with indignation, too, against the authors of all this woe (alas! ourselves); or we may stand, with John, love predominating over every passion, noting diligently, with the evangelical eagle's ken, every minute detail of sorrow, and every marvellous mystery of charity. And after the glad third day, when HE is risen again, we may find many ways of taking part in so joyful an event: it may be shame and sorrow-stricken, like poor Peter, or with spouse-like eagerness, as Mary addressed the supposed gardener. But surely there is One, who had a share in these and all other such scenes, through whose eyes we should all be glad to view them, in whose heart we should long to feel them. If in the reflection upon another's soul we wish to view the occurrences—joyful, dolorous, or triumphant—through which mercy and glory were purchased for us, there is one "Mirror of Justice," bright, spotless, untarnished, which reflects them in their full clearness and truth. Shall we not strive to look upon it? If these events called up feelings in every spectator, in one breast alone they found depth, and breadth, and strength enough to do them full justice. Shall we not watch and study its heavings and powerful throes? The maternal heart alone could contain the ocean of bitterness, or the heaven of joy, which these various mysteries were fitted to create. And hence the natural

desire of loving souls to be its associate, and to stand with its venerable possessor in sight of all that She saw, in hearing of all that She heard, in observance of all that She laid up in her heart.

Juxta { stramen / Crucem } tecum stare,
Et me tibi sociare
In { fœno / planctu } desidero.*

Now this is, to our minds, exactly the object and practice of the Rosary. The history of our divine Saviour's life may justly be divided into four periods. The first comprises His blessed birth and childhood—bright and joyful days, no doubt, in spite of the sorrows and trials that mingled with them. The second includes the three years of His public mission. The third is short indeed, but full of mighty events, and crowded with awful, yet most affectionate recollections; it occupies but one day—a day of sadness and gloom, but a day in which more was done for man than had been accomplished in four thousand preceding years; *the* day, for which those thousands had run—of renovation of all nature, more wonderful than that of its first creation. Finally, the fourth is the glorious period which commenced at the Resurrection, and is continuing now, and will continue without end. Of these four periods, unquestionably, there is not one which is not overflowing both with instruction and with appeals to our af-

* "Stabat Mater gaudiosa," and "Stabat Mater dolorosa."

fection. But it is clear that the second is more especially devoted to the first, the other three mainly to the last. A triple plea of love is addressed to us by them, a plea which no heart that meditates on them can resist. Now, it is during these especially that we ever have a witness present, who can, better than any one, convey to us the becoming feelings wherewith *we* should strive to contemplate them: perhaps of our Lord's public life an apostle is the best evidence, on whose mind the wonderful teaching of the Mount opened gradually, unfolding mysteries never before heard, or whose amazed senses saw the first awakening to consciousness of the rising dead, and the glad bound of the released cripple, and the kindling glow of the cured blind man's countenance. Or we may go into the hearts of those so benefited, and, spiritually applying their case to our own, try to imitate their sentiments. But while a mother watches over the birthplace of Jesus, or follows His patient footsteps through torments to death, or exults in the triumphs which ensue, no inferior companionship, no smaller measure of feeling, no lower standard of appreciation will be preferred.

This is, then, the devotion which the Church of God proposes to us in the Rosary; the contemplation of the mysteries of this threefold portion of our Redeemer's life, in connection and sympathy with His loving Mother's feelings in each. It is essentially directed to Him; being, in fact, the noblest and perfectest mode of meditating on

Him. There is still another view of it, which, it strikes us, will facilitate and endear its practice to many; and therefore we will venture to unfold it.

The Church realizes to the utmost the communion of saints, by making the intercourse between earth and heaven as vivid as possible. The exclamations of the old Christians at the martyr's tombs were as bold and direct as though they had been addressing the confessors in prison. And the Fathers represent them to their hearers, as though present to them, defending their cities from visible enemies, and actively interesting themselves in their welfare. It is only doing in their regard what she wishes to make us do, towards their Head and Lord—give the greatest possible reality to her belief concerning them. She existed in the small apostolic college, and the handful of disciples who enjoyed our Lord's society on earth; the pious women from Galilee, and the few like Joseph of Arimathea, formed her laity, as the others did her clergy. She increased in multitudes, but she strove to alter not in feeling. What the apostles felt towards their Master they continued, no doubt, to feel after He was ascended—the same veneration, the same love, the same trustfulness, the same desire to imitate Him. And these feelings they would leave as a legacy to their successors; who, in their turn, would continue to *them*, after they had sealed their testimony, similar attachment, similar respect. Could Polycarp fail, to the end of his days, communing

spiritually with the beloved disciple John, by passing again and again, in holy meditation, over the many happy hours during which he had heard him recount every incident witnessed by him in his Saviour's life, and listened to the fervent accents of charity in which they were related? The same kind of communion, only more exalted, and more deeply respectful, we may easily suppose to have been kept up by those who enjoyed in life the familiarity of our blessed Lady.

It has often struck us that many who, in latter times, have not scrupled to use the coldest, and even disrespectful, language respecting her, would shrink from the idea of acting similarly towards her had they lived in her day, and had her near. When, particularly, we have heard the indignation of fancied zeal break from female lips against any respect being paid, or devotion expressed towards her who is the peerless glory, the matchless jewel of her sex, we have been led to think how differently the heart that gave the tongue such utterance would have felt had its compassion been claimed by the venerable matron, whose bereavement of the best of sons had been caused for its sake. Many who can speak unkindly of her in heaven, would have melted into compassion over her on earth; would have kissed with deep reverential awe the hand that had lifted from the ground and received into a maternal embrace the same sacred body, just born and just dead—the infant and the corpse; and would have deemed it a privilege inestimable, if

granted them, to listen, low upon the ground, to her many tales of joy and sorrow,—glowing in her delight, and softening in her grief, and exulting in her triumph. That some holy souls partook of such happiness, no one can doubt. During the years that she survived her Son, she conversed with His and her friends, an object surely of affectionate regard and deep veneration. And of what would she discourse so willingly and so well, as of Him of whom her breast was ever full? Or, how would they express their love better than by making Him their theme? How easily does the imagination depict the scene of some faithful follower, like Luke, anxious to have accurate knowledge of all things from the beginning, making inquiries concerning the earlier periods of our Lord's life; and then listening to the marvellous history most sweetly told;—how fair and reverent the Archangel came, and how her heart fluttered when she heard his salutation, and how her soul overflowed with consciousness of unheard of grace, as she accepted his errand; how wonderfully Elizabeth greeted her, and how their infants mysteriously rejoiced in mutual recognition; how that cold December night was warmed and brightened by the first appearance of her godlike child, and her breast enraptured with heavenly delights, as He thence drew His first earthly nourishment; how holy Simeon proclaimed His dignity, and showed Him honor in the temple; and how her three days' tears were dried up, when she found her lost Son, sitting

mild, and radiant with celestial wisdom, amidst the old men of the law. What looks, what emotions accompany the recital! With what breathless respect is it drunk in by the future evangelist! Or, we may fancy John more privileged to tread upon that tenderer ground, on which both have walked together,—the path of the cross, on some sad anniversary, dwelling with her upon each afflicting event, recalling faithfully every sacred word, till she voluntarily felt over again the sword of grief which had pierced her soul. And then would not change the theme, and pass over to the bright Sunday morning, which saw him rise from the grave to comfort the sharers of His sufferings, and to how He mounted before them all to His proper seat, at the Father's right hand, and thence sent down His holy Spirit on them? And who would now restrain her thoughts from following Him in spirit thither, and casting up a wistful glance towards the resting-place for which she longed, in which she saw Him, her sovereign love, prepared to receive and crown her, when the fulness of her time shall be complete, and the perfection of her patience manifested?

Now, a contemplative mind, deeply, affectionately contemplative, not envying, but striving to copy, those who had such singular happiness as we have described, will find in the holy Rosary the opportunity of most nearly approaching it. Looking at the Blessed Mother of God as only removed in place, not in affection,—changed in situation, not

in heart,—he will love to entertain himself with her, as he would then have done; will fix his eye on her, as he discourses with her, in a devout salutation and prayer, upon each of those mysteries, successively, in which she had such an interest. Instead of the barren and distracting form of prayer, which some complain they find it, they will thus discover in it that mine of spiritual riches, and that sweetness of consolation which we know all those saints have found in it who have been particularly distinguished for their piety and devotion towards the life and death of the Son of God, as well as towards his loving Mother.

We may be asked—Is this what may be called the *popular* understanding of this devotion, and is it thus that the poor in Catholic countries practice it? We answer—It is, as far as their capacity goes. They know that each decade in the rosary has reference to a particular mystery, and their catechism has taught them exactly to know them all; and whenever the rosary is recited in common, the contemplation of each is expressly suggested. And this advertence is necessary to gain the indulgences granted to the devotion. They direct, therefore, their attention to the proper mystery, and say their prayers in its honor; this is sufficient. Ignorant persons cannot meditate as well as the more instructed; nor do they equally understand the words of prayers, or lessons from scripture read to them. But their good-will and fervor do more than make up for this. Happy

should we be, if we could plead the same excuse! What we have wished to do, is to recommend this devotion to those who fancy it insipid and unprofitable; by showing that the most spiritual-minded may find in it much food, wholesome and strengthening food; most sweet and delicious too. But we must likewise add, that we have another ground for loving this devotion, and encouraging all to it,—those even who find it difficult to realize in practice what we have said. It is because it is the devotion of the poor among Catholics, the devotion of the lowly, the ignorant, the afflicted, the humble beadsmen, the *pauperes Christi*. It is with theirs that we wish *our* prayers to be judged, not with the Pharisees'! We dread the thought of being one day interrogated concerning them, as men of education, men of information, book-men, that looked down upon the poor pilgrim at the church-door, who could only repeat his *Paters* and *Aves*. We look with fear to being asked, what we drew out of our silver-clasped, velvet-bound prayer-books, that the simple old peasant at the bottom of the church did not get out of her beads, which we despised? Whether we have thence become more earnest, more fervent, more humble, more devout? We like not that sentence of an ancient father, "Surgunt indocti, et rapiunt regnum Dei; et nos cum nostris literis merginur in profundum." So will we be pleased to be reckoned among the poor, and ask to be held to have prayed with them.

ESSAY ON THE

MINOR RITES AND OFFICES OF THE CHURCH.

PART II.

(From the *Dublin Review* for June, 1844.)

ART. IX.--1. *The Roman Pontifical for the use of the Laity.* Latin and English. Derby.
2. *Itinerarium Clericorum.* Latin and English. 1844.

IN a former paper we claimed the attention of our readers to matters of a semi-liturgical character, under the title of "Minor Rites and Offices;" and we have been happy to find that our hurried and almost crude suggestions have not been unfruitful. Indications have reached us, from many quarters, of a strong desire to introduce the beautiful devotion which we there described, whereby perpetual adoration is given to our Blessed Redeemer in His sacrament of love. We cannot indeed but hope, after what we have observed, that before long, something systematic and properly sanctioned will be proposed, for carrying what we ventured to suggest into execution. We thus feel

encouraged still further to pursue our excursion into this field of ecclesiastical and devotional recreation; wherein, unfettered perhaps by positive duties or injunctions, we are at liberty to ramble where we will, and find delight in objects left somewhat to our choice. Our object, in fact, in treating of such matters, is not to inculcate obligations, but to excite a love and relish (if it be given us to succeed) for practices long suppressed among us, by the unnatural and pent-up existence to which we have been doomed, and which, being unessential or unnecessary, will not always revive without an impulse. One thing ever consoles us: the Catholic fire requires but little to light up its flame. It may seem to have fallen low, it may have sunk into the ashes, it may have dwindled to a spark; but even so, one vigorous and generous breath suffices to arouse its fading energies, and make it burn again, as kindly and cheeringly and brightly as before. England is a sufficient proof of this. A few years have seen the revival, not merely of the more solemn religious offices, which the evil times had forced us to suspend or greatly to obscure, but likewise of many lesser observances, which require more than liberty,—taste and relish for such things,—before they can well be followed. It has been with these holy practices as with the ornamental accessories to the essential parts of sacred buildings. We have always preserved the altar; but it was the altar of our captivity, in mourning, in abjection, in un-Catholic plainness,

to use no harsher word: we now begin to aim at something more,—at ornament, even at splendor, to our utmost reach.

It is not, therefore, a fastidious, discontented spirit—that craving after more than we have had till now; it is not an innovating, factious love of change—that striving after much till now neglected, and resting not till it is recovered. The Catholic religion aims at universality in every way: it seeks to pervade all space, all life; all bodies and souls; all manner of actions; all seasons and times. Earth and air and sea can feel its power, can be bound by its charms, can hear its voice. It consecrates the mountain-tops by its Lavernas, its Vallombrosas, its St. Bernards; it blesses the hill-sides by its quiet hermitages and rural chapels; it sanctifies the valley by its noble monasteries and goodly churches; it blesses the fields with its solemn procession and litany-chant, where others "walk the bounds," in merry sport;* it dedicates the new house with holy aspersion and priestly blessing, where others will give a house-warming with carouse and dance. The ship that is launched, to see the wonders of God in the deep, is prepared for its perils, not by the bottle of wine broken on its bows, in mockery of "christening" (for so it is called), but by the

* "And while we walk, good hearty talk
We lads will never lack, sir."
—"Beating Bounds," in Songs and Ballads for the People, by the Rev. John Neale.

Church's prayers, recited by her ministers. And may not one think that Venice—the sea-queen—held her dominion by the tenure of her yearly espousals; when the Bucentaur went forth, with prayers and benedictions, to claim prosperity for her noble argosies; when no freight ever returned from the East without a column or a gem, or some rich stuff, or a relic for St. Mark's; when her fleets bore pilgrims and crusaders to the Holy Land, or ransomers of slaves from paynim bondage, or missionary ambassadors to Tartary and China; and waged holy war with the corsair and sea-robber? For in those days, sea as well as land was a province of the Church's vast empire; and if you met a galley in your cruise, it bore a cross or a crescent,—it was Christian or infidel; and if the former, it was proud of its privilege and knew how to assert it. And so likewise the Catholic discoverers of distant lands, where they did not retain their ancient names, showed that they knew their calendar, and felt reverence for holy things, by those names which they gave them—calling them generally from the saint on whose day they descried or reached the island or promontory, or to whom they felt more particular devotion. Instead of which we have now the map of the world, or at least the chart of ocean, studded with the names of successive first lords of the admiralty, or admirals of the red or blue, names often unpronounceable to foreign navigators, and perhaps no less unpalatable. For the saints were

common favorites of whom none could be jealous, and whose names all knew and loved.

But Catholicity is no silent worshipper. If man was made gregarious, his prayer must be choral, and earth and sea must fill the air with their sweet concert, and impregnate its entire space with harmonious sounds. And this in two ways. Sometimes the voices of multitudes congregated together in many places will rise together, as in the public offices of the Church at stated times; sometimes the faithful are invited to join, each where he may happen to be found, in common acts of worship. This latter form of combined praise or prayer is perfectly peculiar to Catholic devotion. But first let us say a few words concerning its harbinger or proclaimer—the good church-bell. Of all musical instruments, it is by far the grandest. Solemn or deep, or shrill and clear, or still better with both combined in a choral peal, it is the only instrument whose music can travel on the winds, can heave in noble swells upon the breeze, and can out-bellow the storm. It alone speaks to heaven as to earth, and scatters abroad its sounds, till in the distance they seem to come but by fragments and broken notes. Every other instrument creeps on earth, or sends its sounds skimming over its surface; but this pours it out from above, like the shower or the light, or whatever comes from the higher regions to benefit those below. Indeed it seems to call out from the middle space which heavenly messengers would oc-

cupy, to make proclamation to man; condescending to an inferior sphere, but not wholly deigning to soil themselves with earth: high enough to command, low enough to be understood. The Levite trumpet had something startling and military in it, that spoke of alarms and human passions: every other vocal instrument belongs to the world (excepting, perhaps, the noble organ, too huge and too delicately constructed for out of doors), and associates itself with profane amusement; but the solemn old bell has refused to lend itself to any such purpose, and as it swings to and fro, receiving its impulses from the temple of God below, talks of nothing but sacred things, and now reproves the laggard, and now cheers the sorrowful, and now chides the over-mirthful. But how shall this be done, without articulate utterance? In no wise, certainly; but this we maintain a Catholic bell hath, but not a Protestant one. *This* has really only one sacred or ecclesiastical office to perform, and that is to call to church. It may to a certain extent tell you what for; that is, you may distinguish when a laughing full-swing sort of a peal of all the bells tells you it is Sunday, from when a more solemn knell summons any idle children or people to look at a funeral. But beyond this, we defy you to say what the bell from the church-steeple tells you: whether that it is the birthday of one of the patron's children, or that the squire's horse has won a race, or that *he* has won his election. Nor can you determine by its

sound what sort of a feast-day it is. One hears as merry a ring on a Sunday in Lent, or in Passion-tide, as on the most joyful festivity. Nay, perhaps some week-day festival may easily slip over, and the iron tongue never wag.

But, as we said just now, this is very different with a Catholic bell, or ring of bells. It speaks as plain as words to the people. "*Suonare a festa, a doppio*, or *a semi-doppio*,"—"to ring *a festival, a double*, or *a semi-double*," are terms as definite in the language of the belfry as in that of the vestry; the steeple is as good as the almanac on the subject. The vespers on the preceding day tell you, from the prelude of their chimes, to what class the festival will belong; and in a town with many churches, you may know, from the merry babbling of the little turret, even a small chapel that intends next day to claim priority in devotion, and therefore precedency in rank. Then, too, you know exactly that in such another the holy benediction is about to be given with the Most Blessed Sacrament; yea, even amidst the din and clatter from many others, that are only ringing "good night" at the *Ave Maria*. So that you may learn when and where to turn your thoughts in prayer, and join those whose hymn of adoration drowns the organ's fullest notes. But all the other bells, too, seem to be understood; for you see the heads of many uncovered, as they proceed homeward from walk or work. Here is one of those cases peculiarly Catholic to which we have

alluded, where the bell has another use beyond that of "ære ciere viros." It is a signal for prayer, without change of place, or of attitude: of a simultaneous prayer, of a short and most expressive, and most beautiful prayer,—THE ANGELUS.

Whatever we said in our first part respecting the devotion of the Rosary, is fully applicable to this, in some respects, its abridgment. For the prayer which concludes it, begs of God to "pour His grace into our hearts, that we who, through an angel's announcement have known of His Son's *Incarnation*, may through His *Passion and Cross* be brought to the *glory* of His *Resurrection*." Here we see the leading mystery of each part of the Rosary, or rather the mystery which gives character to each division, of the infancy joyful, of the passion dolorous, and of the after-life glorious, summarily commemorated. But the rest of the prayer (which we need not describe, as to all Catholics sufficiently familiar) dwells exclusively on the great and fundamental mystery of our Lord's Incarnation, and that in the same manner as in the Rosary, with immediate reference to Her who alone was, of earthly beings, the conscious witness of its being wrought. As everywhere else, so principally here, she cannot be disjoined from her Son, in the contemplation of what He did for us.

That they who cannot "pray always" with the tongue, at least should pray sometimes, seems but consonant to gospel precept. Time was, when

the faithful came to the church at the stated canonical hours, and prayed jointly and publicly. But if we have seen this spirit lost, we should at least preserve jealously whatever savor of it yet remains. If the whole day cannot be seasoned with what would preserve it from corruption, let it, at least, be sprinkled occasionally with the salt of prayer. If the mystical number of the sevenfold office cannot be preserved, the no less consecrated and mysterious triad may be easily observed. And such is the *Angelus:* a short, uniform, common, and, in some sense, public, but withal, in many respects, a personal and private devotion, within each one's reach, wherever he may be; not likely to interfere with any duty, or to interrupt detrimentally any occupation; yet having its stated hours, so as to constitute it a rite or compendious office of the Church. This view of it, independent of any other consideration, should make it be cherished and practised by Catholics everywhere. In all communities this is the case. The bell at the appointed hour gives the signal; and upon it, every occupation, be it of study or recreation, is suspended. The solitary student in his cell puts down his pen, and turns to his little domestic memorials of piety, picture or crucifix, and joins his absent brethren in prayer. The professor pauses in his lecture, and kneeling at the head of his class leads the way to their responses: the little knot engaged in cheerful talk or learned disputation, drop their mirth or their cunning in-

struments of fence, and contend more pleasantly in the verses of that angelic prayer. Nay, even the sport and play of youth and childhood are interrupted, to give a few moments to more serious thoughts. Often have we been edified with this practice as followed in religious houses and places of education; and have admired the ingenuity, if we may so speak, of the Church, in thus securing, at least at certain intervals, the exercise of that duty which cannot be too frequent. But when, further, we consider the object brought before the mind in these few moments, we shall better see the beauty of this daily rite.

There is no mystery, perhaps, in which Grace, not merely in its inward and highest nature, but in its exterior and corporeal form, or in its oral expression, is more admirably and amiably set forth. Yea, and running through all its compound forms of speech, be it gracefulness or graciousness, it is all there. Where has art found a richer vein, a lovelier theme, a fairer rivalry between grace terrestrial and grace celestial, than in the meeting of Mary and Gabriel? From the first dawn of pictorial art, it has been seized upon as one which lent to the pencil the fittest subject for graceful representation. Around the angel could be thrown all the charms of a heavenly nature, clothed in the human form; a benign yet majestic countenance, a commanding but still a reverential mien, ease and dignity not unmixed with admiration and respect. For in the ancient type of this sacred mys-

tery, we see not a fantastic shape, half-clothed in flying drapery, making a descent on a rolling cloud, or perched on it in an academic attitude, and waving the hand with significant gesture, as if about to make a set speech; but the idea that the angel was in this his errand one of "God's ministers" (*Qui facit ministros suos ignem urentem*), suggests at once that he should appear as such are wont to be clothed on earth. Accordingly, he is almost unfailingly represented in ecclesiastical array, never in that which belongs to the celebration of the most sacred rite, but either in the sacerdotal cope, or the diaconal dalmatic. This conventional attire at once removes the figure from all participation in mere profane or fanciful representations; and expresses the connection between the heavenly, and the earthly, Church. For if the Temple that is above, is shown to us as a counterpart of the visible one on earth; if there be an altar there with its oblation upon it, and the martyred saints of God beneath (Apoc. vi. 9), whether this be type or antitype of ours; it seems most natural and most consistent, to preserve to the utmost the analogy thus once given; and if angels administer at that altar, as priest or deacon does at this (Ib. viii. 3), to make them resemble one another, in their garb, as in their office. And, indeed, if in the old law, heavenly apparitions, whether of angelic or of still higher nature, assumed the Levitical attire (Dan. x. 5), we may justly attribute to them now, that of the hierarchy

in the law of Grace. While thus in Christian art, not merely what depended upon the painter's imagination—beautiful lineaments, and graceful movement, but that which was conventional and symbolical, served to give majesty and comeliness to the heavenly portion of the scene; while we may easily conceive, how every effort of feeling and practical skill would be directed to express becomingly the harbinger of grace, the herald of salvation; all this was but subservient to a sublimer and holier representation of her, to whom his errand was addressed.

We may easily conceive the painter, who felt his subject as the old masters did, baffled by what remains. Modern notions would lead to think more of the angel, and less of the angel's queen. How beautifully does the tradition, respecting the picture of the Annunciation, in Florence, contrast with this feeling. The artist had completed the rest of his task, had finished his archangel's head with exquisite feeling, had given to it grace and beauty more than human, had exhausted all his powers; and despaired of giving expression to his conceptions of the holy Virgin, whom the angel was saluting. He knew that he must surpass all that he had done, and produce a countenance more radiant with celestial charms, than even he had given to the angelic messenger. In vain he tried to reach the type of grace which he had framed in his imagination; every effort seemed more abortive, till in sheer hopelessness he gave up the task,

and fell, through the weariness of mind, into a slumber. But when he awoke, to his amazement and delight, he found the figure painted, with such dignity and beauty, and in so wonderful a manner, and in so short a time, that no human hand could have achieved it. Hence it came, and has continued, to be considered as an angel's work. Now, let the reader think what he pleases respecting this legend, it will remain a faithful record of an artist's feelings, at a time when art was a handmaid of religion. It will show how pure, how sublime, was the conception which his mind could form of that virtue, which the angelic salutation set forth, "Hail! full of Grace! the Lord is with thee!" How transcending, not merely earthly, but heavenly beauty in its outward manifestation! Nor was the difficulty only there. The heathen artist had an easy mode of raising his hero or his goddess above humanity, by giving the features an unimpassioned beauty, which seemed incapable of interest in sublunary concerns. But the expression of countenance, which the scene under our consideration required, was very different. To stamp upon the face and attitude the maidenly bashfulness which startles, without loss of dignity, at the unwonted approach of a visitor; the humility which shrinks, without baseness and cowardice, from the proffered dignity; the radiant joy, which receives, without ruffling the serenity of soul, the glad announcement of salvation; to represent a woman superior to an angel, not merely

in body, but in soul, unconsciously filled with the richest outpourings of Divine blessing, the handmaid in mind, in dignity the queen, might well have seemed superior to the power of art, even when ennobled by the highest motives, and supported by the holiest inspirations. Who, that has contemplated this subject as represented by the blessed John of Fiesoli, so justly called "the Angelic," has not felt that it requires a saintly mind to enter into the depths of artistic, as well as theological, mystery, involved in this theme?

The same feeling which suggested the propriety of giving every superiority in it to her in whom "the mystery" was wrought, in place, in character, and in expression, naturally inspired the respective attitudes of the figures; the angel often kneeling as he delivers his message, while the Blessed Virgin is indifferently either seated, or standing, or kneeling in prayer. Protestant minds are sometimes shocked at this relative position; but a Catholic heart seizes its propriety at once. Before the angel's errand is completed, she whom he addresses has become the dwelling of the Incarnate WORD, consubstantial to the FATHER, and true GOD: Him there enshrined he must adore: independent of her superior dignity, well worthy of such reverent salutation. While all that meets the eye in this scene is graceful in the extreme, every other sense seems no less greeted with its corresponding gratification. The flowering lily, which almost invariably springs

from an elegant vase in the modest chamber, seems to diffuse a pure fragrance through it, as well as to symbolize the virginal purity of the atmosphere we breathe; and the scroll which waves in the angel's hand, guides the ear to the sounds that proceed from his lips, the gracious salutation of her "full of Grace."

But it is time that we recall ourselves and our readers from what may seem to be a wandering from our subject. We have wished to show how truly the Mystery selected for a triple daily commemoration in the Church, is the "Mystery of Grace," in all its forms; how it seems to combine, more than any other, earthly comeliness, spiritual beauty, divine excellence; to blend together the human and the angelic, and make a scene which heaven and earth may equally claim, yea, deem worth contending for; wherein every hue and shape, and every sound and accent, every thought and feeling, melts harmoniously into a calm but living picture of the imagination, on which the mind dwells longingly, and seems to say: "Rorate cœli desuper, et nubes pluant justum." For whatever of grace is visible or sensible, seems, and is, but as nothing compared with that which is inward and hidden,—with that dew of heaven which comes "like rain upon the fleece," tempering the breast that clothed, in humanity, the eternal Word, with grace without paragon or parallel, unlimited, unfathomable. So that, well may the Church, after having made us

pass a few moments in lively meditation each day, on so gracious a Mystery, rehearsing minutely its three stages of angelic salutation, of virginal consent, and of Divine operation, conclude by the prayer, "GRATIAM Tuam, quæsumus Domine, mentibus nostris infunde."

Well might the Angelus bell have inscribed upon it,—"Vespere, et mane, et meridie, clamabo et *annuntiabo*,"—(Ps. liv. 18). "At evening, morn, and noon, I will call out, and give the angelic annunciation." For this is truly the order of the ecclesiastical day; and, in southern countries of more Catholic atmosphere, of the civil. With first Vespers comes in the festival; and the *Ave Maria*, with its clattering peal, rings in the new day. We own we like it. We love not the old day to slip away from us, and the new one to steal in, "like a thief in the night," upon our unconscious being, at the hour when ghosts walk, without power to guard ourselves "a negotio perambulante in tenebris;" and when nature, abroad and within us, most awfully personates death. We like the day to die even as a good Christian would wish, with a heaven of mild splendor above, enriched in hue as its close approaches; with golden visions and loved shapes, however fantastically, floating in clouds around; with whispered prayer, and a cheering passing-bell, and the comfort, that when gloom has overspread all, a new though unseen day has risen to the spirit; that the vigil only has expired, that so the festival-day

may break. Then, when we awake once more to sense and consciousness, let the joyful peal arouse us, with the first dawn of day and reason, to commemorate that Mystery which alone has made the day worth living; and greet, with the natural, the spiritual, Sun, the Dayspring from on high that rose on benighted man, and chased away the darkness and the shadow of death wherein he sate. Who does not see and feel the clear analogy? And who will neglect, if it be brought thus to his memory, to shield himself behind the ample measure of this grace, against "the arrow flying in the day," in its sharp and well-aimed temptations. The which, when they have reached their height, and when all the holy dew of morning devotion seems to have well nigh evaporated, we need new succor, and refuge "ab incursu et dæmonio meridiano." At these eventful periods will the Angelus bell call out to us aloud, and make the joyful Annunciation, speaking in angel's words, and angel's tone, to the gladsome, to the anxious, and to the weary heart; gladsome at morn, anxious at noon, weary at eve. Truly, it was a heavenly thought that suggested the appointment of both time and thing. For what can chime so well with the first of those feelings and its season, as the glorious news that "the Lord's angel" hath brought to earth such tidings as his? what can suit the second better than to speak resignation in Mary's words: "Behold Thy servant or handmaid," "fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum?"

what can refresh the third, and cast forward bright rays into the gloom of approaching night, more than the thought, that God's own Eternal Word dwelleth ever among us, our comforter and help? May then the day be not far distant, when at the same holy times, there shall set up from every steeple, such a babbling of well-toned sounds, as may represent the commotion of a believing city, on hearing, for the first time, the announcement of redemption from its Author come within it. There be the grave old men that seriously pronounce, in measured tones, their glad conviction; and there be the joyous little ones that lisp and prattle, and seem to disturb by their shrill din the solemnity of the event. And so shall there be the lordly tenant of the massive square tower on abbey-church or minster, that takes much to move him from his well-poised gravity, but who, when once set a-going, delivers himself of his speech in deep sonorous cadences, which all must hear; and there shall be the puny occupant of the quaint small turret over the cell or chantry, that jerks himself to and fro most briskly, and talks most volubly to every passer by. And if their chimes combine not in harmony, their meaning will join in holy accord, and their mingled music will echo in the depth of every Catholic heart; and the murmured prayer will swell from many lips, and rise to heaven on the choral peal.

But must we wait for the day? Why not make a beginning? In the first place, whenever

there *is* a bell on a church or chapel, surely it fulfils not its office if it remain silent at those stated hours of common devotion. Let us ring boldly, in spite of ignorant inquiries at first; they will lead to knowledge. Let the congregation be taught to understand its summons and reply to them; and first a few, and then many, will join in the delightful prayer which it suggests. Secondly, where this appurtenance of a church is wanted, let it be procured as speedily as may be, and as tuneful as possible, and let the Bishop—for he alone can do it—be prayed to hallow and anoint it, and then let it be hung up in its watch-tower to ward off evil by its holy warnings. But thirdly, why not go somewhat further? There are many houses and families wherein common duties are regulated, as in communities, by sound of bell. Why should not a voice be given to this domestic herald for better purposes? Why may not the sound of the bell, at stated times, invite to spiritual as well as to corporal refreshment; and at its sound the pen might stop, and the piano-forte pause, and the needle be laid down, while all the family unite in the Angelus; and those who are engaged in more homely duties have a momentary respite, to blend the functions of Mary with those of Martha? Enough, however: we have thrown out the suggestion, and we shall not despair of seeing it cheerfully adopted.

We have had so much to say of the bell and its office, that other holy rites connected with it

come to our thoughts. It is like passing from light to shade, to go from the Angelus peal to the funeral toll. Nor are we sure that our readers will be inclined to admit a classification which places among "minor rites and ceremonies" the solemn function whereby the Church commits to their last home the remains of her children. Our reason for doing so is, that it does not belong to the sacramental or liturgical order; but may we not assign another very good reason for such an arrangement—do we not treat it in England as a rite of *very* minor character? Nothing in fact seems to us more fraught with reproach than this circumstance. There is hardly a point on which the feelings of our people want Catholicizing more than on this. Of the thousands that die, how many ever have Catholic burial—in other words *Christian* burial? How many obtain even the poor substitute of a domestic funeral, where a few grains of blessed earth are cast into the shroud, instead of the whole corpse being embalmed in the clay which the first solemn consecration, and the continuous blessings of ages, have made a fitting seed-bed of the resurrection? And of those that are anxious, or whose friends are anxious, that they should have *a good* funeral, how comparatively small is the number who are mainly solicitous about its religious character? How few seem to care whether priest or parson reads a funeral service over them, so that *the thing* is respectable? How few make choice of place, through considera-

tion of holiness? How few trouble themselves about the suffrage of their souls after death?

We ask these questions of course entirely with reference to England. In Ireland it is very different. We know nothing more touching than the piety of the poor Irish for their dead, and their traditionary clinging to the sacred places of rest of their ancestors. It may be true that there have been abuses, which the zeal of the clergy has now pretty well extirpated, in their wakes; there may have been occasionally tumultuous scenes of party conflicts at burials, which afford good materials for writers of Irish romances, fonder of the frailties than of the virtues of men. But the long and silent train that will for miles follow the bier, and join in carrying it, despite of modern churchyard and cemetery tempting on the way, to the ruins of some abbey-church, or the green mound on the site of an old chapel; the respectful demeanor of every passer by; the carelessness about manner compared with the solicitude about place; the true Catholic simplicity of the tombstone inscriptions (still ever running in the old form, "Pray for the soul of A. B."); the care for a full office, and a "month's mind," and an anniversary on the part of the survivors,—these are evidences of a Catholic land, edifying and consoling. But in England it is far otherwise; the funeral arrangements are left to the barbarism of an undertaker, who generally feels about the dead as a salesman does about a beast, valuing him by

what he can make of him; whose sole notions of propriety consist in the frippery and trappings of mourning-coach and hearse, in plumes and scarfs, and idle pomp, and hollow parade, never more disgusting than then; and whose idea of Catholic peculiarities extends not beyond the hideous pewter crucifix or the portentous mitre, like a pair of shears, that he displays in his window. Talk to him of the holy water vat and sprinkler, of the processional cross and candlesticks, of the thurible and incense, all prescribed by the Catholic ritual, and tell him these must be prepared, and he will think that you rave, or at least know nothing of the matter. But of gloves and scarfs and hatbands and hoods, in which he places all the sanctity of burial, he knoweth all the mysteries, *i. e.* the profits. In other words, we have learnt from our Protestant neighbors to treat a funeral as a *civil* ceremony,—as a mark of respect to the bodies of our friends, not as a refreshment to their souls. Were the money which is thus foolishly thrown away, put by (as has been lately, and we think most wisely, suggested), and applied to religious purposes, a fund would be formed of considerable amount, in a very short time. Let the poor of Christ bear the rich man to his tomb, and bless his memory for the bountiful alms which, to be such, need not be a tithe of what would go into the vampire hands of profane and scoffing mutes. Let the humble beadsman, in his guild apparel, drop his prayer into the open tomb, aye

and with it a tear of sincere sorrow and love, for the dole that is dispensed to him and his family. Let the brotherhood, in which he was enrolled, meet at evening to chant their vespers and their matins; and on the morrow return to attend and sing the solemn Mass, and then, with torch in hand, stand round the bier while the sublime absolutions are chanted, and follow the remains to the grave. Let this, we say, be done, but all done as it should be, with the genuine pathos of a Catholic ceremonial, and we are sure the living would profit by it as well as the dead, for whose benefit the rite is mainly intended.

For now this brings us to our point. Very few Catholics know what the burial service of the Church is, and very few consequently set a proper value on it. We trust that when "the Roman Pontifical for the use of the Laity" shall have been published, we shall see it succeeded by a Ritual of the same form; and thus we may hope to see our people gradually familiarized with this and other beautiful offices. The difference between the Catholic and the Protestant burial service is very striking in this respect; that the former is truly a great and sublime comprehension of the terrors and the hopes of the Christian's death and appearance before his Judge; the latter is but an instruction and a consolation for survivors; the one is full of deep and earnest pathos, the other is but a formal lesson, which no doubt is very impressive from the circumstances under which it is

recited; the one transports the thoughts and feelings beyond the grave, fixes them on the threshold of eternity, and bears them up to a corresponding pitch; while the other keeps us standing still in this world, looking as spectators at, and taking hope from, another's fate. The one moreover, verifies the communion of saints, practically establishing interchange of holy offices between the living and the departed; the other pretends to do nothing for them that sleep, but only turns the thoughts to those on earth. How sublime the opening of the Office for the Dead, "Regem cui omnia vivunt, venite adoremus!"—"The King to whom all things live, let us adore!" How appropriate the choice of the Psalms, and how happy their antiphons! How touching the lessons from Job, which, while they describe the sad condition of humanity, of its pains and trials, comfort us for those who have escaped them, and make us long to be dissolved and to be with them in Christ! How beautifully, too, the lauds themselves seem to have their naturally cheerful tone veiled over, with a seriousness which tempers them to that just medium of Catholic feeling, distant equally from melancholy and from exultation! We rejoice in them, but it is with a calm and sober joy. And passing over that more important and most sacred portion of a complete funeral service, the Mass of Requiem, with its sublime *Dies Iræ*, and its appropriate suppressions and modifications so suitable to the occasion, how much more capable of

inspiring comfort and hope is the hymnal expression of these feelings in the Catholic form, than the sententious and didactic manner in which the Anglican attempts to do it! When the corpse is borne into the church, how encouraging the song wherewith it is greeted! "Subvenite Sancti Dei, occurrite Angeli Domini, suscipientes animam ejus; offerentes eam in conspectu Altissimi. Suscipiat te Christus qui vocavit te; et in sinum Abrahæ Angeli deducant te!" Or again, as the body is borne to the grave: "In Paradisum deducant te Angeli; in tuo adventu suscipiant te Martyres, et perducant te in civitatem sanctam Jerusalem! Chorus angelorum te suscipiat, et cum Lazaro quondam paupere æternam habeas requiem!" One would imagine such anthems must have pealed through the catacombs, when the sacred remains of martyrs and confessors were borne along them towards their tombs; so fully impressed do they seem with consciousness of real sympathy between the earthly, and the heavenly, and the suffering Church. But of the Catholic service, the true advantage and recommendation to the believer are, that it contains the intercession of the Church for him, prayers poured forth in her name on behalf of his soul; whereas, if he permit the Protestant service to be performed over him (at least by choice), it is, in truth, an heretical piece of worship to which he makes himself a party, and at best a mark of civility to his coffin, paid by a gentleman in a surplice. The latter is

certainly useless,—but what is the former? We do not see how a Catholic can seriously and conscientiously make up his mind to this unorthodox ministration. We cannot measure the exceeding tenuity of his Catholicity, if on his death-bed he looks back with sorrow on a past life, the irregularities of which he feels are far from atoned for, the duties whereof he knows have been but most imperfectly discharged, the hay and stubble of which he sees must burn awfully before the gold and silver can issue annealed from the furnace; and then coolly orders that, after his death, his body may be laid in some picturesque cemetery, or some newly-built vault, by hands "which drop not myrrh," that is expiation, into his tomb, and by an office in which certainly God and his holy Angels can have no part. We cannot understand a belief in, and a wholesome fear of, the scouring, searching flames of God's purifying crucible, compatible with the cold indifference respecting all that the Church teaches, may send dew to temper its scorching heat. But the true Catholic must wish even after death, as in life, to belong to the Church of Christ. He wishes to see his last hours surrounded and defended by her holy succors, by the prayers of her ministers, by the intercessions of her faithful; and, when his soul is gone to the bosom of its Creator, would fain have even the clay which the Waters of the Holy Spirit have purified, the Chrism of Salvation consecrated, and the Bread of Life nourished, in custody of her who

has lovingly cared for him when one of her earthly children. He can understand the difference between the two faiths,—the real and the pretended mother,—when the one sums up its last office by the warrant-like declaration: "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of His great mercy to take unto Himself the soul of our dear brother here departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground: earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," etc.: and the other begs of God to depute one of His holy Angels to guard over the tomb, and keep custody over its hallowed deposit (in beautiful allusion to our Blessed Redeemer's resurrection), and to preserve its dust from profanation and insult.

It is this Catholic idea which has ever instilled into the true son of the Church a feeling at variance with stoical indifference as to place of sepulture. It was the desire of the ancients to be placed in death near the tomb of martyrs whom they had honored in life; and our Anglo-Saxon kings, more than others, seemed glad to prepare for themselves the enjoyment of a spectacle which St. John Chrysostom describes in such glowing colors,—the rising of the glorious Apostles SS. Peter and Paul from their tomb on the last day; by choosing for their burial-place the porch of their Basilica. It would seem to them as if some protection would be granted them at that terrible moment, by the holy sharers of the common cemetery, and as if the sacred relics, of those who

could raise the dead to life, would communicate the virtue of a happy resurrection of a baser dust that reposed beside them. But how alien from such feelings would the modern cemetery system have appeared, under which a motley heap of persons, bound by no common tie of religious belief, are thrown together,—Christian and infidel; adorer and scoffer of the same God; worshipper and hater of the same altar! How utterly dead the conviction, how extinct the faith, that feels no shudder at being thus laid, as if cut off from all communion of the faithful by death, caring not for the prayer that might be uttered in the Catholic churchyard, over the graves of the sleepers there, or for the sprinkling of the hallowed water on the sod from priestly hand; but only desirous that the pyramid or obelisk over, and the neatness of the shrubs around, the tomb, should attract the notice of the loungers, who go to walk in the pleasant cemetery! There is nothing more wanted, especially in or near large towns, than provision for Catholic burial. The late investigations into this matter have shown that we are the worst provided of any religious body in England with space for fitting interment; and yet we must upon principle be the people who, of all others, attach meaning, value, and spiritual advantage to the place of sepulture. It seems, therefore, a positive duty to turn our thoughts seriously to this matter.

A variety of topics crowd themselves upon us, well worthy of being explained or illustrated. We

should like much to speak, for instance, on the work at the head of our article—the *Itinerarium Clericorum*—a beautiful little office for a journey, prescribed to clerks, but not less appropriate for laymen; or of the recommendation of a departing soul, a prayer of exquisite beauty as well as of touching sublimity; or, again, of the many blessings, of a house, or food, or fields, or of water. To these we might add many others, little known and less practised, yet well worthy of being both. But while want of space compels us to pass over them, we do not like leaving our subject without a few words on one rite; for we know not how else to call it, though a silent one, and, at the same time, a perpetual one. Our readers will hardly guess what we mean; but we allude to the truly Catholic and sound practice of ever keeping a lamp lighted before the adorable Sacrament. Into the doctrine on this subject we are not going now to enter. We will content ourselves with saying, that whoever will look into this part of the matter may be not a little startled by the strong and repeated decrees, which make it clearly matter, not of choice, but of absolute obligation, to keep a lamp burning, day and night, before the place where the blessed Eucharist is reserved. How far absolute inability to comply with these orders may excuse from their observance, *without positive dispensation*, it is not for us to inquire; but of this we feel sure, that nothing short of such a distressing motive can or ought. The pressure of

persecution may suspend general laws; and an understanding, explicit or tacit to that effect, will always exist where it is found. But the Church is endued with wonderful elasticity; and upon removal of pressure, however severe and however prolonged, strives and struggles to regain her former position and bearing. When, therefore, we have felt or held ourselves excused, on the ground of danger, from observing certain matters of discipline, such as we are treating of, it seems to become a serious subject of inquiry, never to be lost sight of, whether or no the time is come for resuming the exacter observance of what has been suspended. Nor can the solution be very difficult; for it consists in ascertaining, whether or no the causes have ceased which formed the excuse. Thus, we have not held ourselves bound, for three centuries, to keep a lamp before the Blessed Sacrament, because this would have only pointed It out, and betrayed It, to sacrilegious foes, and brought death on Its ministers and ruin on their harborers. If so, is this the case now? Will any pursuivant or tipstaff be guided, by the holy lamp before the altar, to accuse us of treason or felony, or to seize and profane the treasure which it honors? Nay, will even a thief be thereby tempted? We know, on the contrary, that such a light has proved a protection from sacrilegious rapine. If then the pleas for exemption have ceased, why has not the exemption?

"Because we are too poor to maintain so heavy

an expense." Our first inquiry, upon hearing such a plea, naturally is, have you really, and with practical views, calculated the expense of such an appurtenance of Catholic worship? Are you aware that a few shillings a year would defray it? We believe there is great error prevalent in this matter; and that in truth there are not many places in England, where, if the true spirit and meaning of the discipline were infused, means could not be found to observe it. It is, in fact, one of the most beautiful symbolisms in the Church. This light, ever burning—burning through the darkness, the silence, and the solitude, of night, —burning in the glare of the most sunny day, in the most crowded service,—most aptly represents the unceasing homage wherewith the Lord of Glory should be greeted in that, His dwelling,—that untiring, unfailing, worship which the heart should pay Him for "mercy, which endureth for ever." That watchful lamp seems to do our duty, and represent our affections, ever glowing, ever bright, in cheerful devotion. It is symbolical too of the ever wakeful homage of the celestial host, who, with unclosing eye and restless tongue, watch and give praise before the shrine, as before the throne, of the Lamb. And it forms, moreover, a just analogy with the enjoined mark of respect in the old law, where the golden candlestick was commanded ever to burn before the entrance of the Holy of Holies. These reflections open to our minds a long train of thoughts in which we would

gladly indulge. To do them justice, we should have to go into a subject very agreeable to us, but requiring some development,—the symbolism of Catholic worship in general, and of sacramental actions in particular. While there is much attention now turned to the symbolical arrangement of churches, and to the symbolical forms of their ornaments, there is, we apprehend, some danger of overlooking the far deeper mysticism of functions, ceremonies and smaller rites. Of this we have abundant proofs in the writings of some late revivers of this species of lore, Anglicans, who seem to think that they have made wonderful discoveries in the symbolism of architecture, but who fall lamentably short of the real depth of mystic knowledge.

For the present, we will take leave of our subject, strongly recommending attention to the last topic on which we have touched; and hoping that before long the piety of the people will not allow the reservation of the most holy Eucharist to be less honored than it deserves, but will provide for every place where it is permitted, the most appropriate, significant and beautiful mark of devotion and love, the lamp unextinguished in the sanctuary, the characteristic of the Catholic altar, the emblem of the day-star that sets not ever —"ille inquam Lucifer qui nescit occasum." *

* [The wishes, here expressed, have been in a great measure fulfilled. There are few churches comparatively now, in which a burning lamp does not shine before the altar of the most Blessed Sacrament.]

ANCIENT

AND

MODERN CATHOLICITY.

(From the *Dublin Review* for Dec., 1843.)

ART. IX.—*A Voice from Rome*, A. D. 1842. London, 1843.

WE should not have thought of noticing this small pamphlet, consisting of letters lately published in the *English Churchman*, were it not that we consider it a type, a representation, of a certain class of views, which we are inclined to treat with respect, though sometimes, we own, it is hard to do so.

In England, we believe we may say, that there are three different systems of ideas of the Catholic Church.

The first is the true one, to which we of course hold with all our souls: that the Church in communion with the Holy See alone represents Catholicity, and that she alone has the prerogative of being the Spouse of the Lamb, and as such "without spot or wrinkle;" that they who would have truth and holiness, must come into her as she is,

without haggling or pretending to make terms; or, Donatist-like, holding out, till she may choose to alter or modify herself to their taste.

The second is that peculiarly happy conception of Catholicity which sees all its attributes and characteristics in the Anglican establishment, just such as it is; which would not for the world disturb an atom of existing things, would not think of transforming the lawn into the cope, or the table into an altar, nor of interfering with the arrangements, domestic, ecclesiastical, or civil, of the clerical body. This is the comfortable theory of public meetings on religious subjects and of Church societies of all sorts; and may be considered as under the especial patronage of the bench of bishops and other dignitaries. Such phrases as "our truly apostolic Church," "our apostolic branch of the Catholic Church," "our pure and primitive Church," are its tocsins and its watchwords. Far is it from our intention at present to disturb their slumbers, who sleep comfortably on this system. It is to the upholders of the third that we wish principally to address ourselves. This is a sort of middle course, not the old (we trust exploded) *via media* system, but one which would fain have a Church moulded between present Catholicity and present Anglicanism. It considers the tone of the one too high, that of the other too low; and it would lower the one, and screw up the other, till both accorded upon a middle note. To what extent each change should

be carried, whether Rome should relax more than England strains, or whether the task should be equally divided, is by no means a settled point. For we suspect, that if those who wish for unity upon this theory were asked, first to settle among themselves the amount of curtailments, modifications, and changes of every sort which would satisfy them on our parts, no two would be found to agree upon the exact line which we must descend to, to meet the alterations in an ascending direction, which they would ask from their own establishment.

And now to our reason for noticing the little work before us. It is the production of one belonging to the last of these classes, and is characteristic of many persons in it. Its purport is to hold the balance between the evil (as its author deems it) and the good, which Rome presents to a two-years' observer. We have heard lately of several English travellers engaged in the occupation that has given birth to these pages; of persons who go about—not as formerly, to gaze on the wonders of modern art, and explore and sketch the remains of ancient grandeur; but to pause, pencil in hand, opposite any memorial of rustic piety, or the more devout, than scientific, images on the walls of the Suburra or of Trastevere, and there, to the astonishment of passers-by, note down the rude and simple rhymes inscribed under them; who enter churches and basilicas, not to venerate the memory and relics of apostles and martyrs that

repose therein, but to spy about, beside and behind the altars, to detect any lurking tablet that proclaims an indulgence. These memorials are carefully noted down, and published as documentary evidence of the corruptions of the Apostolic Church and See. With such materials our author has filled upwards of thirty pages; while, as a set-off, to show his impartiality, he gives us in half that number, an account of the countless and boundless charities of that city, which is as great in the practice of the third, as it is in the mastery of the first, theological virtue.

Now what is the practical conclusion to which such modes of investigation, and their accompanying course of reasoning, are meant to lead? Clearly this: "Rome *may* be the first and mother Church; she *may* hold all the prerogatives granted to Peter; she *may* have right indisputable to the veneration, the love, nay the obedience, of all men and of all churches; she *may* be the true and rightful centre of unity, to which all should cleave, she *may* have been the only preserver of many great doctrines, the only deposit of many holy traditions; she *may* alone have nourished heroic piety, ascetic fervor, virginity, mortification, the spirit of martyrdom; she *may* have exclusively produced down to our times real saints, like St. Charles, or St. Teresa; she *may* unrivalled present the pattern of Christ's Church in its universality and its oneness; all these I concede to her as clearly her right; but so long as the Pope allows these doggerel inscrip-

tions to remain on the walls, and does not recall his concession of those certain indulgences, I, A. B., pronounce that all those claims go for nothing; I set up my judgment against that of the Apostolic Church, and, having settled in my mind that these things are idolatrous, superstitious, etc., I declare that it is better to forego all the privileges of communion with the Church, than yield to her teaching and assurance that they are not so, or believe myself more likely to mistake and misunderstand than her." Such is the conclusion—shall we say it!—to strain out such gnats of abuses (taking them at their very worst) and justify one's self for swallowing the camel of schism, aye, and with a good hunch of heresy upon it!

But, alas! how easy it is to make for ourselves excuses, when we cling to an error. These, and such other topics, are put forward by many persons, as pleas and reasons for their not joining the communion of the Holy See, as bars to the possibility of the Anglican establishment's being again united to it. Let us therefore come to terms. Let us suppose that His Holiness were to accede to their wishes, and order an abundant application, of whitewash to the obnoxious localities, so as to efface every inscription which any of these theological tourists may consider objectionable; were to withdraw every concession of indulgences more ample than they would approve of, and forbid by stern laws any one to wish his neighbor in salutation, the blessing or prayers of our Redeem-

er's Mother (for these form one head of accusation); let us, in one word, assume that all the grievances pointed out by the "Voice from Rome," or other such works, were at once redressed—does any one imagine for a moment that the English Church would at once rush repentant to the arms of her offended Mother, or that the crosier of Canterbury, which assumes to be that of St. Augustine, would be laid at the feet of St. Gregory's namesake and successor? It must be the merest delusion to imagine that these are the obstacles to unity: a thousand prejudices, a thousand passions, a thousand interests, and, what is worse than all, but cannot be numerically described—an utter deadness of feeling, an insensibility to the claims or importance of religious unity in those who occupy high places, and a cold political idea of a Church, in her rulers, secular and ecclesiastical; these form obstacles which *no* concession on our part could at present remove. Let those, then, who really desire unity, look for it themselves and for themselves. We would recommend to them the epistle addressed by St. Augustine to a nun, who, being a convert, was so greatly shocked at the disorders which she thought she had found, or even had really found, in the lives of Catholic ecclesiastics, that she was thereby tempted to return to her former schism. Now that great Father does not attempt to deny the truth of her allegations, but strongly exhorts her not to allow these apparent evils to lead her astray to a schismatical

communion, in which she could not have salvation. "Si enim de isto sæculo exires separata ab unitate corporis Christi, nihil tibi prodesset servata integritas corporis tui." And further he tells her concerning those whom she felt inclined to rejoin :— "Ab ea (Ecclesia) vero separati, quamdiu contra illam sentiunt, boni esse non possunt; quia etsi aliquos eorum bonos videtur ostendere quasi laudabilis conversatio, malos eos facit ipsa divisio."*

The persons with whom we are dealing cannot consider these sayings hard from us; for they take great pains to make out our Church to be not only corrupt, but idolatrous, in order to screen themselves from the imputation of schism. We, in return, must deal plainly with them; and they must not be more sensitive than they wish us to be. We know that many people unfortunately adhere to the Anglican system on other grounds, equally untenable, but at least not unjust nor unkind to us, who would not allow the imputations of this class of persons to be valid. With these we are not *at present* dealing; we have in mind those who sit in judgment upon the Church, and rely on their own partial views, for justification of their remaining out of her communion.

However, we feel disposed to treat even them in a more good-natured tone than some of our remarks may seem to indicate; for, really serious as are the charges made against us, we can afford to be good-humored under them. This outcry about

* Ep. ad Feliciam, ep. ccviii. tom. ii. col. 776, ed Bened.

abuses, and particularly about idolatry, or the peril of it, has been a standing war-cry of the Church's enemies from the beginning; and we may very calmly listen to it, after the indignant castigations it has received from St. Jerome. Eunomius, Porphyry, Vigilantius, were loud in their day in denouncing the honor shown to saints as excessive, superstitious, and idolatrous. They were, in this respect, the Protestants of the earlier ages. They employed the very arguments now urged against us; they spoke nearly in the same words. There is consolation in this; and we feel almost a pleasure in having to speak on behalf of our poor and ignorant brethren, as that father did in defence of "the ignorance and simplicity" of some pious men, and women more particularly, in his time, when he asks, with similar feelings, "Idololatras appellet hujusmodi homines?"* And in order to carry out our intention of keeping a good temper in our discussion, we have a mind to pursue it entirely by the pleasant mode of historical narration. We mean to add rather to the budget of facts, which the industrious collectors, of the class we are dealing with, love to gather. We will try to match their narratives by others no less interesting or curious; and then leave our readers to judge which has the best of it.

We may imagine, if we please, some Persian gentleman, of ancient days, going on his travels, through Christian countries, with that instinctive

* Adv. Vigilant Op. tom. ii. p. 394, ed. Vallarsii.

horror of idolatry, and of worship through visible symbols, which became one accustomed to feed his piety only on the ethereal subtlety of the solar rays; most anxious to collect all possible evidence why *he* should not be a Christian. It is true, he understands very little of the languages of the countries through which he passes, and cannot be supposed to enter much into the habits, the ideas, and the feelings of their inhabitants; but, with the help of a dictionary and a *valet de place*, he can make his way; and, at any rate, he can see what the people do, and read their books and inscriptions. What place does Christ hold in their worship?—How does God appear in relation to men? Surely, we could easily imagine him struck with the prominent place which the martyrs occupy in all the worship, in the thoughts and words and feelings of Christians; whether clergy or laity, learned or simple. Not a town does he come to but he finds the Church most frequented, nay, crowded, with worshippers, to be that of some martyr; while smaller oratories, in every direction, are favorite places of prayer, because they commemorate some other saint, or contain a portion of his ashes. Not an altar does he anywhere see which is not consecrated by their relics. Before them hang lamps, garlands, and votive offerings; around them are palls of silk, and richest stuffs; their shrines are radiant with gold and jewels; the pavement of the temple is covered with prostrate suppliants, with the sick and af-

flicted, come to ask health and consolation from Christ's servant: the pilgrim from afar, scrapes, with simple faith, some of the dust from the floor or from the tomb; the preacher, aye, a Basil, or a Gregory, or a Chrysostom, or an Ambrose, instead of cooling their fervor, adds confidence, earnestness and warmth to it, by a glowing and impassioned discourse in its favor.* And if he afterwards goes and interrogates these holy men, who, he might think, were carried off by their eloquence and the heat of discourse, what is their real belief, as he cannot bring himself to go as far as they seem to do, in veneration of saints and relics, he receives some such answer as this:—"What! will you not reverence, but rather contemn, those by whom evil spirits are expelled, and diseases cured; who appear in visions and foretell in prophecy; whose very bodies, if touched, or even honored, are gifted with as much power as their holy souls; the drops of whose blood, or the smallest symbol of whose sufferings, have as much efficacy as their entire bodies?† Or what will he say if one of these grave and learned men shall remark to him, by way of extolling the glory and merit of the martyrs:—"Perhaps, as we are purchased by the precious blood of Jesus . . . so some

* See, *inter alia*, the Homilies of S. Chrys. on SS. Bernice, etc. tom. ii. p. 645, ed. Bened.; of St. Basil in xl. Mart. tom. ii. p. 149, ed. Bened.; of St. Gregory Nyssen on St. Theodorus, tom. iii. p. 580, ed. 1638.

† St. Gregory Naz. Or. ii. adv. Julian. Op. tom. i. p. 76. Par. 1609.

may be purchased by the precious blood of martyrs?"* Surely he may, at first sound of such words, exclaim that the saints are made equal to their Lord, and that this must be a sad and idolatrous departure from what He may be supposed to have taught. And if he stops his ears, and does not admit or accept of explanation, what must we expect from him but a most mistaken report?

Again, he looks about him. At Antioch he finds the church of St. Barlaam richly decorated with paintings; but all representing the life and death of the saint: Christ is introduced, but as if an illustration, or by chance, into the picture.† At Nola he finds a magnificent basilica, literally covered with mosaics and inscriptions, full of the praises of saints, and especially martyrs.‡ At Rome he sees the basilicas of the apostles, of St. Lawrence and others, adorned with similiar encomiastic verses. Surely if he sends forth "a voice from Rome," it will be to proclaim that, *to him*, all this seems excessive reverence, and, if you please, worship, of men, no matter how holy. We should like to know how some great Father would have answered him; for that answer would just serve our case at present. If he descend into the cata-

* Origen, Exhort. ad Martyr. Op. tom. i. p. 309, ed. De la Rue.

† See the Homily, probably by St. John Chrysostom, in St. Basil's Works, tom. ii. p. 141, ed. Garnier.

‡ S. Paulini Op. Ep. xxxii. ed. Murat. p. 194.

combs, the favorite retreat of devout Christians, what does he find? Martyrs everywhere, their tombs hallow each maze of those sacred labyrinths, and form the altar of every chapel. Their effigies and praises cover the walls; prayers for their intercession are inscribed on their tablets. He goes into the houses of believers; memorials of the saints everywhere. Their cups and goblets are adorned with their pictures; for one representation of our Saviour he finds twenty of the blessed Virgin, or of St. Agnes, or St. Lawrence, or the apostles Peter and Paul.* What shall his "voice" pronounce these? What encouragement will it give to his brother fire-worshippers to embrace the Christian religion? Once more, we should have liked to see St. Jerome's answer to it.

Certainly, if we had nothing remaining from the early Church except the Liturgy, the ancient Christians would stand before us just as we do before others, when they look only at our solemn worship. In fact, the two Liturgies, theirs and ours, are the same. An Anglican fancies that so far, and no further, are we conformable to the practice of antiquity; and he will agree with us; unless he takes objection to the prayers for the departed, and the commemoration of martyrs, invariably found in every ancient Liturgy, as in ours, though carefully expunged, by the wicked pretenders to reform the perpetual practice of the

* See Buonarotti's Osservazioni sopra alcuni Frammenti di vetri antichi.

Church of God—those who spoke of the Spouse of Christ as Pilate did of her Lord:—"emendatum ergo illum dimittam."* But, fortunately we have plenty of other documents to show us what the belief and practice of the ancient Fathers was on extra-liturgical matters, such as form the staple of publications like that before us. We have their homilies, to which we have already referred; but we have what, in this respect, is even more interesting, a great body of familiar and anecdotic matter in their epistles and biographies, which, more than anything else, enable us to judge whether those great and holy men thought and felt Catholicly or Protestantly; or, if you please, Romanly or Anglicanly. The evidences of *popular* religion are sought nowadays in documents such as would and could only be similarly preserved. The conversion of M. Ratisbonne, for instance, will have probably to be found, in after-ages, in the letters and *brochures* of the present day, or in some collection of edifying histories; and many of the verses and descriptions which so much scandalize our modern traveller, will possibly fall before a change of taste, or *edax vetustas;* and unless found worthy of a place in the laborious collection of some Fabretti or Muratori, posterity will only know of them through the gleanings of curious pryers into such matters for controversial purposes. In like manner many of those lesser feelings, those more homely sentiments and thoughts, which were inter-

* Luc. xxiii. 16.

woven with the every-day religion of the ancients, those tales which simple piety recorded for edification, not for evidence, are not to be sought in the solemn records of public deeds, nor often in earnest treatises on great dogmatical controversies, but in the unbosoming of friend to friend in familiar letters, or in the narrative of private virtues and domestic histories. If much of these has been lost, sufficient remains to show us the great men of the Church bending from their doctor's chair to the warm-hearted simplicity (called, in our age, credulity) of their poorest children, believing and proclaiming, with unsuspicious confidence, tales of wonder, whereby God seemed glorified in His saints; and telling them in such manner, that they form most interesting tests, for ascertaining with whom their feelings and belief accorded—Rome or England; trustful, faithful, joyful Rome, or doubting, suspecting, moody England.

But we are not acting up to our promise. Let us, therefore, come to the point. In proof that the blessed Virgin is "worshipped as the mother of mercies, temporal and spiritual," the author before us appeals to the Baron de Bussière's account of M. Ratisbonne's conversion from Judaism, "which he distinctly attributes to the immediate operation of the Virgin Mary; for he relates that it was effected by her actual appearance to him" (p. 16). Now what is meant to be granted, and what to be doubted here, we do not know. We suppose no one doubts that M. Ratisbonne,

from a Jew, did become a Christian, and has become a religious; having abandoned home and friends, and given up a long-cherished alliance. Any one might as well deny that Sir R. Peel is prime minister. That he went into the church of St. Andrew a Jew, and came out a Christian, is attested upon evidence as certain as any fact can well be—that of trustworthy and honest men, who saw him and spoke with him before and after. For the change something must account. That it was a *true* conversion from Judaism to Christianity, with great temporal sacrifices, is clear; and such a conversion must have been the work of Divine grace. How communicated is the question. The only witness can be the convert. He tells us it was through an apparition of the Mother of God, who instructed him in the mysteries of our holy religion. Are we to believe that a person is chosen by the Divine goodness for an object of a most singular act of grace, at the moment that he devises and tells an abominable falsehood, to rob Him of the glory of it, and give it to another; by feigning a vision of the blessed Virgin? What does the author of the "Voice" mean to throw doubts on? On the apparition, as for such a purpose impossible? Or on the consequences drawn from it? Surely not on the latter; for if the vision was true, it was right to consider the blessed Mother of God, not as the source, but as the channel, of a great "spiritual mercy."

If he wished to insinuate that it would be

derogatory to God's honor, or incompatible with His revealed doctrines, to believe such a mode of communicating grace and religious instruction possible; and, consequently, that the whole must be a figment or a delusion; we will, in answer, relate another similar story, in which not a Jew, but a bishop, was the party. And we will premise that we have it on the best authority.

The person to whom we allude was a young man of singular piety and virtue. Left young an orphan, he devoted his youth to study, in a celebrated university. There his assiduity in learning was only surpassed by the purity and innocence of his life, which stood the test of severe trials, and escaped the snares laid for him by profligate companions, jealous of his virtue, Having made himself master of all profane learning, he entered on a course of sacred studies, under the most celebrated professor of the day, and soon made considerable progress. He was, however, while yet young, put into orders, and even named bishop, before he considered himself well enough grounded in theological knowledge; though probably his humility led him to exaggerate his deficiencies. He found himself quite unequal to the task of preaching the divine word, and on the eve of his first undertaking this duty he lay sleepless on his bed, in agitation and anxiety. Suddenly he saw before him a venerable figure of an old man, whose countenance, attitude, and garb, bespoke great dignity, but who, at the same time, appeared most

gracious and affable. Terrified with this appearance he leaped from his couch, and respectfully asked him who he was, and for what purpose he had come. The old man replied, in a gentle voice, that he had come to calm his doubts, and solve his difficulties. This declaration soothed his fears, and made him look towards his visitor with a mixture of joy and awe; when he perceived that by steadily pointing with his hand towards the other side of the apartment, he seemed to wish to turn his attention in that direction. Thither he consequently turned his eyes, and there he beheld a lady of peerless majesty, and of more than human beauty, so resplendent, that his eyes could not bear the brightness of the vision, but he must needs bend them and his countenance down, in a reverential awe. Thus he listened to the conversation of these two heavenly beings, which fully instructed him on the subjects whereon he felt anxious, and at the same time informed him who his gracious visitors were. For the lady, addressing the other by name of the Evangelist John, requested him to instruct the youth in the mystery of heavenly piety; and he replied, "that he was ready to do even this, to please the Mother of his Lord, seeing that she desired it." And accordingly he did so.

Such is our counterpart to the narrative objected to by our author, respecting M. Ratisbonne's conversion. Now before giving the name of our authority for this wonderful history, or of the person

to whom it refers, we will only beg our reader, if not sufficiently versed in ecclesiastical biography, at once to answer both points, to say to what Church or religion he considers either the writer or the subject of this anecdote belongs. Could he believe us, if we told him that it happened to Bishop Ken, or Bishop Wilson, or Archbishop Laud; or that we had transcribed it, as gravely told by some Anglican clergyman in a life of any of them? We are sure he could not. The idea of a Protestant bishop's learning his faith from a vision of the Blessed Virgin would be deemed repugnant to every principle and every feeling of the religion. But were we to tell the reader that the bishop spoken of was St. Alphonsus Liguori, or even St. Charles, and the narrator an Italian monk or priest, he would at once allow that such an account, from such a pen, concerning such a person, was perfectly consistent with the principles of both; and though, if a Protestant, he might declare that he did not believe the story, he would acknowledge that it does not surprise him to find it in such a place. It must be then a Catholic, and not a Protestant, who thought or said he saw such a vision; and it must be a Catholic, and not a Protestant, who has recorded it, as believing it. And so it was. The bishop who thus learnt his faith was St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, only little more than two hundred years after Christ; and the recorder of the vision is the brother of the great St. Basil, St. Gregory, bishop of Nyssa.* This would have

* De Vita S. Greg. Thaumat. Op. tom. iii. p. 545, ed. par. 1638.

been a nice anecdote for our ancient note-taker upon the doctrines of Catholics.

We do not intend to pursue any very regular order: but just to pick up a few incidents, such as may show us how our fathers in the Faith thought upon matters whereon we are so censured. And as we have begun with the saints, and the wonders wrought by them, we will say a few words more concerning them. Let any one take the trouble to read any of the miracles recorded by St. Augustine in the twenty-second book of the City of God, and let him apply the criterion we have already given, of asking himself in what class of modern religious writings he would expect to meet with similar occurrences. Take, for instance, the history which he gives of a certain poor tailor at Hippo, named Florentius, who, being in great want of clothing, and having no means of procuring it, went to the Church of the Twenty Martyrs, and prayed aloud that he might be clothed. Some young men, professed scoffers, overheard him, and followed him, jeering him, as though he had prayed to those twenty martyrs for fifty-pence to buy a coat. The poor old man, however, going his way, found a fish cast on shore, yet alive, which he sold, and a gold ring was moreover found in it, and given to him by the honest purchaser, with these words: "See how the twenty martyrs have clothed you."* Now we are pretty sure that many a poor Italian

*Op. tom. vii. p. 668, ed. Bened.

would, in his distress, do just what Florentius did, go to some church of the Blessed Virgin, or of some saint, and kneeling before the shrine, pray as he did. And we are equally clear that a party of English Protestant youths overhearing him (the *adolescentes irrisores* nowadays of Catholic practices), would make as good a joke of the matter as did the young Hippo fashionables. So that it requires little to settle the *dramatis personæ* of St. Augustine's anecdote, on transporting it to modern times, and give Catholic and Protestant each his part. And no doubt, either an ancient or a modern collector of proofs, that the saints are made conveyors of "*temporal* mercies" in the Catholic system, would find the history equally applicable to his purpose; with this exception, however, that, as St. Augustine gives it among other proofs that the *Christian* religion is still evidenced by miracles, the ancient traveller would have turned it against Christianity, as the modern one would against Catholicity; so completely are the two identified.

Let us take a case bearing more minute comparison. In a little work containing the history of the Medal of the Blessed Virgin, commonly known by the epithet of *miraculous*, there are many extraordinary but well-attested cases of conversion of hardened unbelievers through the prayers of their friends, and the application of that blessed symbol, to the unconscious sinner. These to flesh and blood, to the dull sense, and the cold heart of

the present generation, are hard to believe; and they are either silently rejected, or openly scoffed at—would to God it were only our adversaries! For instance, a soldier, we are told, in the military hospital at Paris, is on the point of death, and rejects every succor of religion. In vain the sisters of charity who attend him, in vain the good curate, make every effort, to bring him to a right feeling, on the necessity of making his peace with God. He rejects every offer; and at last, with violent oaths and brutal rage, imposes silence on the subject. Reduced to extremity, the pious sisters have recourse to prayer to the Blessed Virgin, not expecting him to survive the night; and place a medal secretly in his bed. He sleeps tranquilly, and on awaking, mildly sends for the curate, receives the sacraments with great devotion, and dies in peace.* This is only one instance out of many; often they are pious relations, a daughter or a wife, that procure the grace; in every one we read of most fervent prayers poured out to God and His Blessed Mother. Those who would join in the "Voice from Rome," cannot be much edified, nay, on the contrary, are likely to be shocked and scandalized, by such a narrative. "What efficacy can there be supposed to exist in a mere symbol thus placed, like a charm [so they would say] near, or on, a person heedless or unconscious of its presence? Who can believe that 'spiritual mercies' will thus be granted upon prayers to a

* Notice Historique, sixth ed. p. 76.

saint? We must enter these down in our note-book, as the deceits or the delusions of popery."

Be it so, but we must have a corresponding one to enter into the tablets of our ancient inquirer, and here it is:—"There was a man at Calama of high rank, named Martial; advanced in years, and having a great repugnance to the Christian religion. He had a Christian daughter and son-in-law, that year baptized. They entreated him, with many tears, to become a Christian; but he positively refused, and drove them from him with violent indignation. His son-in-law bethought him of going to the chapel of St. Stephen, and there praying for him to the utmost of his power, that God would give him grace to believe, without delay, in Christ. He did so, and with many sobs and tears, and with the ardor of sincere devotion. Departing, he took with him some flowers from the altar, and, when it was night, placed them at the sick man's head. He slept; but before daybreak, he called out, requesting that they would send for the bishop, who happened to be with me in Hippo. On hearing of this, he begged that some of the clergy might be sent for. They came; he declared himself a believer; and, to the astonishment and joy of all, was baptized. So long as he lived, he had in his mouth the words, 'O Christ, receive my spirit:' though he did not know that these were the last words of the blessed Stephen when stoned by the Jews. They were, likewise, his last, for he soon

expired."* Here, then, we have our parallel; each part of the modern narrative has its counterpart in the ancient; and if one is to be rejected, so is the other. There is, in both, an obstinate infidel, or sinner, who will not be converted to God: there are pious persons who pray to the saints; there is a badge or symbol of their intercession—for the flower from the altar means the same as the medal;—in each case it is placed in the bed of the unsuspecting patient; and in both instances, he awakes at morning to ask for God's minister, to administer a Sacrament of forgiveness. Yet, the one narrative is of France, in the nineteenth century; the other of Africa, in the beginning of the fifth (A. D. 427). How comes it that such accidental coincidences should be found, with such distances of time and place, save as fruits of one tree, as plants of one seed, as evidences of one system? And do not they who find fault with such evidences, in our times and countries, equally censure them in others; and thereby place themselves in the awkward position of scoffers of Christianity—not of what they are pleased, in the later instances, to nickname Popery?

We could carry on much further this comparison between miracles which are considered the production of modern Catholicity, and such as are recorded, with perfect confidence, by ancient writers, and in every instance draw the same conclusion—a conclusion which goes quite as far as dog-

* S. Aug. lib. xxii. cap. viii. De Civit. Dei, tom. vii. p. 668.

matical texts from homilies or treatises, to prove the identity of ancient and modern Catholicity in those matters on which the latter is most harshly treated, as being a departure from the former.

Connected with the subject there is a point on which we wish to touch, as being one of common reprehension, not only in the little work before us, but in many others of a similar tendency. We allude to that species of partiality which seems to be shown at a given time, to a particular sanctuary, in which some shrine or image is found, through which God is thought to work more wonderfully than elsewhere. Such, at this moment, is the shrine of St. Philomena, at Mugnano, or the church of St. Augustine, at Rome. It would be easy to bring together many passages from ancient writers, that show the prevalence of a similar feeling, and its consequent practices; indeed the book and chapter in the works of the holy doctor just named, to which we have more than once referred, will furnish proofs of the peculiar regard in which certain places consecrated by relics (like the oratories of St. Stephen), were held by him. But such feelings of veneration, confidence and attachment, towards one saint and his sanctuary, are by no one so well represented as by the learned, the holy, and the truly amiable St. Paulinus. Few of the Fathers let us more delightfully into the secrets of the Christian life and the Christian heart in ancient days, than the bishop and poet of Nola. A patrician by birth,

the scholar of Ausonius (who compares him to the ancient classics) by education, a poor monk by choice and vocation, the delight and friend of St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, Sulpicius Severus, and all the great and good men of his day, the admiration of the whole Church, he exhibits in his letters a simplicity of faith, a tenderness of affection, an innocent playfulness, a cheerfulness, and an unaffected humility, which most pleasingly combine with the depth of his devotion and the richness of his sacred learning. There are few of the Fathers who gain more upon our every-day and homelier feelings, and make themselves more familiar with their readers than he does. But throughout his works he is the servant of St. Felix, the glorious martyr of Nola. Near his tomb, though himself a native of Gaul, he resides, a poor hermit (having sold all, and given the price to the poor) and priest; afterwards bishop of the see. To celebrate the anniversaries of that saint, by poems and festivities; to build a basilica in his honor, and adorn it with mosaics and verses; to make his friends love him and believe in his power, and bring them to visit the shrine of his father and patron, as he styles him—seem his most pleasing occupations. How Catholic his language, everywhere, to Catholic ears! How *Popish* it must sound to Protestant! By way of example: the "Voice from Rome" cries out against the following occurrence, or at least the feelings it excited. A young woman is run over by a cart (an empty

one, but Roman carts are not very light even when empty), close to the church of our Lady, attached to the hospital of the Consolazione, while holy exercises were going on within. She escapes what every one considers an imminent danger of death; and the people cry out "E un miracolo della Madonna!" This is brought as a proof that temporal blessings are sought from the Blessed Virgin. It so happens that St. Paulinus relates a something similar accident, and reasons much in the same way as those poor Italians did. Fortunately, he had no English Protestants near. A person of the name of Martinianus was coming to him with letters, or rather with a message; and on his way from Capua to Nola, a distance of about twenty miles, he met a man with mules returning home, after discharging their loads; just as one may now meet them among the Tusculan hills, after they have taken wine to Rome; so he wisely bargained for a ride, which was given him cheap.

> "Nactus vacantem sarcina mulum (ut solent
> Jumenta revocari domum)
> Parvo breve per iter ære conductum sedet."

When about half way, the mule took fright and grew restive. Martinianus (who had lately been more of a sailor* than of a horseman) was thrown,

* St. Paulinus, in this poem, describes a practice yet existing among English sailors, that of whistling for more wind:—

> ——— "Gubernator—
> —Fortiores provehendis cursibus
> Auras vocabat sibilo."—v. 44.

and flung to a distance. But, though he fell among stones and thorns, he was neither bruised nor scratched. How did this happen? St. Paulinus has no difficulty about it. Had he been expressing it in prose, and in Italian, he would have said, "E un miracolo di San Felice." As he was writing Latin verse, he describes and explains the event as follows:—

"Medioque mox spatio viæ
Muli pavore sessor excussus procul
Vectore subducto cadit.
In ora lapsus ora non læsit sua,
In saxa fusus et rubos
Nec sente vultum, nec lapide artus contudit,
Felicis exceptus manu;
Qui jam propinquantem ædibus fratrem suis,
Non passus occursu mali
Suis periclum in finibus capessere;
Hostem removit invidum,
Et hunc fidelem compotem voti, *suis*
Confessor induxit locis.
Nostrisque juxta sedibus gratum intulit
Felix patronus hospitem."*

St. Felix, therefore, St. Paulinus hesitates not to say, prevented this poor man's being hurt, and brought him safe to his journey's end; because he was within some few miles of his church, and was journeying towards his client Paulinus. Surely St. Paulinus was a downright Romanist!

And so he was. For he made it a point to go to Rome every year, as he repeatedly tells us, for the festival of the holy apostles St. Peter and St.

* Poema xxii. 405-421, Op. col. 583, ed Murat.

Paul;* and he was much consoled by the kindness which the Roman pontiff showed him, in inviting him to Rome, to commemorate the anniversary of his election. Now this brings us to the point for which we first referred to St. Paulinus,—his attachment to one particular sanctuary, and his affection to one saint, there honored. In one of his epistles to his friend Sulpicius Severus (whom he had been disappointed in not meeting that year in Rome), he reproaches him, half playfully, but not without seriousness, for neglecting to come and visit, as he had promised, "his lord [St.] Felix," as he calls him (Dominum meum Felicem). He bids him beware how he incurs his displeasure, by promising a pilgrimage and not fulfilling it. "Scio quidem," he adds, "et in Domino meo Felice viscera pietatis affluere; sed te quæso, hoc eum magis diligas et timeas, quo melior est et indulgentior . . . . ut tanto magis carissimum Dei metuas offendere quanto promptius dignatur ignoscere."† This surely is most unprotestant, and therefore most Catholic, language. We could imagine it used by the good archpriest of Mugnano (St. Paulinus was not yet bishop when he thus wrote) to some friend who had promised to visit the tomb of his patroness St. Philomena, and had disap-

* "Romæ, cum solemni consuetudine, ad beatorum Apostolorum natalem venissemus."—Ep. xx. col. 108. "Cum apostolicam solemnitatem voti nostri, et itineris annui socius celebrasset."—Ep. xliii. col. 254.

† Ep. xvii. col. 96.

pointed him. Had such a letter come from him, what a rich page it would have made in a modern English traveller's note-book! For want of it, therefore, we beg to offer him that of the curate's neighbor in place and in faith—St. Paulinus.

Before shutting up the volume of his works, there is another topic, allied to the preceding, which we may be glad to hear him on. But we must introduce it by a little domestic history, on which again we will crave the reader's opinion, whether the parties in it were Catholic or Protestant.

There lived in retirement, in a house of religious women dedicated to God, a nun of singular piety and wisdom, the sister of two bishops, both distinguished for the learning of their writings, and the holiness of their lives. One, the more celebrated one, was just dead, and his loss was deplored as a public calamity by all good men. The other, having a little leisure after this event, resolved to go and visit his saintly sister, whom he had not seen for many years. The distance was great; and when he was within a day's journey from the place where she lived, he had at night a most remarkable vision, which turned into fear the hopes of the future. "For I seemed to myself," such is his own account, "to bear in my hands the relics of martyrs, from which darted forth a splendor like that of a burnished mirror held against the sun; so that my eyes were dazzled by the brilliancy of the light. Three times that night

did this vision come before me."* Unable to divine its meaning, he looked forward to events to expound it. As he approached the monastery, he inquired about his sister, and heard for the first time that she was somewhat indisposed. His coming had, in the meantime, been made known, and a large concourse of persons went out to meet him. But the holy virgins modestly awaited him in the church, and after he had prayed, and had given them his blessing (they bending lowly to receive it), they retired. On entering the convent, he found his sister very ill in her cell; but instead of a bed, she lay upon a plank on the ground, with another for her pillow. We will not detain our readers with the edifying account of her words and prayers in her last hours; how she dismissed her brother when the sound of the vespers' chant reached her cell, that he might not omit this duty;† how often when she closed her own sublime prayer, she signed herself with the cross on her eyes, her mouth, and her breast; and how her last act was to raise her hand again to do so.‡ These things may serve to help the reader in his judgment, as to the religion of the holy persons engaged; but are not what we are seeking. The pious virgin thus expires, and a religious matron, the friend of the deceased, undertakes, as she had promised, to prepare her holy remains for interment. We will now give the words of the bishop, her brother: "Vestiana arranging with her own

* Ubi inf. p. 188. † Page 192. ‡ Page 195.

hands that sacred head, and having her hand under the neck exclaimed, looking towards me, 'See what sort of a necklace this saint wore;' and at the same time loosening a string from behind the neck, stretched out her hand and showed us an iron cross and a ring of the same metal, which both hung, by a thin cord, over her heart. Upon this I said: 'Let us share this inheritance. You keep the cross as a memorial; I will be content with this ring as my legacy; for this likewise has the cross carved upon its boss.' Whereupon she, looking more closely at it, said to me: 'You have not made a bad choice; for the ring is hollow under the boss, and in it is inserted a portion of the wood of life (the true cross); and thus the cross engraved above, rightly indicates that which lies underneath.'"*

Will any reader hesitate in deciding of what religion were all the persons here engaged? Were they Anglicans? We should be indeed glad to know how many crosses—not golden ones, worn as vain ornaments outside, but of inferior metals, concealed, and lying over the heart, and how many reliquaries similarly placed, could be collected in the households of English bishops. But look at the neck of any swarthy peasant who open-breasted digs the fields, or plucks the vines, of Italy, and you will find the "thin cord" around it, that sustains some similar memorial of Christ's passion. Nay, in either of our islands, we hesitate not to say that the poor Catholic might be distinguished

* S. Greg. Nyss. in Vita S. Macrinæ, Oper. tom. ii. p. 198.

from the Protestant by these very badges—the cross, or the relic, or the medal, or even the ring with a cross for its posey, suspended around the neck, and lying on the breast, in life and after death. We have known the body of a shipwrecked Catholic so recognized at once. How tightly and closely does a "little thin cord" like this bind together the belief and feelings of the old and modern Church, and prove them still the same! How home to the Catholic heart does such a trifling incident casually recorded come! Come, how full of convictions, of encouragements, of consolation! How joyfully even can one bear to be taxed with superstition, in company with the holy Macrina, the sister of St. Basil, and her biographer, St. Gregory of Nyssa! For these are the persons of whom we have been writing.

But if those who had chosen such complete poverty as this holy nun wore but a reliquary of iron, it must not be fancied that this argued any light estimation of so precious a relic as a portion of the holy cross: for they that could, or might, without violation of a religious engagement, would wear it enshrined in gold. We have a beautiful letter of St. Paulinus upon this subject. Severus had asked him for relics of martyrs, for the consecration of a church which he was building. He replies that if he had but "a scruple of their sacred ashes to spare he would send it." But as he required all that he had for his own new church, he sends him another present to add to the relics

which he must get elsewhere;—this was a particle of the "divine Cross:"—Invenimus quod digne, et ad basilicæ sanctificationem vobis, et ad sanctorum cinerum cumulandam benedictionem mitteremus, partem particulæ de ligno divinæ Crucis." The portion which he sends is, he informs him, almost invisible, but he must believe it to possess all the power and virtue of the entire Cross, a present safeguard, and a pledge of eternal life. "Accipite magnum in modico munus; et in segmento pene atomo astulæ brevis sumite munimentum præsentis, et pignus æternæ salutis. Non angustietur fides vestra carnalibus oculis parva cernentibus, sed interna acie totam in hoc minimo vim Crucis videat." The relic was enclosed in a small gold tube,—"tubello aureolo rem tantæ benedictionis inclusimus."* When afterwards he sends Severus verses for the inscriptions in his church, he sends two copies for the altar; one in case he puts this particle of the holy Cross with the other relics; the other, should he prefer to keep it to wear himself. The reasons which he gives in favor of the latter alternative are perfectly Catholic. "If, however, you would rather keep this blessed portion of the Cross at hand, for your daily protection and care, lest once shut up in the altar, it may not be ready for you and at hand, when wanted for use, etc."†

Now we should much like to try the experiment of this passage upon a well-informed Protes-

* Ep. xxxi. col. 189. † Ep. xxxii. col. 201.

tant (not versed in ancient learning) and an ignorant Catholic; it would indeed be the *experimentum Crucis*. The former would at once smell out popery in it, have some vague figure of superstition floating in sulphureous vapors about his head; but would surely not be able to attach any definite, intelligible meaning to the words. He certainly would not believe them extracted from the letters either of John Wesley, or of Bishop Bull. Only fancy Mr. Bickersteth writing such a letter! Nay, or Dr. Hook, who the other day published in the papers, that if any one said he ever used the sign of the Cross, he told a falsehood! But our poor Catholic, we will be bound to say, would at once feel that the language was perfectly Catholic; he would know what it meant, and understand, if he had the means, how to put it in practice. The queen of the French lately knew how to do this, how "having such a relic at hand to use it," when she took the reliquary with a portion of the holy Cross from round her neck, and placed it on the forehead of her dying eldest son.

But it is time to pass to something else, and to draw to a conclusion. The writer before us takes great pains to prove, that at Rome, the people have perfectly wrong ideas concerning the Divine Mysteries, or the Mass. All idea of a Communion, he tells us, is excluded, "and it is regarded simply as a sacrifice expiatory for the living and the dead. That it is so in masses for the dead, no person can dispute." He then goes on to say, that

it is very rare for any one to communicate except the priest, and insinuates that only a few times a year is communion general in Rome. To this assertion we must give an unqualified denial. There are thousands who frequent communion every week, many more frequently, and even every day. And as to monthly communicants, there surely is scarcely a house in the city that has not some. But our traveller, very probably, like most English visitors, did not know when or where to look for them. Possibly before he had left his snug quarters in the Piazza di Spagna, on a winter's morning, many a church had been filled and emptied more than once. But we wish, at present, only to attend to the erroneous views which he attributes to the Romans, respecting the adorable Sacrifice of the altar. He is wrong in stating that "it is regarded *simply* as a sacrifice expiatory for the living and the dead." Take out the adverb, and all is right. But to bring the subject before our readers, as we have done other topics, we will turn to another part of the book, in which he speaks about, or against, matters connected with masses for the dead.

Quoting examples of privileged altars, he gives us the following inscription and translation from "what is called St. Gregory's cell, in his church upon the Cœlian hill." "Hac in cella TT. Gregori I. Pont. Max celebratæ missæ animam cruciat. purgatori solvunt. During the times of Pope Gregory the First, masses celebrated in this cell

released a soul from purgatorial torments" (p. 34). There is certainly some mistake here. The verb is in the present, and cannot refer to the times of St. Gregory. We have no means at hand of verifying the inscription, but we suppose TT. is a mistake. But we are not sorry for it, inasmuch as it authorizes us to inquire whether St. Gregory himself would have countenanced our writer, or us, in our respective and conflicting views of masses offered for the dead, *in that very place.*

He tells us, that in his own monastery, the very one on the Cœlian hill, there had died, three years before he wrote the account, a certain monk, named Justus, who having been infirmarian, had put by a trifling sum of money, made by his medical practice. Coming near his end, he manifested it to his brother, a layman, who in his turn revealed it to the superior. The latter, alarmed at such an unusual violation of religious poverty, carried the matter to St. Gregory. He ordered the most severe treatment; that none of the brethren should go near him to comfort him in his last hour, and that his body should be buried in unconsecrated ground, and his money (after the manner of the Egyptian solitaries in a similar case) should be cast disdainfully upon the corpse. He died, however, with great signs of contrition and repentance. After thirty days, the holy Pontiff tells us that he thought with compassion of the punishment he had incurred in the other world, and how he might be freed. "Then," thus he writes,

"calling to himself Pretiosus, the superior of the monastery, I said to him, 'Our brother, lately dead, has now been long tormented in the fire (*igne cruciatur*); we must show him some charity, and see if we can help him, and snatch him thence. Go, therefore, and see that you offer up sacrifice for him for thirty days, counting from to-day, so that not a day be allowed to pass, without the saving Victim's being immolated for his pardon.'" This was carefully complied with. After thirty days, St Gregory tells us that the deceased appeared to his brother, who knew nothing of what had been done for his benefit, and told him that till now he had been in suffering, but that day was released.* St. Gregory, therefore, believed that the sacrifice of the mass did, in his times, free souls from the torments of purgatory, and that on the Cœlian hill. And, moreover, he believed that there was no harm in offering up that holy sacrifice many times, for the express purpose of expiating the sins of the dead.

And as for the living, St. Gregory believed the same. For in a following chapter, he gives an account of an extraordinary occurrence, well attested, it having happened only seven years before. Agatho, archbishop of Palermo, was summoned to Rome by the Pope; and of course obeyed. On his voyage, he encountered a severe tempest; and during it, a sailor, of the name of Baraca (when St. Gregory wrote, a clerk in the church of Pal-

* Dial. lib. iv. cap. iv. Op. tom. ii. p. 468, ed. Bened.

ermo), getting into a boat which was in tow of the vessel, went adrift, in consequence of the rope breaking. The ship itself was driven ashore on the island of Ustica, and the good archbishop, having waited three days, and giving up the poor sailor for lost, did what alone he could for him, as he supposed him dead; "ordered the sacrifice of the saving Victim to be offered up for the pardon of his soul, to Almighty God." After this, he sailed to Italy. What was his amazement, on landing at Porto, to see the very man! Upon interrogating him, he was told that the boat in which he was carried out to sea had soon capsized, but he had fortunately got upon the keel. There, after long fasting and fatigue, he began to faint, when suddenly he seemed to be between sleeping and waking, and a person appeared to him, who gave him a morsel of bread, which instantly revived him; and a ship passing near picked him up. Upon further questioning him, the bishop found that this happened at the very moment that the holy sacrifice was offered up for him at Ustica.*

Now, our present inquiry is not whether these narratives are true or not: we have not the slightest difficulty in believing them; but if those with whom we are at issue choose to reject them, it makes no matter as to our argument. All we have to ask is: could such an accident have been believed and related by a Protestant divine or

* Cap. lvii. p. 469.

bishop? Could he have consistently given it in illustration or corroboration of *his* doctrine respecting the Church service, and its application to the living and the dead? But could not a modern Catholic do so even now, without altering a syllable? Does it not agree, *ad amussim*, with that doctrine respecting the Mass, which our tourist blames?

We will only give another instance of the application of the sacred mysteries to a particular purpose, where not communion, but the procuring of a benefit, was the object of their celebration. A certain man had a country house, which he believed to be infested by evil spirits. In the absence of the bishop, he asked the clergy that one of them would go there and pray for the removal of the visitation. "One of them went, and there offered up the sacrifice of the body of Christ, and prayed most earnestly that the annoyance might cease; which, through the divine mercy, it did."* Here was Mass celebrated to obtain a blessing for an individual. In fact, the man and the priest (both whose conduct St. Augustine, the narrator, approves) did exactly what Catholics nowadays would do under similar circumstances. No Anglican clergyman, we suspect, would think of performing the Communion service for such a purpose. There is another Popish feature about this African transaction, which may be worth mentioning. This good

* St. Aug. ubi sup. p. 666.

man had procured from a friend some earth from the Holy Land, from Our Lord's sepulchre, and had hung it up in his room, that it might be a protection to him. But, having now no further use for it, "He, did not wish, out of reverence, to keep it any longer in his room." What did he do? Why, hearing that St. Augustine and another bishop were in the neighborhood, he asked them to come over. They did so, and he told them all that had happened, and begged that the holy earth might be reverently buried in some oratory. They did not laugh at him, nor tell him that he was superstitious; but they complied; and a youth afflicted with palsy, having been carried to the place, at his own request, walked home cured. Whether the Catholicity of the learned and holy father, who seriously and believingly gives this account, agrees with ours, or with that claimed by the Anglican church, let any one decide.

It is now time that we close. The sort of inquiry which we have been pursuing, may be considered but of a secondary importance compared with the discussion of grave authorities, and solemn texts. And so we mean to consider it. But often minute coincidences in trifles may do much to corroborate substantial proofs. In tracing the descents of nations or of tribes, the naturalist will attach importance to small resemblances. The prevalence of the same garb, or of some food, or of some weapon; similarity of hab-

its in domestic or public life, will do as much often in establishing the identity of some modern people with an ancient race, as a mass of ethnographical and historical data. And so, every incident of the private and more hidden life of the ancient Christians, which unlocks their daily thoughts and exposes their domestic practices, affords an element of comparison between them, and modern aspirants to descent from them, similarly decisive, though equally, in themselves, insignificant. It may, indeed, be said, that a few examples such as we have, without much trouble, brought together, do not justify the frequency of similar practices among modern Catholics. To this we reply, in the words of St. Jerome, when answering a similar objection, "Quod semel fecisse bonum est, non potest malum esse si frequentius fiat: aut si aliqua culpa vitanda est, non ex eo quod sæpe, sed ex eo quod fit aliquando, culpabile est."* But, in addition, we beg to observe that one incident that has escaped the ravages of time, given as a matter of course, and as an ordinary occurrence, represents a multitude of others, resembling it, that have been lost. It is like the arrow or the helmet found in the tomb of an ancient people; they enable us to reconstruct their armory: no one for a moment assumes that they

* "That which is good if done once, cannot become evil by being done frequently; and where a fault is to be avoided, the fault consists not in its being often, but its being ever, incurred."—Adv. Vigilant. p. 396.

happen to be specimens of a unique and never-repeated model. And so, who will imagine that no one but St. Macrina wore a cross and relic round her neck, and that none but St. Gregory Thaumaturgus ever believed in visions of the Blessed Virgin, because these examples may stand nearly alone in the records of their respective times? Both events are narrated without surprise—the stamp of novelty. The same is to be said of every other instance which we have given.

We may, therefore, safely conclude that, so far as we have gone into the matter, "a Voice from Rome" might be raised, strongly protesting against the religion of those who set up for reformers and critics of the great Apostolic Church, instead of bowing down their necks in docility to its authoritative teaching: a voice which would rise, in murmurs, from the catacombs, shaking the very ground with its mysterious utterings; which would ring, with golden echoes, from the tombs of martyrs, beneath altars, against the mosaic apse that overhangs them; which would travel, on the wings of Catholic faith and Catholic love, to distant lands, over Alps and seas; beat on the shores of Africa, of Pontus, and of Spain; and return from all, in the indignant words of their greatest men, to confound, in its thunder, the presumption of modern schism, that pretends alliance with ancient Catholicity.

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